

ABOUT THE PLACE THROUGH THINKING.

RATTAN ROCKERS

Will always be in style... \$2.50

CARPET SWEEPERS

Every lady should have one... \$7.50

Don't Dodge Our Store.

T. MARTIN, 135 S. SPRING STREET.

Best Value

IN PURITY, AGE AND MELLOWNESS

50c

50c

50c

65c

1.50

Dr. Wong's Chinese Herbs

W. Godin, 135 S. SPRING STREET.

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SHOP TAYLOR DROPS DEAD.

Use of Life of Mormon Millionaire.

At the Feet of One of His Wives—Another in Utah.

Taylor of Salt Lake City, millionaire owner, and formerly in the Mormon Church, was the sidewalk in about 1890, when he was dying almost instantly of the cholera.

He was generally known as the Mormon Church, and was in this city about three years ago, and then returned to his home in Utah.

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himself for the office of City Janitor, therefore, he is... **INSOLVENT MERCHANT.**

Creditors File Petition That Contains Serious Charges Against Former Clerk Dealer of This City.

Max Weiss of New York City filed a petition in the United States Court here yesterday, praying that T. C. Copeland be declared an insolvent debtor.

They assert in their petition that Copeland formerly ran a cloak and suit house at the corner of Third street and Broadway, and that on November 1, 1900, transferred a portion of his property to one Adolph Cohen, with the intent to make him a preference creditor.

On the petition for a receiver for the business the court appointed B. H. Dennis, with bond fixed at \$500, and cited Copeland to appear December 14 and show cause why such action should not be taken.

THE LILLIPUTIANS PLAY CONFERENCE.

BOYS TAKE THE PARTS OF PRE-SIDING ELDERS.

Novel Proceedings at the Junior League Institute at the First Methodist Church in This City—Four Hundred Children Participate.

The second day of the Junior League Institute opened in the First Methodist Episcopal Church yesterday morning, with a large gathering of children. Between 400 and 500 assembled in this, the first convention of the kind ever held in Southern California.

A "welcome" service was first held in the auditorium, where brief talks were made by the conference president, Rev. W. H. Walz, by the conference superintendent, Rev. F. V. Fisher, and by Rev. George A. Hough, assistant pastor of the First church.

A BABY CONFERENCE.

A completely organized Methodist conference was formed, the officers having all been previously chosen and all by their work well in hand.

appointed, who took the paper and retired, and then the play ended. Arthur Healey, presiding elder of the San Diego District, in making his report, "second" the older people mildly in the following language:

FIGHT AGAINST PETTICOATS.

At the close of the call of the churches, two little misses arose and presented themselves as candidates for admission to the conference on trial.

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR.

HOLIDAY DRESS GOODS.

HOLIDAY LINENS.

HOLIDAY SILKS.

HOLIDAY HOSIERY.

Goodenow Sheldon Co.

Virginia Rotary Washing Machine, \$7.50

CRANDALL, AYLSWORTH & CO.,

Are You Looking for Real Bargains

Misses' fine ribbed fast black hose, would sell at 25c, but being a little damaged we will sell them Monday at per pair 12c.

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR.

HOLIDAY DRESS GOODS.

HOLIDAY LINENS.

HOLIDAY SILKS.

HOLIDAY HOSIERY.

Goodenow Sheldon Co.

Virginia Rotary Washing Machine, \$7.50

CRANDALL, AYLSWORTH & CO.,

Are You Looking for Real Bargains

Here are the sort of values that keep this store busy from morning till night. We were the originators of cut prices, and we continue to set the pace for low selling. Compare our figures with the lowest you can find, and then decide where you can get the most for your dollars.

Roger Bros' Medium Knives.

Beautiful Set Table Knives.

Dainty Set of Tea Spoons.

Children's Three Piece Sets.

Extra Quality, Strong, Sheets.

30c Red Table Linen.

Women's Wool Union Suits.

Barnsley's Real Table Linen.

Manufacturer's Sample Curtains.

Photographs at Vule-Tide.

Holiday Novelties Manufactured Right Here.

Winkler's Curios, 346 S. Broadway.

THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

Seasonable Suggestions.

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR.

HOLIDAY DRESS GOODS.

HOLIDAY LINENS.

HOLIDAY SILKS.

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THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

700 and 800 feet, and a fair showing of oil, sand has been found. That the stockholders of the Gulf Oil Company agreed to sign a petition for appointment of a board of trustees to look into the affairs of the company and reach some decision

The Broadway Department Store

A Christmas Store

—In spirit and in truth.

Santa Claus has us under his spell. What a change! You would hardly know us if you haven't been here in the past week. Christmas cheer and good will greets you at every turn. Gift-thoughts a-plenty.

Santa Claus will arrive tomorrow. He says to tell all the children they may see him at the Broadway Department Store from now till Christmas eve. He's a real live old fellow. Bring your children and tell your neighbors—he'll like to shake hands with them—and "if they are good," give them something. This word of exhortation: You ought to do your Christmas buying at once. If you could only see how the Christmas rushes have already begun—how stocks have already begun to look thin, you'd not wait a day.

Men's 50c Gloves for 37c.

And Other Bargains to Show We Lead in Men's Gloves.

These for 37c are made with quirk thumb, seams well sewn, fancy stitched backs, come in the best and most serviceable shades. Sizes 7 1/2 to 10 1/2.

75c Driving Gloves for 53c.

Of strong, firm leather, made with out-seams, strongly sewn.

51 Mocha Gloves for 69c.

Soft and pliable, in dark, serviceable shades for driving or picnic use.

51.50 Dress Gloves for \$1.13.

Of fine kid stock with over-stitched seams, guaranteed fingers, embroidered backs and one-button clasp.

Jersey Gloves for 21c

Knives lined, kid faced between the fingers. Sizes for men and boys, very suitable for bicycle wear.

Flaskskin Gloves for 21c.

Made of heavy stock with corded back, extension wrist, string loop fastener. In sizes for men and boys.

50c Calfskin Gloves for 37c.

They have sheepskin backs, are oil tanned, have a shaped extension wrist and patent clasp fastener.

Buy Her Something in Leather.

Purses, Card Cases, Bells, Music Rolls.

Take, for example, Mexican hand-carved purses. We are showing a pretty line at 25c, the biggest and most elaborately finished purses 25c ever bought! We've used to get like value in belts and card cases. In plain leather look at this.

Combination Pocket and Card Case for 35c

Black or colors, strongly made. Some have double compartments. Many of them have fancy mounted corners. Here is a line of POCKETBOOKS:

At 48c—Alligator, seal or morocco;

double compartments, lined.

At 75c—Real or alligator pocketbooks;

camoiled lined, black and colors.

Ladies' Real Seal Pocketbooks, \$1.48 and \$1.98

Solid leather throughout, lined with best calfskin. Some plain, others with fancy sterling mountings. There isn't a woman but who would be delighted with one of these. They'd think you paid twice as much for them as you will.

Hat Brushes, 48c

Of pure white horse-hair, with a handle; used for dusting dress hats.

Pyralin Combs, 29c

Black, with sterling silver mountings; such a contrast lends richness and beauty to an article.

Glass Powder Boxes, 35c

They are made of clear glass, with a handle; used for dusting dress hats.

Bristle Hat Brushes, 63c

Carved with sterling silver.

Ebony Toilet Articles.

The deep ebony black is touched off with sterling silver, making the articles very pretty and attractive.

Nail Polishers, 63c

Hair Brushes, 98c

Superior Military Hair Brushes with Russian Bristle in Graduated Lengths, \$1.69

Military Hair Brushes, pair, 98c

Clothes Brushes, \$1.25

Superior Military Hair Brushes with Russian Bristle in Graduated Lengths, \$1.69

Men's Slippers.

Every style and every leather, all priced in our own peculiar way. A saving at every step.

49c for Embroidered Velvet Slippers, new designs.

88c for Everette Slippers of brown kid, patent leather trimmings.

73c for Imitation Alligator Slippers, tan.

63c for New Harvard Tie Alligator Slippers.

89c for Black Kid, Harvard cut, patent leather trimmings.

73c for Tan Alligator Slippers, black patent trimmings.

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Handkerchiefs.

We've bought lavishly, getting the newest styles for the least money.

125c—Fine lawn handkerchiefs, lace trimmed, fancy corners.

15c—Plain linen handkerchiefs, others with linen centers, lace trimmed, others with embroidered corners.

25c—Fine sheer lawn or linen, scalloped edges, heavy embroidery or dainty fleur de lis and ribbon patterns.

35c—Linen, embroidery or lace edges.

49c—Linen or silk centers, edged with fine lace and insertion.

69c—Finest linen, embroidered edges, others with lace and insertion to match.

75c—Silk, with lace insertion, also linen with lace and insertion and dainty embroidery.

89c—Linen, trimmed with oriental lace.

1.00—Linen, with lace and insertion trimming, dainty.

1.50—Linen, with point d'esprit.

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Waist and Suit Lengths of Silks and Dress Goods.

7-yd. Suit Lengths \$2.29.

You may choose from goods that sell for 50c to 65c a yard, as:

40-in. Satin Soie, black and colors.

38-in. Granite, two-color effects.

42-in. Silk Finish Mohair Brocades in purples, reds, browns or blues.

71-yd. Suit Lengths \$1.73.

Here you may choose from goods that sell over the counter for 39c and 49c a yard, as:

36-in. Novelty Suits, rough weaves.

38-in. Mohair Brocades.

34-yd. Waist Lengths \$2.39.

And you may choose from plain and corded taffetas, poplins, satin duchesse, peau de soie, crystals, crocheted stripes, drop stitched and lace striped silks. The 34 yds. are worth \$3.50—buy them for \$2.39.

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And you may choose from plain and corded t

Silks.

Silks for Waists, Skirts, Evening or Street
Dresses, Petticoats, etc., in all the latest
creations, the newest ideas and styles.

- 85¢ Fancy Silks of every color and style, Gold
polka dots, stripes, cord, lace effects, bro-
cades, etc., for waists and gowns, every
price, from \$1.00 to \$4.00.
- 1.50 Black, material, style
and price. Satin Empire, Point de Soie,
Satin Duchesse, Armure, Cyranos, Popeline,
Mousseline, Grosgrain, Brocade, Surah,
Indica, Fancy brocades and stripes, shirred
bodices, lace trimmings, etc.
- 1.00 A handsome, stylish, wearable
Pauze de Soie
for 3d. A special holiday offering.
- 1.25 Guaranteed Taffetas in black,
from \$1.00 to \$1.25.
- 1.50 We are agents for the "Phalanx Mills"
of the famous French millinery, which we
sell at very low prices, every color and
style, from \$1.00 to \$2.00.

Silks Are Always Acceptable.

Table Linens and Napkins

Christmas presents, special values in new and attractive

CANDY
AT CO.
We want
to buy
candy
in hopes
of getting
something
for you
here—see
we have—see
how we
can help
you.

Battenburg Pieces
new, shapes and sizes for all purposes. The
assortment of these handsome goods we have ever

Blankets and Comforters,
every kind and quality. Gray, red or fine white
check. We carry a full line of the famous San Jose
mill's goods.

Eiderdown Sacques.
Dinner and Lunch Sets, fringed,
full bleached, beautiful designs,
from \$2.00 each up to \$37.50.

French Flannels,
complete line of plain and fancy French flannels, late colors,
designs.

Flannel Waists,
fancy figured, embroidered, tucked, etc.
from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

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Reliable Goods.

Popular Prices.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Telephone
Main 259.

Dry Goods

Spring and
Third Sts.

HINTS FOR GIFT BUYERS.

Tomorrow the store will be decked in holiday attire. Every department has been abund-
antly supplied with novelties, in their own particular line, especially for this Christmas season.

Gifts that are useful are all the more acceptable. Those we call to your attention are, in
most cases, not only useful but necessary articles of every day use, only a little nicer, better and
more attractive than usual.

Then, these goods are reliable, every article that leaves the store goes with our guarantee
that it will give satisfaction, that's a point to be considered, and furthermore there are values
quoted here that will not be duplicated in town. If you're a judge of values, styles and qualities
you will take advantage of these savings.

Holiday Goods--Christmas Novelties

We have here a gathering of novelties and fancy goods, especially for this holiday season, that's a whole
store in itself. We can't mention a fraction of the beautiful and useful articles here for your inspection.

Besides more than doubling our regular line of fancy goods and notions we have a complete Christmas
stock of beautifully framed pictures, most perfect reproductions of the world's most famous masterpieces.

Large assortments of fancy Handkerchiefs, Glove and Collar and Cuff Boxes, Toilet and Manicure Sets
and single articles. Sterling Silver Novelties of all kinds, Picture Frames and Mirrors, Leather Goods of every
description, Purses, Bags, Belts, etc., Fancy Bag Tops, Tortoise Shell Goods, etc. There are articles here to
please both young and old. Useful, substantial things.

Handkerchiefs

3000 dozen just arrived direct from Belfast, Ire-
land. Handkerchiefs for Ladies, Children and Men.

Ladies' pure, fine linen handkerchiefs, 10s

hemstitched, at 10s

Ladies' pure linen, fine and sheer, embroidered, 12s

initial, as low as 12s

Beautiful, elaborately embroidered ones, 25s

all prices up to 25s

Men's full size, hemstitched, pure linen, 25s

at 12s, 17c and 25s

Children's Handkerchiefs, fancy colored bor-
ders, neat, pretty designs, at 4s, 5c and 6c

Children's fancy bordered handkerchiefs, put up in
beautiful boxes 3 in a box, fine quality, 25c

per box

Fans—Of all kinds, to suit all tastes and purses. Plain and fancy
hand painted and spangled fans. Many beautiful novelties.
Appropriate Xmas presents.

Umbrellas and Parasols For holiday gifts are always wel-
come, always needed. Our stock
embraces every desirable kind, every color and price.

Silk Petticoats Late creations, new trimmings, ruffled, according
to latest fashion, ribbon trimmed and
beautiful hand painted patterns, every price
from \$3.00 each to \$5.00

Merced Italian cloth petticoats in all the late
colors and cuts, from \$1.50

Silk Waists In the handsome soft pastel colorings, new styles,
with high collars, long sleeves, some with the new
Victorian sleeve, brass buttons or velvet ribbon trimmed,
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Gloves.

Gloves make an ideal present. A lady can never
have too many gloves.

We sell reliable gloves—those with a reputation
of their own. We fit and guarantee every glove that
leaves the store. Our assortment of novelties is this
season larger than ever before. Every new idea is
here. New colors, new stitching.

See our complete line of Moca and Glace \$1.00

Gloves at, per pair.....

Hosiery New assortments to meet the Xmas
and coloring.

Plain and drop stitch in boot effects, vertical or cross
stripes, figures, dots, etc. Largest gathering 50c

we have ever had at, per pair.....

High class novelties in Jacquard Tops, plain boot
effects, lace and embroidered, handsome, new and
stylish; prices ranging from \$2.00

down to, pair.....

Complete line beautiful Silk Stockings, dark and
light colors.

Children's and Men's hosiery.

Neckwear. Every novelty of merit, every kind that's new. Late
creations in Stocks and J. of Children and Liberty.

Ruchings in the latest styles—colored, black and white—all black.

Chenille Boas. The latest fad. In colors black, white, black
and white, etc. etc. Stylish and up-to-date,
from \$12.00 to \$20.00 and every price between.

Each to \$12.00 and every price between.

Laces and Trimmings. All novelties and Appliques in new de-
signs. Stylish, effective creations for
dress ornamentation. Great assortments.

Ribbons. Fancy warp print. Dresden and Persian designs for trim-
mings and neckwear. Novelties for fancy work.

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mings and neckwear. Novelties for fancy work.

Ribbons. Fancy warp print. Dresden and Persian designs for trim-
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GOOD STORIES OF REMARKABLE FISHES.

NEW YORK AQUARIUM SPECIMENS
KNOW THEIR KEEPERS.

A Stubborn Seal That Met a Fatal
Attack of Pneumonia Because It
Would Not Obey Orders—Diseases of
Fishes.

[New York Tribune:] The fishes at the Aquarium know their friends, just as well as the animals do in the Zoo, if the statements of the keepers are to be accepted. No one would think, in passing through the building in Battery Park, that men are watching the fishes all the time who can tell in an instant when anything ails one of them, but it is nevertheless a fact. That the fishes are aware of these men's care seems almost an exaggerated statement, but there is evidence that a deal of sympathy exists between them. Some of the keepers have not only a love for their work, but a genius for it. One man who is on duty there several times a week, said he was happier among his pets than he would be at home. He was ex-
tensive when he spoke of his lot in life. He had enough to eat and kept close to nature all the time. His whole life had been spent among wild animals, birds and fish. He knew the traits of different ones, and loved them all.

A Tribune reporter who went into the Aquarium the other day noticed one West Indian seal sporting about the large tank on the ground floor. The other seals had disappeared in a few months, and the reporter was curious as to what had become of them led to an interesting conversation.

"The last one died," the keeper said. "We lost him by pneumonia," and his voice was softened as if he had lost a beloved member of his family. Then he told how it happened.

"The seal was a very fine specimen, a great deal of difficulty in winter in keeping the interior of the Aquarium warm, as the doors are continually being opened. On the coldest days the apparatus in the building is only enough to keep the water at the required temperature. The seal, however, is fond of leaving the water, suffer most whenever it is cold."

"It was a rainy day," the keeper said, "when Gyp caught pneumonia. We tried to keep him in the water; we stood on the landing at one end of the tank and brandished a club at him and shoved him back. We employed every means we could without hurting him, but he would not budge. I knew what would happen, but we couldn't help it. He caught a cold, which led to pneumonia and then he died."

There was a large crowd about the tank and the children looked over the railing as the seal swam round and round.

"Are you afraid that they will hurt him?" was asked.

"No, bless you, no," said the keeper. "I am here for fear the seal will hurt some of the people. He is the kindest, gentlest, and best natured thing on earth, but we are afraid that in his playfulness he will grab somebody's hand and do an injury."

And then the keeper sprang forward and waved aside a child whose nurse had lifted her up so that it could extend its tiny hand above the tank.

"If you will come here tonight after the place is closed," he said, "I will show you some things that will interest you. Six o'clock is a good hour. Since we have been receiving fishes from Bermuda and the tropics, we have had to have the water at twelve different temperatures and keep it even in certain tanks by night and day. And then we have a hospital for fishes."

The visitor was interested. He was back promptly on time, and the keeper led the way overhead and back to the apparatus where the water is tempered, and by means of which the fishes are kept alive. As he passed along beside the tanks it could be seen that the current ran through some of them as swiftly as a babbling brook, while others were tranquil. In one of them a nautilus thermometer was suspended, and the keeper explained that the tank contained a surgeon fish from Bermuda. It was necessary to keep the water within 54 deg. Fahr. night and day, and this was the only case on record where a surgeon fish had lived in captivity so long.

Against the outer wall of the aquarium is the hospital. It has eight wards, and a sick fish usually passes through all of them.

"Some of the fishes have liver troubles," the keeper said. "Some have stomach troubles, heart troubles, and kidney troubles, like a human being. They have just as many ills as flesh is heir to."

"How do you know when they are sick?" was asked.

"How would you know if your pet was sick?" he answered. "By watching it, of course. You can tell in an instant when anything is the matter with one of the fishes. The ordinary northern fishes do not need treatment; they can take the water as it comes, be it hot or cold. When we see that one of the Bermuda fishes is ailing we take it from the tank and put it in Ward No. 1. There the current is slow, and we can give it special food and watch its symptoms closely. The temperature of the water in this ward is just the same as in the fish's proper tank. If it seems at home and eats and moves in the usual way, we put it back where it belongs. When a fish is sick we try to make it eat, or coax it to do so, and it takes patience to find something it wants. If a fish is refused we try something else, but a strip of salted cod waved around in the water on a stick is most successful."

The keeper dipped his finger in one of the tanks and called "Peter, Peter, Come, Peter." In a moment a fish darted up to the surface of the water and squirted a stream of water at the keeper's face. "Peter is mad now," he said. "He knows I come to feed him and when I come to tease him. When I bring him food he will come and take it from my hand. That fish is the ugliest in the whole Aquarium, but the most intelligent of the lot, and I like him better than any of the rest. When I come to feed him, Peter always knows my footstep, and is glad to see me when I come around."

"And you think he knows you?"

"Why, he knows me as well as a dog knows his master. Let us go down in front of the tank, and I will show you."

The interior of the aquarium proper was dark. The keeper tapped his finger on the glass front of Peter's tank and shouted "Peter, Peter! Come and kiss me!" but there was no response.

"He doesn't see me," said the keeper. He struck a match and rapped again. "Peter, Peter! Come and kiss me!" and the fish came and stuck its nose against the glass. He struck another match, and its flicking light served to show the moon fish in their real splendor.

"I can make friends with any living thing," he said, in the usual way, I have had them so tame that they would know by a gentle rapping on their box of earth whenever I came to feed them, and would raise their heads in recognition."

ACTUALLY SELLING OUT

Our closing-out sale which opened yesterday brought crowds of people, and they all got big gains such as no house ever before offered. Our stock is all new and strictly up-to-date, and the prices simply astonish everyone. Think of E. & W. Collars and Cuffs at three for five cents. Monarch Shirts, white and colored, at 83c instead of \$1.25. Everything else in proportion. Fixtures for sale to be moved after the stock is sold.

Come Get Your Share of these Tremendous Bargains.

Men's Clothing.



Men's genuine imported worsted; nothing better made at any price; satin piped seams; best linings, etc., regular price \$16.75 sale price \$13.75

Men's well cassimeres, chevrot and worsted suits in the very latest patterns and styles, well made and perfect fitting; single and double breasted; well worth the regular price; sale price \$13.75

All wool cassimeres, chevrot and worsteds in a large variety of handsome patterns; our regular \$15.00 qualities; sale price \$10.50

Men's fine chevrot and cassimeres suits, warranted to fit and wear well; excellent linings, etc., regular price \$13.50, sale price \$8.50

Men's extra quality Oxford gray suits, worsteds and cassimeres; well made, piped seams, fine linings; regular price \$12.50; sale price \$7.50

Men's fancy worsted suits, made in the best possible manner, good linings, piped seams; regular price \$10.00; sale price \$5.75

Extra Special.

Men's all-wool black clay worsted suits, excellent value at \$15.50; sale price \$8.35

Men's all-wool blue serge suits, worth \$12.50; sale price \$8.35

Immense new stock of Men's Overcoats, all the latest styles and fabrics, reduced as follows: Men's \$20.00 overcoats cut to \$10.50

Men's \$15.00 overcoats cut to \$7.75

Men's \$12.50 overcoats cut to \$6.75

Boys' Suits.

Boys' \$3.00 suits at \$1.98

Boys' \$4.00 suits at \$2.15

Boys' \$5.00 suits at \$3.48

Boys' \$6.00 suits at \$4.38

Boys' \$7.50 suits at \$5.15

Youths' \$8.50 suits at \$5.75

Youths' \$10.00 suits at \$6.25

Youths' \$12.50 suits at \$8.50

Youths' \$15.00 suits at \$9.75

Boys' \$2.50 suits at \$1.48

Men's Hats.

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Stetson hats at \$3.00

\$1.00 hats at 79c

\$2.00 hats at \$1.38

\$2.50 hats at \$1.98

Men's Furnishing Goods.

The Chance of a Lifetime to Buy Furnishings Under Value.

Men's extra heavy derby ribbed underwear, fleece lined, gray, blue, brown and white; regular price 50c per garment; sale price 35c

Men's fancy ribbed underwear; regular price 65c per garment; sale price 45c

Men's camel's hair underwear of excellent grade; regular price \$1.00 per garment; sale price 75c

Men's all wool derby ribbed Vienna underwear; regular price \$1.25 per garment; sale price 90c

Men's fine balbriggan underwear; regular price 50c per garment; sale price 35c

Men's 15c black or tan hose, four pairs for 1.00

Men's \$1.25 heavy wool overshirts at 85c

Men's \$1.00 Stanley shirts at 75c

Men's heavy work shirts; black and white stripes; regular price 75c; sale price 55c

Men's \$1.25 working gloves at 85c

E. & W. collars, 3 for 1.00

E. & W. cuffs, 3 for 1.00

\$1.00 white shirts at 75c

\$1.00 fancy bosom shirts at 75c

75c fancy bosom shirts at 50c

50c suspenders at 35c

35c suspenders at 25c

The Monarch shirts, white or colored, at 83c

Men's night robes, plain or fancy, worth 75c, at 50c

H. COHEN & CO., 142-144 NORTH SPRING STREET

Be Sure to Find Us.

MINING COMPANY SUE.

A Receiver Appointed for O. O. Howard's Ratcliff Consolidated Gold Mines in Inyo County.

Instead of discovering gold in large bunches the Ratcliff Consolidated Gold Mine, Limited, has found a lawsuit of great richness. The company did not uncover this while prospecting, but it was dug up for the corporation by Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, which uncovered the ledge yesterday by filing a foreclosure suit against the mining company, in the United States District Court here. Judgment is asked for \$16,982.50 and costs, with the appointment of a receiver for the dozen gold-mining claims of the company, forty-five miles southeast of Independence, Inyo county. The money represents overdrafts on the Wells Fargo Company Bank.

On June 14, 1900, the company was indebted to the bank in the sum of \$16,982.50, and secured it by a mortgage on its mining plant and property. Later the bank took peaceable possession, and now that members of the corporation threaten to retake it, the bank asked that a receiver be appointed for the property, and that it be sold. On the showing made the court appointed Michael Sheridan receiver with bond fixed at \$5000.

The office of the company in this city is in room 407 Douglas building, and the president of the company is O. O. Howard, Jr.

COSTLY SAUSAGE.

Dish for an Epicure—Has a French Name, but the Best is Made in This Country.

[New York Sun:] "The costliest of all sausages," said a man familiar with the trade, "is Lyons sausage, imported from France. Lyons sausage sells in Paris at \$2 and more a pound. Here it sold at 80 cents to \$1 a pound. Lyons sausage is also produced in this country. The demand here is even finer than the imported, but sells here, however, for somewhat less.

"Lyons is rather a large sausage. It is put up in the largest size hog casings and it is made of beef and pork. The meats used in making it are of the very best, and they are prepared with the greatest care. From the beef all the sinews and veins are removed, and what is left only the selected parts of the meat. The beef is chopped very fine, so fine as to make it practically a paste. The pork used is from the back fat of hogs. This is not chopped fine, as the beef is, but is cut into irregular-shaped pieces which show in the sausage when it is cut. The spices used are of the very best, and of course the choicest. The Lyons sausage is hard smoked.

"The Lyons sausage-making has so improved in the country that now, as you can say without reservation, the finest sausages produced in the world are made in the United States. Lyons is true without exception. The American Lyons sausage, for example, is better than the imported. Some American Lyons is imported to France and sold there, and some of that thus exported is reimported and sold here as imported Lyons.

"Lyons sausage is served in the very finest of hotels and restaurants, and it may be found on bills of fare, before the soup, served as an appetizer. For that purpose it is very excellent. It is found in the country that it is made in great measures to call for it from Russian visitors. The Russians have always been fond of Lyons sausage, as they are also of caviare."

PINGREE ATTACKS WEST.

LANSING (Mich.) Dec. 8.—Judge Howard West of the Ingham County Circuit Court, who conducted the trial of Gen. Pingree, yesterday sentenced Gen. White to ten years in prison, was attacked by Gov. Pingree in an interview yesterday. Judge West has telegraphed Gov. Pingree a request to have the Legislature investigate his conduct as Circuit Judge, and take such action as the people warrant.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

WATERBURY'S

COLORED

CURE

When Prof. Mueson says what his Gold Cure will do for you, he is not exaggerating. Nearly every body seems to be taking this remedy whenever a cold appears. It relieves the head, nose, throat and lungs so quickly that a cold need no longer be a forerunner of grippe.

Every one of his remedies is as sure. All druggists have it. Write to Broadway and 21st Street, New York, for medical advice free.

How to Make \$10 in ten minutes



Can You Write an "Ad.?"

Here's a chance to earn gold in a few moments. Ten dollars in gold will be paid for the best "ad." on the subject of Abel's White Pine Balsam, the great remedy for coughs, colds, whooping cough, croup, hoarseness and all lung difficulties. It is also a grand relief for clergymen, singers, public speakers, teachers, actors and all who use the voice. It clears the throat, cures colds and coughs immediately. On Sunday, January 1, 1901, the "ad." accepted will be published in The Times, together with name and address of writer. This contest is open to all patrons of Abel's White Pine Balsam, and all "ads." sent in must be accompanied by the ONE CENT TRADE MARK to be found on outside of cartons of every bottle. For sale by all druggists. The space will be just this size. No bill inserted. Replies must be received not later than Thursday, January 1, 1901. Address

W. H. ABEL, 1346 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

DRINK HABIT CURED.

Mrs. May Hawkins Will Help Every Woman Save a Drunkard.

A Trial Package of Her Marvelous Home Treatment FREE for the Asking.

Any true woman might well be proud to have saved one poor man from the shackles of drink. Mrs. May Hawkins has redeemed thousands by her noble and practical work among those who have been victims of intemperance. Mrs. Hawkins has always been the grief and anguish shared by many true and faithful women of America today who have drunk-



original treatment and now offers to send this treatment free to any woman who writes for it. Mrs. Hawkins' great desire is that every woman who needs this medicine will write at once to her, and get it.

Mrs. Hawkins treasures hundreds of testimonials received from thankful friends. She holds each grateful letter sacred, but the following are published for the request of the writers in the hope that they may be the means of hastening others to write and get the treatment.

Mrs. May Hawkins, Grand Rapids, Mich.—My Dear Friend: You have been the means of bringing sunshine into my home. Last August I got your remedy and began giving it to my husband, and from that time until the present he has not taken any kind of alcoholic drink. I cannot say too much for what your remedy has done for me and I urge it as a helper to any mother, sister or wife who shall need it. Yours sincerely, East Hampton, Mass. MRS. H. A. LANE.

My Dear Friend: I am very pleased to say you brought happiness to our home. My husband has never drank a drop of liquor since he began taking your treatment. His appetite for drink has entirely left him and he says he will never touch a drop again as long as he lives. I thank God for this, for since he has quit the drinking he is altogether a different man. Please use my letter, because my husband is well known by all glass workers and he wants others to know what has been done.

Edward, Ind. MRS. W. KRAMER.

Mrs. May Hawkins: I feel that I must return thanks to you for the comfort that I feel. It was through your advertisement in the papers that I first heard of your remedy that has entirely cured my son. He can't bear the smell of any kind of drink. O that it was in my power to do more, but I am getting old. I will close, thanking you from the depth of my heart for your goodness to the distressed family that I have. God forth doing good. God will bless you. Your Friend, Paterson, N. J. MRS. ANDERSON.

Many other women similar to these would like to be given. These women have saved their homes and loved ones by this remedy and you can be among the number of only wish my wife. Mrs. Hawkins treats every letter she receives sacredly confidential and you need have no hesitancy whatever in writing her for assistance. Do not share her letter. Write her today.

MRS. MAY HAWKINS, Grand Rapids, Mich. Address: Box 464.

Dr. Harrison & Co. Rupture C.



SPECIALISTS For Every Form of Weakness and Diseases of Men.

The Only Strictly Reliable Graduated Physicians in Los Angeles Trusting Men Exclusively.

We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Partial or Complete Loss of Vital Force, Urinary Disorders, Premature Weakness, Contracted Aids, including Contagious Blood Poisons and Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Result of Highly Fecundated.

In all cases where vitality is lost on account of a diseased or inflamed prostate gland our treatment insures a cure.

We positively GUARANTEE to cure FILARIA, FISTULA, RUPTURE, VARICOCELE and HYDROCELE in one week.

We will examine you, tell you in plain English your disease, explain our treatment, give you full satisfaction in every way, absolutely FREE of charge, and you need not pay a cent until you are well. We have the largest Rooms 212 N. Nolan & Smith Block, Corner Second and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Private entrance on Second street.

THE FOO & WING HERB CO., 903 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.

CALL FOR BOOK Diagnosis and Examination Free. Absent from 4 p.m. Fridays until 10 p.m. Sundays.

Stylish \$15.50 Suits

Dressy Suits 2.20 Pants \$4.50

My \$25.00 Suit, the best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your money's worth.

JOE POHMEI

143 So. Spring St. Los Angeles.

A Barrel Of Money

To loan on DIAMONDS, WATCHES, PIANOS, and all first-class security.

S. P. CREASINGER, 213 S. Broadway, Room 207-208.

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

COAL TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. As nearly as can be ascertained, the present population of the world is about 1,400,000,000. The population of coal throughout the world is likely to be 700,000,000 tons. From 1875 to 1900 the average consumption of coal per capita, taking the world's population as a whole, is about 1.5 tons. In Great Britain, the average consumption of coal per capita is about 10 tons. The United States and about thirty other nations consume the same amount. The average consumption of coal in the United States is about 10 tons per capita. The average consumption of coal in the United States is about 10 tons per capita. The average consumption of coal in the United States is about 10 tons per capita.

DEAR SIR: For your own satisfaction as for the benefit of others, please send me a few lines. It is hardly possible to detail for when a patient is cured, and cured I am, by your skill and skillful system. I am a sufferer from rupture. I am now well.

With Los Angeles Brewing Co., Main Street, Cal.

EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS—A \$7.00 BOOK.

THE book of the century. Hand-somely illustrated by the greatest artists of the world.

If you wish to send postage, enclose this journal, or our contribution.

Eugene Field Monument Society (Also at book stores) 150 Monroe St., Los Angeles.

A LOCAL CIGAR FACTORY. A year ago Ben S. Jarrett of the city of Los Angeles, who has been in the cigar business for many years, has succeeded in making a cigar that is as good as any made in the city.

fact that this week the company has a crop of from Cuba a whole lot of 5000 pounds. The cost of this quality is about \$12.00, and the cost of some of it paid \$1.85 per pound for tobacco cost 35 cents per pound for the labor of the factory.

The factory is out of Havana this year. The factory is out of Havana this year. The factory is out of Havana this year.

even cigar makers, all expect Cuban cigars to be the best in the world. The factory is out of Havana this year.

men, and the fine cigars turn out without a blemish. Some of the workers get \$24 per thousand for making the cigars. The factory is out of Havana this year.

two brands, the "Sample Case" and the "Elmo," which retail in the city for 25 cents. The factory is out of Havana this year.

men, and the fine cigars turn out without a blemish. Some of the workers get \$24 per thousand for making the cigars. The factory is out of Havana this year.

He is a man in the box before the factory, and this smoking. They must be a good place to make cigars.

JOS. JAEGER

BARBERS' SUPPLY

The largest house in Southern California for the supply of Cutlery, Combs, Razors, etc. The factory is out of Havana this year.

Blue Steel Palm Razors \$5.00 per dozen. The factory is out of Havana this year.

ing in the city. Clipper Razors \$5.00 per dozen. The factory is out of Havana this year.

very quickly. That is the reason Los Angeles is a good place to make cigars.

Hale's **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS** **Hale's** **GOOD GOODS**

A GREAT HALF-PRICE SALE

OF
Ladies' Fine Tailored Suits, Jackets, Capes, Skirts, Etc.

They are a line of manufacturers samples, yes, but not the kind that has been hawked about the country in trunks and shown at every station. No, these are the models from which men's samples are copied after. These never saw the inside of a trunk, and are now shown for the first time, right from the maker's hands, and now we'll proceed to tell you how we have them, and how we are going to sell them.



FIG. 109.

Bought at 50c on the dollar Sold at 50c on the dollar

That means we paid just one-half what the jobber would sell them for, that's a pretty big reduction on fresh, new stock, but we had the money, and it met the opportunity, through the shrewdness of our Eastern buyers. This is one of the most interesting purchases we have ever made.

Sale Begins Monday Morning, December 10th, And we want you to be on
know what it is to do shopping in a crowd, and how little attention and satisfaction you can get. Our store is always crowded in the afternoons. Try and get here in the morning so as to have more leisure in looking over this wonderful line of goods.

A Very Desirable Christmas Present, \$20 for this \$40 Suit
(As shown in cut.)

Ladies' suit, made of pebble cheviot, in navy or black, double-breasted Eton jacket, scalloped reverses and medall collar, front, back and sleeves of jacket trimmed with narrow taffeta band, lined throughout with taffeta silk, new shape skirt with flare at bottom, trimmed with three bands of taffeta on each side to correspond with trimming on jacket, inverted plait in back, lined with percaleine and bound with velvet.

Christmas Capes in High-Grade Fur.

No use throwing out any cheap goods in this line for holiday presents. We've got them but you don't want them. These are from whole skins, and cleanest stock of astrakhan fur, storm collars, heavy satin lined, and in all respects the finest of their kind.

12-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$12.75
14-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$14.75
16-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$17.50
22-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$24.50
24-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$27.50
27-inch Astrakhan Fur Capes.....\$30.00

You Must See These \$15 Suits at \$7.50
There are 18 of them, no two alike, mostly black and navy, blouses, Eton, 6-button dip front jackets all silk lined, new bell sleeve, flare skirt, tailor-stitched seams, and really handsome suits for \$15.00.

It Would Be a Waste of Time and Space

To try and enumerate the many kinds and regular price of all the garments in this sale, but we wish it decidedly understood that the prices we quote here are half the real price, in many cases less. We will describe and price as many as possible, in this space.

Suits at \$9.50, \$10.50, \$12.50
Are made of chevrons and venetian cloths, in latest cuts and styles, colors navy, black, brown, also some fancy etamine, blouses suits, trimmed in black taffeta, some military effects, buttoned cuffs, new shape sleeves with ruffles of black taffeta, blouse effects, with velvet girdle and collars and many other fine points, easily recognized as \$50 and \$85 suits.

Suits at \$15 and \$18

Are made of camel's-hair, fine chevrons and home-spuns, in blues, browns and grays, medall collars, taffeta trimmed on collars and fronts, applied collars and reverses, and fronts, new cut flare skirts, new shape sleeves with ruffles of black taffeta, blouse effects, with velvet girdle and collars and many other fine points, easily recognized as \$50 and \$85 suits.

\$15 Buys Choice of Twenty \$30 Jackets.
Any one would gladden the heart of any woman for a Christmas present. No two alike; Automobiles in tans, fancy linings, new sleeves, high collars; Etons, double breasted, half tight fitting, bishop sleeves, bell sleeves, medall collars, reverses of panne velvet, trimmed in Persian lamb's fur. Fine English Kersey cloths, in castor, tan, blue, brown and black, all fancy silk or satin lined. Look well to this—there's only twenty of them. There'll be no other such offer in this world again.

A Jacket for \$3.95.
Worth more than twice as much, made of covert cloth, boucle cloth, chevrons and kerseys, velvet collars, mercerized lined, 6-button fronts; best bargain you ever saw in jackets.

An Appropriate Christmas Gift, This \$50 Suit for \$30
(As illustrated.)

Ladies' blouse suit, made of fine pebble cheviot, in navy or black, double-breasted jacket, collar, belt and cuffs made of black velvet, with taller stitching, new shape sleeves, with puff of black taffeta, silk at cuff; jacket lined throughout with taffeta silk, new skirt with graduated flounce, inverted plait in back, lined with percaleine and bound with velvet.

Fine Collarettes for Christmas

There is nothing more appreciated by a lady than a fine collarette for a Christmas present. You'll find the finest kind here.

Electric seal, with chinilla.....\$3.50
Astrakhan and electric seal, storm collar, satin lined, 8 inches long.....\$8.50
Astrakhan and marten fur, with tabs and marten tails.....\$12.50
Handsome Persian lamb and brown marten, with marten tails.....\$22.50
Brown marten fur, 10-inches long.....\$25.00
High collar, handsome lining.....\$27.50
Genuine beaver, with tabs and tails, storm collar, richest lining.....\$27.50



FIG. 110.

The Grandest of Holiday Sales.

No gimcracks, or worthless and destructible toys, only substantial and very useful articles will be found here for Christmas presents. There is not an article in the store to be sold during these holiday sales but what will be practical and acceptable as a present. You may look here for substantial presents, and go away satisfied with your purchase.

The Requester.

Hello, Santa Claus! I know you won't forget me this Christmas. Mama said she saw some awful pretty things at Hale's, but supposed you'd would have some just as nice. Will you?

You Mustn't Forget Baby.



They need, must, and will have attention, but it's the custom to give them a little more attention than usual about Christmas time. Let us call your attention to some of these for babies' wear.

Babies' Booties, 15c.
Made of knit zephyrs, in pink, blue and white. We also have 20c, 25c and 30c qualities.

Babies' Flossies, 25c.
In pink, blue, white and tan colors. They are lined and have lacing.

Babies' Kid Shoes, 25c.
In red, tan, white and black, laced; also some patent leather, pink, white, tan, black, for 50c.

Babies' Sacques, 75c, \$1.25.
50c. In fancy knit zephyrs, in pink, blue, cream, elaborately trimmed in silk and satin.

Babies' Hats and Caps, \$1.35.
And bonnets, fancy colored ribbon silks, lace and plush trimmed, fancy bows.

A Hand Full of Holiday Gloves.

That's all we'll mention, out of thousands of pairs. They come in handy for a Christmas present.

Ladies' 2-clasp dress' kids and heavy pique walking gloves, in all colors.....\$1.00

Ladies' undressed kid in black and colors, all sizes, Paris point stitched.....\$1.25

Ladies' French kid in all colors, 2-clasp, narrow embroidered back.....\$1.50

Christmas Hosiery.
All kinds of hose are good at any time of the year, but real fine hose are especially sought after when intended as a Christmas gift. Examine these hose and prices.

For the Finest Goods
65c, 85c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50.

They are composed of all the latest styles and finest qualities in black, plain and fancy colors, in silk, drop stitch and lace effect stripes. They're just perfectly lovely.

75c, \$1 and \$1.25 Hose for 49c
This includes ladies' fancy black lace stripe, fancy colors in stripes, dots, fleur de lis, figures and checks, a line you'll not get a chance at again at this price.

15c Buys children's hose in a fine rib, fast black, all sizes and excellent value.

15c Buys ladies' hose in plain or drop stitch, as fine and good as ordinary 25c stockings.

25c Buys children's white, pink, cream and blue silk and lisle, regular 50c hose. How's that?

25c Buys boys' extra heavy and fine ribbed black hose; no better wearing hose is made.

25c Buys ladies' fancy lace stripe and drop stitch hose. Hermsdorf dye, very fine article.

25c Buys children's white, pink, cream and blue silk and lisle, regular 50c hose. How's that?

25c Buys boys' extra heavy and fine ribbed black hose; no better wearing hose is made.

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25c Buys ladies' fancy lace stripe and drop stitch hose. Hermsdorf dye, very fine article.

Chattelaire Bags.

An article in everyday use by ladies, could not fail to please as a present. A fine stock here to select from; price to suit your means. They range from 75c up to \$3.50. Look at them.

Look at this Array of Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.
Every box is a work of art, and will make a very acceptable Christmas gift. They are plain and fancy, in all colors and finishes, and in all sizes.

Photo Holders.
Fancy gilt, hand-painted borders, transparent celluloid front, photo size 50c, cabinet size 75c.

Cuff Boxes.
Handsome silver covered collar and cuff boxes, receive a gift to death to receive one for Christmas; \$1.08.

Ink Well.
For a ladies' present—beautiful thing; gilt trim—double cells, brush pen wiper; 75c.

Netal Boxes.
In fancy shapes, silver work, suitable for jewelry, stamps and small articles, 85c.

Ash Holders.
Fancy silver, gilt and hand painted, match or ash receivers, 80c and 75c.

Powder Jars.
Large size, cut glass jars, hand painted, gilt tops, adorn any ladies' dresser, 80c.

The Bequester.
No, my little dear, I'll not forget you, or any of my young friends, nor the older ones, either. And you'll find my pack contains many things just such as your mother saw at Hale's. I'll try not to disappoint anyone.

An Umbrella.
It always has been considered as appropriate for a gift. We're showing the finest made at less than 50c for them. Look at these.

As a Holiday Present.
Gents' size 26 and 28-inch, striped twill, fancy natural wood handles.....\$1.00
Ladies' size 26 and 28-inch, silk, natural wood and horn handles, sterling silver trim.....\$2.00
Gents' size 26 and 28-inch, silk, natural wood and horn handles, sterling silver trim.....\$2.00
Ladies' size 26 and 28-inch, silk, natural wood and horn handles, sterling silver trim.....\$2.00
Gents' size 26 and 28-inch, silk, natural wood and horn handles, sterling silver trim.....\$2.00
Ladies' size 26 and 28-inch, silk, natural wood and horn handles, sterling silver trim.....\$2.00

Look at the Brass We Have
And the prices we put on them. No one else would dare to do it.

2c A foot for 1/4 inch poles in white or colored, same price for all 1 and 1 1/2 inch colored poles.....

4c A foot for all 1 and 1 1/2 inch corrugated white enameled poles. The best for fine curtains.....

3c For a brass extension rod complete with brackets. Extends from 24 to 44 inches.....

For the Brain and Brawn of our Country.
The men folks expect a present Christmas, if at no other time. There's a timely suggestion in what's mentioned below, and the cost is only a trifle.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
Ties for men and boys; they come in all colors and newest patterns; styles 4 x 4, bows and 4-in-bands. They're silk and satin lined, extra finished.....25c

50c Ties. This line is composed of the swiftest things to be found in the market. We have the wide end, imperials and the wide end tecks, and they are the best of popular priced goods.....

25c Half hose, the appearance of silk and wears as well; they are fine gauge, three thread heels and toes, absolutely fast dye.....

1.00 Men's dress shirts, colored bosoms and bodies in the new pattern and colors.....

1.25 Men's night shirts, very heavy twilled, extra full in body, very long and well made.....

1.00 Men's night shirts, very heavy twilled, extra full in body, very long and well made.....

Holiday Pocket Books.

We've got these in every conceivable shape and color. You can make your friend a present from this stock that will cost from 25c up to \$5.00. It's according to your pocket book.

Don't believe there's a finer assortment to be seen in this country. Every box is a work of art, and will make a very acceptable Christmas gift. They are plain and fancy, in all colors and finishes, and in all sizes.

Photo Holders.
Fancy gilt, hand-painted borders, transparent celluloid front, photo size 50c, cabinet size 75c.

Cuff Boxes.
Handsome silver covered collar and cuff boxes, receive a gift to death to receive one for Christmas; \$1.08.

Ink Well.
For a ladies' present—beautiful thing; gilt trim—double cells, brush pen wiper; 75c.

Netal Boxes.
In fancy shapes, silver work, suitable for jewelry, stamps and small articles, 85c.

Ash Holders.
Fancy silver, gilt and hand painted, match or ash receivers, 80c and 75c.

Powder Jars.
Large size, cut glass jars, hand painted, gilt tops, adorn any ladies' dresser, 80c.

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4c A foot for all 1 and 1 1/2 inch corrugated white enameled poles. The best for fine curtains.....

3c For a brass extension rod complete with brackets. Extends from 24 to 44 inches.....

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Fancy silver, gilt and hand painted, match or ash receivers, 80c and 75c.

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25c Half hose, the appearance of silk and wears as well; they are fine gauge, three thread heels and toes, absolutely fast dye.....

1.00 Men's dress shirts, colored bosoms and bodies in the new pattern and colors.....

1.25 Men's night shirts, very heavy twilled, extra full in body, very long and well made.....

1.00 Men's night shirts, very heavy twilled, extra full in body, very long and well made.....

NEWS OF THE COURTS.

Commercial News.

THE YEAR.

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Silver Pieces for the table

Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Watches, B

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for men and women.

Reliable goods only. As fo

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The Remarkable Experience

Fap Pedro Street.

The case of Mrs. Anna Johnson has b

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The devoted daughter and friends, w

The People Have the Money; We Have the Goods

AMONGST A HUNDRED interesting things in our Christmas stock, we select just a few for special mention. They are of equally captivating other things in our large Christmas provisions.

Silver Pieces for the table, toilet or desk, Gold and Silver Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Watches, Brooches and Chains, Clocks for parlor, chamber or kitchen, Canes and Umbrellas, Diamonds mounted in all styles, Cut Glass, and fine imported Leather Goods for men and women.

Reliable goods only. As for prices, they are the lowest, quality considered.

DONAVAN & CO., 245 South Spring St.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS.

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

The Remarkable Experience of Mrs. Anna Johnson, 1432
Faj Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

When Mrs. Anna Johnson had the skill of a physician of Los Angeles. Mrs. Johnson was 60 years old. Forty years she has been a victim of kidney and bladder troubles and rheumatism. Doctors in the city examined her and told her that the only help for her was to have one of her kidneys removed. Mrs. Johnson, however, consented, the doctors made arrangements to take her to the hospital, the ambulance was ready to take her, and sympathizing friends were around weeping. Her doctors said, "We fear the results." Mrs. Johnson was 60 years old, and must undergo such a dangerous operation. Thus she was looking through the great valley of death. Four women, consigned to be operated on, were waiting to be taken to the hospital.

One devoted daughter and friends, seeing the poor state of her recovery, interfered, and refused to allow her mother to go, and declared, "If she must die, make her die happy." As a last resort, the friends inquired that a bottle of McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure was brought to the suffering patient. It was made up in a bottle of McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure. Mrs. Johnson's office, 418 South Spring street, and a doctor procured, and hurried to the bedside of Mrs. Johnson. Several looked wise, friends and family anxiously awaited the results. One dose was given, and with sugar watching to note the results, a change came, tears were changed to smiles; the pain was relieved, and so on. McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure raised Mrs. Johnson from the depths of disease to the heights of health. She is now a different woman—due to what? Not to the doctors, but to that grand, never-failing remedy, McBurney's ONE BOTTLE CURE.



McBurney Kidney and Bladder Cure.

W. F. McBurney, 418 S. Spring St., L. A.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Clouded Memory, Want of Energy, Loss of Strength

HUDYAN CURES.

HUDYAN, through its influence over the nerves and nerve centers, reaches every organ in the body in its curative influence.

A weakened or diseased condition of the nerves or nerve centers is the cause of most miseries. The proper development of mind and body depends upon healthy nerves.

HUDYAN cures all weak-nerve conditions. A good digestion, a perfect heart, a proper action of liver and kidneys are established by HUDYAN.

HUDYAN cures headaches and dizziness (5), hollow eyes and sunken cheeks (4), fluttering of heart (3), indigestion (2), torpid liver (1). Weakness, paleness, emaciation, that feeling of exhaustion, constipation, loss of appetite, trembling hands, nervousness, tendency to faint—all these are permanently cured by HUDYAN, for they are all weak-nerve conditions.

GET HUDYAN from your druggist; 50c a package, 6 packages for \$2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the HUDYAN REMEDY CO., 40 Ellis street, San Francisco, Cal.

Of the Hudyen Remedy Co. may be consulted by letter or in person. Write your symptoms. Send for circulars and testimonials—FREE.

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Yale and Olive Bicycles.

E. M. Crippen Cycle and Supply House, 439 and 441
South Main Street, Los Angeles, State Representatives.

Our catalogue now on the road with 1901 Models. Write for agency if your city has no representative.

OXFORD GRAY Cheviot, strictly all-wool Sack
Laid & Main. Suit, fit guaranteed, to order. \$15.00

GETTING READY FOR A RIOT.

Sudden Development in London of the "Hooligan," Who Wants Only a Leader to Make Trouble.

BY CURTIS BROWN.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

LONDON, Nov. 26, 1900.—"Hooligan" is a word that has begun to make London uneasy. It is a word that may help to create history before long, if the increase in what is now known as Hooliganism continues in the present ratio. The word did not come into general use until lately, and it began to figure daily in the newspapers only since the last outbreak of patriotism over soldiers returning from South Africa. One story of its origin is that a Police Magistrate, trying a case of unprovoked assault—one of uncommonly many that had come before him a short time—said to the officer who had arrested the prisoner: "What is this man?" meaning to celebrate as much as they pleased.

But between 5 and 6 o'clock the character of the crowd changed ominously. Groups of muscular young men with colored handkerchiefs in place of collars, caps in place of hats, poured in from Whitechapel, Seven Dials and Bethnal Green, and ventured a little further in license than they had cared to do on Lady's day. Their rather ugly, but generally good-natured capers were what was generally described as a demonstration of London patriotism, whereas it was chiefly a demonstration of the kind that the police, and seeing how many new liberties they could safely take with the police.

FROM AN ENGLISH VIEWPOINT. When the City Imperial Volunteers returned from the war a few weeks ago, the Hooligan went a step further than he had ventured to go before. This letter to the editor of one of the Conservative papers soon afterward, presents one view of what happened: "Is it not true that all true citizens, that all true Christians, and that all true Englishmen set their faces steadily against any more public demonstrations of the kind that we have witnessed lately? However patriotic and loyal we may feel, and however much we may desire to welcome our gallant soldiers home in a fitting manner, yet it is imperative that such scenes as were witnessed on 'Mafeking day' and on Monday afternoon and evening should not be repeated. On Monday it was almost impossible for a lady or any respectable woman to be in the crowd in certain parts of the city without being openly insulted; and later in the afternoon and evening such awful sights and scenes took place that no one but actual eye-witnesses would believe such things possible in this so-called 'Christian country.' They did their best, were almost powerless to cope with the immense crowds, and 'rudeness' had a free hand. Drunkenness, immorality, and indecency of every kind; theft, Hooliganism, and crime—these are at present the chief results of a day devoted to a 'welcome or demonstration.'"

POWERLESSNESS OF THE POLICE. It seems to an impartial observer that the writer of that letter drew it rather strong, but there could be little doubt about the fact that the dense crowds that took possession of Pall Mall and the Strand after the little parade was over, and that the police, who were waylaid 2 o'clock the next morning, were largely untried with a sinister element that was taking the role of the powerlessness of the police.

In the daytime a force of 7,000 militiamen and police had been wholly unable to keep the crowd in check, and the home-coming volunteers, instead of marching proudly down the streets, had to struggle in silence through a squirming, panting, suffering mass of humanity. At night every police officer in the carnival was looked upon as a thief with a peacock feather by at least one person in every twenty that passed him. He saw every girl who chose to walk the street hugged, kissed and pulled about by every young man who could get within reach of her. If her escort objected, so much the worse for him. The officer himself was considerably elbowed at times, and not many a furtive poke in the ribs and many a tap on the helmet. It was great fun for everybody, but most of all to the Hooligan, who was summing up the result of his experiments with the police in some such words as these: "I ain't nawthin' to be a-skeered of no more individual Hooligan."

HE IS THE GERM OF A RIOT. The Hooligan is the germ of as lively a riot as any modern city has seen. He has far more stamina than his French confrere, who has turned Paris upside down occasionally, and once he gets a-going it will not be so easy to stop him. Heretofore his healthy fear of the sturdy London policeman has kept him in check. But that fear has been diminished by a series of extraordinary manifestations of human nature over episodes of the war.

The cables reported at the time that the old London "had gone mad," and was "holding carnival" over the relief of Ladysmith. What really happened was a quickly subsiding outbreak of genuine patriotism, followed by a festival for the Hooligan.

It, when Lord Roberts returns to England a few weeks hence, he is paraded in the streets instead of being permitted to slip in quietly as General Buller did, we may have a demonstration of the result of the Hooligan's decision. A few more opportunities of this sort, a little more incentive to mischief, a

army and becomes a first-rate soldier or settles down into a moderately sober workman who has lived so rapidly between fifteen and twenty that he is middle-aged at 25. His most distinctive feature is that he belongs to a gang with headquarters in some poor dive. He earns money enough to buy his share of the drinks, to pay his share of the fines of members of the gang who get arrested, and usually to have a girl, he lives, after a fashion, with his parents. He rarely smokes pipe like his more law-abiding brethren, but nearly always has a cigarette in his mouth. His costume has distinctive features, the muffer and cap already mentioned, a leather belt in lieu of braces, and trousers tight at the knees and broad at the ankle. He dearly loves a good fight, and goes up a step in the scale of his society when he has served a term in prison. He prowls about at night in companies of four or five, looking for a scrap or a fight, and for women that he can frighten or perhaps molest or for lonely wayfarers whom he can torment and perhaps rob. Such attacks have grown in frequency of late, and have added to the general alarm.

OPINIONS OF AN EXPERT. Probably there is no class of men in London thrown more closely in touch with the lower classes than the churchmen of the slum districts, and perhaps none of them knows overtly in its bitterest phases better than the Rev. W. H. Davies, at first curate and slum worker, and now pastor and slum worker of the church in Spitalfields, where 25,000 people are crowded upon a district of seventy acres, and beside which Whitechapel has been described as a paradise, and Drury Lane as a fashionable resort. Here it was that Jack the Ripper piled his bloody trade. "I know the so-called Hooligan," said Mr. Davies to the writer, "although we do not breed him here. The lives led by the wretched children that we see swarming in our streets result in a different type. These children, dragged away by their drunken parents, living on crusts, sleeping in ballways, in the streets, families of five or six years with more viciousness than most men attain in thirty, develop into the slum thief, the fly-by-night burglar, morose, self-contained, working in the dark. They don't brawl, or

after the C. I. V. parade: "It would have been better to have a score or a hundred street rowdies stunted with the butt ends of the volunteer rifles than to face the long record of casualties to women and children whose disregard of the glory of London's welcome to its volunteers. It would be no harm to the State if a few of the Hooligan contingent had their heads broken. Society can dispense with them, and a little judicious brutality would have a good effect in teaching the brutes of the streets to recognize law and order."

A much better suggestion has come from several sources that a public application of the cat-o'-nine-tails would do more than anything else to discourage the Hooligan. He is proud of a prison record, but his girl wouldn't look at him after he had been birched in the presence of her rivals.

BELGIAN HARE MEN
ADOPT NEW SCHEME.
ANIMALS TO BE JUDGED BY
ENGLISH SYSTEM.

Rank and Standing of the Belgian Aristocrats to Be Determined by Comparison—Rule of the Survival of the Fittest to Prevail.

A change has come over the method used in placing a valuation upon the high-grade Belgian hares in California, and it is likely that it will become general in all places where the business assumes any importance.

The new way is the method employed by the fanciers in England, where the finest productions are reared. In that country there never has been any "booming" of the business for the meat market, and it was with considerable surprise that English papers commented on that condition becoming prevalent for a time in this country. There, the animals have been raised

rules or standard of length, color and general appearance, all of which were, no doubt, obtained with good faith from the English judges and critics. These became in time the "law of the land," and "Medes," from which there was no appeal; and unfortunately by which there was not always a perfectly uniform means of estimating valuation. An animal judged by one "official score" was not always sure to rank the same when judged by another. Sometimes, moreover, the same judge would not always be able to make the same number of "points" come out when taking estimates of animals viewed in different sections of the country.

Appeals from such decisions were, necessarily, frequent, and standards were looked upon with suspicion. What were men to do, who had been engaged in the work for ten or fifteen years, and knew much by observation and study of the habits of their stock, when a strapping graduate with possibly a year's experience and a diploma was set up to compare the market value of an animal worth \$500, and degraded him to a \$10 class?

A movement was set afoot by those who had visited England to have the animals here judged not by standard in close cases, especially when the "points" could not be retained in as long as they were being taken down, but by comparison. That is by placing a group of five or six together, and then rejecting from the poorest, and timing the process one by one, until the last one gets the highest award. It is expected that this new departure will improve the condition of the business.

HOW THE OLD CAT
SAVED THE BABY.

GAVE THE ALARM AGAINST A
DESIGNING RATTLESNAKE.

The Mother Thought the Cat Was
Vicious, but Later She Pronounced
Her a Good Angel—Incident of the
Chaparral Country.

The family of whom the present circumstance is related were living at the time in a country district not far from Los Angeles, where there were a great many rattlesnakes. One day the baby, Willie, was creeping on the floor, when his mother, who was at work in the kitchen, was alarmed by hearing a most peculiar cry from the old cat who was in the bedroom with the child.

She hurried in to see what was the matter, and was filled with fear to see the old animal standing under the bed, with her fur bristled up, her eyes dilated, and looking straight into the face of the infant, who was making desperate efforts to get past her under the bed.

There was an element of fierceness in the cry that drove a sickening terror into the heart of the mother. Was the animal crazy? Would she not at any moment spring at the infant and scratch out its eyes? She hardly dared to breathe, but shouted to her husband: "Oh, John, come quick with your revolver, and kill the old cat; she is trying to hurt the baby."

Then, without waiting for his coming, she rushed into the room and seized her darling in her arms, making a slap at the cat as she did so, to drive her back; when what was her horror to behold, under the bed, back of the faithful old animal, not four feet away, a rattlesnake, coiled and ready for the deadly spring.

Then she found in her heart to defend the noble old animal, who had saved the life of her baby, and with quick courage she threw her arm between the two, caught the cat in her other arm, and ran out of the house.

When her husband came up to her, she was sitting on the back steps, with both cat and baby hugged close to her face, and the thick tears raining down upon the head of the cat. His ears were almost verger on horror; for he feared she had lost her reason.

"Put the cat down, so I can shoot her," he commanded.

"Oh, I'd sooner you'd shoot me, instead," she sobbed; then, between her tears she told him how the cat had defended the baby from the snake at the peril of her own life.

Together they knelt down and creased the old creature, until her kittens began to call her; when she climbed down and went off, purring sweetly, as much as to say: "I've tended to your baby, now I'll tend to mine."

Then the husband went inside and killed the snake. It is needless to say that the cat is remembered fondly, and her comfort always looked after. She has become a creature of great importance, and deserves that her deed should be widely known.

SEA FIGHTS ON PAPER.

Uncle Sam's Naval Officers Study
Strategy Based on Imaginary Wars—
A Novel Game.

[Lippencott's Magazine:] Many persons have never heard of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I. This institution has a president and a college staff on duty the year round, and a class of twenty-five to thirty officers ordered in attendance from June to September inclusive. The class is composed mainly of officers of executive and command rank, and is divided for work into committees of six to eight members, the senior in each being chairman. The committees are assigned separate rooms, with chart tables and desks. Work for the class is cut out by the staff during the winter, including "strategic situations" based upon imaginary wars between the United States and various foreign powers. To make the wording of these impersonal, the United States is always designated as "The Blue" and the foreign power as "The Red." The military and naval forces of the two countries are compiled and classified, and all their bases and lines of communication carefully studied before the "situation" is prepared.

Copies of this situation are then given to the chairs of two committees, one being informed that he is commander-in-chief of "The Red" and the other that he commands "The Blue," and they are informed that the game is to be played on a certain day. On the day appointed for the game a large chart table is placed in a central room; upon the table is tacked a chart of the theater of operations, and beside this are placed red and blue lead pencils, rulers, dividers, duplicating notebooks and a record sheet, while around the board are hung for reference telegraphic tables, maps, and maps and sailing-station maps. There is also provided a spinning arrow to decide the direction of the wind or nature of the weather when it is of importance; also a table of classes of vessels, with fighting values, speed, endurance and visibility.

HOME OF THE HOOLIGAN. DORSET STREET, FROM WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS WARNED BY THE POLICE WHO SAID THEY COULDN'T GUARANTEE HIS SAFETY THERE. IT IS THE TOWN OF HOOLIGANS.

"whoop it up"; they don't molest women or go about in gangs. If they rifle a house or kill a man they do it without ostentation.

"The Hooligan, on the other hand, is a man who is not a thief, but a robber, and he doesn't come from the bitter slum districts. He is the boy you follow when you go to the races, and who 'lets off steam' after hours. His family is poor, but they do not live in a slum. Westminster, Hoxton, Bethnal Green or Merkenwell, practically respectable quarters, are the breeding places of the 'Hooligan.'"

A MAN AT FIFTEEN. "His being what he is, is due to the flaws in the social conviction of his kith and kin, the absence of family life, the indifference of parents. I don't speak as a bigoted parson, but I can say that in working for religious ends among such people, we can get the parents to take no interest in their children's welfare. I remember calling on a woman to speak to her about her son, a boy fourteen years old, who I knew, was working.

"How much does your boy earn a week?" I asked her.

"She said, 'I don't know, but he allows me five shillings a week.'"

"She didn't take enough interest in that fourteen-year-old boy to ask how much he earned, and that is one condition that is unfavorable for the Hooligan type. As soon as these boys get out of the 'board schools' they go to work, and at fifteen or sixteen, every one of them is a man grown in mind and viciousness; independent, devil-may-care, each one with his drink, his cigarette and his own special girl."

"The Hooligan picks no quarrel with the policeman, and he commits no Hooliganisms when the officer is in the other end of his beat. There's the remedy for the evil—increase the police force by putting in 'private'—other words, by increasing the number of the Hooligan on certain corners of his beat, and he said, 'You know, sir, I haven't seen it once.'"

HE NEEDS SPANKING. "In reply to a question as to whether he did not look for ultimate trouble from Hooliganism, he replied that, unlike many others, he did not, pointing out that epidemics of this sort of thing occur in the most respectable quarters, and reference to the old story in the North, known for years as the Liverpool 'Personal' outbreak, he set down to the exciting influence of the war, which he said, had aroused in the Hooligan a longing for carnal and what he called a spirit of attack."

The impression seems to be growing that physical force is the way to cure Hooliganism. The Express said the day

BEACH HOOLIGAN HAS HIS GIRL.

In the general joy the bonds of propriety were relaxed a little, and the Hooligan took advantage of the opportunity to let himself out correspondingly without being frowned upon by Bobby.

When Mafeking was relieved the vast crowds that jammed the open space between the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England were composed early in the day of law-abiding citizens who were permitted

few daring loafers and London has all the material for a recurrence of the scenes Dickens has depicted so vividly in "Barnaby Rudge."

The Hooligan, as he has now come to be defined, is not simply a young ruffian. He is not a professional bad man, he is not even a loafer, and after he has reached the age of 22 or 23 it is not infrequently happens that he joins the



BEACH HOOLIGAN HAS HIS GIRL.

THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.
Great ten-days' sale of pianos by the Bartlett
Music Co. Entire stock of the New Century
Piano Co. moved to Broadway, opposite City
Hall.

IN THE WRONG WAY.

Powers Asking China for the Impossible.
The Empire Ripe for World-wide War—
Europe Goading 100,000,000 Men to Arms.

BY GUY MORRISON WALKER.

(Published in The Times by Special Arrangement.)

THE powers are going at it in altogether the wrong way in China. The concert of Europe will not and cannot win along present lines. They are asking what China cannot give.

All China is today in a ferment. The Chinese officials, papers and people are clamoring for war. It will not do to laugh this situation down by pointing to the easy capture of Peking. We have seen enough of Chinese "peace" developments already to realize that the inflammation of all China means nothing less than world-wide war. Only the United States is true to the line of moderation. Europe's greed threatens to bring nothing but ferment out of chaos.

The utter futility of expecting China to comply with the demands made upon it as conditions precedent to the final negotiations for peace is becoming apparent. It is vain for the powers to insist that they have agreed upon these demands, and that China must comply. For under the conditions now existing the Emperor and the Dowager Empress, whatever their disposition may be, are powerless to satisfy them, and the powers themselves are unable to enforce them.

When the Chinese court fled from Peking westward into the interior provinces which have been the historic home of Chinese civilization, the imperial pair were accompanied, or rather taken, as hostages, by Gen. Tang Pu Hsiang and his army. The first resting place of the imperial fugitives was at Tai Yuan Pu, the capital of Shan-Si, and the Governor of this province was the notorious Yu Hsien, who was the Governor of Shantung at the time of the beginning of the Boxer organization, and who was, in fact, the organizer of the entire Boxer movement. Yu Hsien was removed from his position as Governor of Shantung on account of the outrages against foreigners in that province, but was afterward promoted by the Empress Dowager to the governorship of Shan-Si.

From the capital of Shan-Si the court moved westward into the next province, Hon-Si, and stopped in its capital, Si-an Pu, where the court still is. Now the province of Shan-Si is noted for its large Mohammedan population, and it is also the home of Gen. Tung Pu Hsiang, who has led the court thither, while Gen. Tung's army is composed entirely of Mohammedans. The three great ringleaders in the uprising and the most bitter in their anti-foreign sentiment are Gen. Tang, Gen. Yu Hsien, Gen. Tung and Prince Tuan, and their execution is the thing most strenuously insisted upon by the conference of ministers who represent the powers at Peking.

To those who have noted the course of the negotiations it will be recalled that it was only after the Empress and the court had left Tai Yuan and thus gotten beyond the power of Gen. Yu Hsien that the Empress consented to depose and punish him, and so, too, in the case of Prince Tuan, the decree banishing him was not issued until he had been separated from his retainers. But the arch conspirator and the one whom the ministers most insist upon being beheaded because of the charge of conspiracy and on account of the fact that he was the leader in the attacks during the siege of the legations is Gen. Tung. It will be noticed that, with all the messages that have been forwarded to the Chinese court demanding his execution, not one word has yet come from the old Empress indicating that she had ever received any memorial concerning him, for she has not even mentioned his name. It is hard to see how in the present position of the court anything in the way of punishing Gen. Tung can be expected.

The only body guard that the court possesses at present is the Mohammedan army of Gen. Tung, who is devoted to him. The court is in a Mohammedan province where Gen. Tung's reputation is the greatest, and he is surrounded by his friends and the cause of his faith. In addition to this he was himself the leader of the great Mohammedan rebellion a few years ago, which was only put down by the Empress bribing him, giving him a commission in the army and putting him in command of the forces sent out to put down the rebellion. For the Empress or the Emperor to attempt to punish him now would simply drive him to desperation, and break the slack of allegiance which he holds to the throne. The court being entirely in his power, should any attempt be made by it to punish him he might not stop at merely renouncing his allegiance and raising the standard of rebellion. He probably would assassinate both the Emperor and Empress and declare himself the founder of a new dynasty. With the prestige which his name carries on account of his success in putting down the great rebellion, and the renown that he has as a general, he would rally all the reactionary and anti-foreign element to his support, and begin a campaign of extermination against all foreigners.

The only way in which justice can be dealt out to the anti-foreign conspirators who have brought this recent trouble upon China is first to deliver the Emperor and Empress out of their hands. The court should be brought back into Peking at once, and whatever agreements are necessary to secure this result should be made. The rulers of China have ever been lenient to their advisers who have gotten them into trouble, regardless of the question as to whether they were misled by mere errors of judgment, or purposely by false representations of fact, and the present Emperor and Empress can safely be allowed to deal with those whose bad advice has made necessary their flight from their capital and caused them to lose face before their people.

With the Emperor back in Peking, where the powers could protect him and support him in the problems of China's future would become simple, and this is the thing which must be accomplished regardless of the question of necessity to bring it about. It cannot be expected that those who now hold the court in their control will allow the Emperor or Empress to escape without giving pledges to insure their own safety, but it is unreasonable for those who know Chinese character to think that either the Emperor or Empress would respect such promises wrung from them under duress when once they had escaped from those who are now virtually their captors. The necessity for this action is not generally understood, but the facts of the case show that the bulk of Chinese population was not in sympathy with the Boxer uprising, and that the allied forces were perfectly warranted in advancing to the relief of the legations in Peking. These same natives have been very much alarmed and disturbed by the course of affairs since the legations were relieved.

The southern and Tang provinces have been kept quiet because they be-

lieved that the Emperor was virtually a prisoner in the hands of a band of conspirators led by the old Empress, and most of the Chinese themselves expect that the Empress Dowager herself may be punished, but they realize that this can only be done by bringing her with the rest of the court back where they will be in the power of those who are faithful to the Emperor. They at first believed that it was the intention of the allies to restore the Emperor to the throne, but the delay which has occurred since the relief of Peking has convinced them of the ulterior motives of the powers, while the numerous punitive expeditions that have roamed over the province of Chi Li destroying cities and towns and butchering the inhabitants has satisfied the Chinese people that the powers intend nothing less than the partitioning of the country, and that these expeditions are merely the beginning of military operations which are intended to overrun the whole empire.

The continued demands of the ministers at Peking for the punishment of those in whose power the Emperor and Empress are, is regarded by the Chinese people either as the grossest stupidity or as a plain indication of a desire to prolong the trouble for the purpose of creating grounds for claims which China will never be able to satisfy. The rest of the Chinese empire is in a state of ferment, and patriotic secret societies are being organized everywhere, while Chinese newspapers in every provincial capital are demanding war for the purpose of preserving their territorial integrity and saving their homes and themselves from the aggressions of the foreign powers. The viceroys of these other provinces have about exhausted their influence in preserving quiet and in keeping the people from breaking out. It is known that many of them have notified the powers that they will be unable to do so very much longer. They have succeeded in accomplishing what they have only on account of those peculiar powers which make the Chinese viceroys and governors almost absolute monarchs within their provinces.

Yet these viceroys are in such a state of doubt concerning their own futures that they hardly know what to do. Several of the leading officials of China have given up their offices under circumstances which practically made them voluntary sacrifices on account of their pro-foreign sentiments. Two of the leading ministers of the Tung Li Yamen are said to have changed their edicts and to have ordered the assassination of all foreigners, so that it became an ordering the protection of foreigners. Knowing what they changed it that the change must be discovered, and that their heads would pay the forfeit, they cheerfully took the leap, hoping that the delay so gained might bring events to pass which would prevent the possibility of such a slaughter as was contemplated. The change was discovered and they were beheaded, together with three other members of imperial boards at the capital, who had been connected with them in the mutilation of the decree. It is not too much to say that these men were heroes and that for them the world owes much to them for which it is to be hoped that some day a suitable memorial to their memory may be raised. But the problem which confronts these viceroys and governors who have so long succeeded in preserving peace and quiet in their provinces is what assurance have they that their heads shall not be the forfeit for their friendship to foreigners.

As matters now stand with the old Empress, the actual reigning sovereign, she may at any time order them deposed and beheaded for their failure to stir up an anti-foreign demonstration in their provinces, and in the absence of backing or support by the foreign powers, in whose behalf they have exerted their power, and influence, they will have no choice but to submit themselves to the Empress's orders, and allow themselves to be beheaded as traitors to the emperor and standard of revolt and become rebels.

The powers are asking too much of these viceroys, as they are also asking too much of the central government. With the people clamoring for war and the whole populace satisfied on account of the punitive expeditions and the long delay in the negotiations that the powers intend the seizure and partition of the country, it is not unreasonable to believe that the viceroys may give way to popular sentiment, to the wave of national feeling and patriotism, and join in a movement inspired by a spirit of desperation to preserve China for the Chinese. That the Chinese people have determined to compel the powers to recognize their rights, there can be no doubt and it may as well be understood, now as later, that there can be no permanent settlement of the Chinese problem that does not give substantial justice to the Chinese. Should the delay in the peace negotiations be continued much longer there can be no doubt that the desperation of the people will drive the whole empire into a crusade for permanently ridding their country of the foreign yoke which has come to them.

That ultimately these yellow people would succeed is certain, for the comparatively small forces that civilization has been able to land on their shores could not hope to stand against the hordes of China that would rise up to overwhelm them. If the resources of the powers have been taxed to organize the expedition for the relief of Peking, what would they be able to do in the face of outbreaks occurring simultaneously at every port and city along the coast?

There are over twenty of these treaty ports of China, each one of which would be as difficult to reach and hold as was Tien-Tsin, and if they could not hold these points of vantage along the coast, what could they hope to accomplish against those great provinces in the interior? The whole population of the United States is less than one-fifth of China. European Russia has less than one-fourth, Germany about one-eighth, while Great Britain, France and Japan have each one-tenth as many. China's population exceeds that of all Europe and North America combined, but China's strength is even greater than her mere preponderance of population would seem to indicate, for owing to their peculiar customs of ancestor worship and the small regard for female infant life, the population of less than 35,000,000 men, and North America contains but 15,000,000 more. The whole civilized world is thus able to furnish less than 50,000,000 of men and but a small proportion of these would really be available for

The Bartlett Music Co.'s

GREAT SALE OF HIGH-GRADE

PIANOS

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF THE NEW CENTURY PIANO CO.

Will be moved to 235 South Broadway, opposite the City Hall, and closed out at once, at

MANUFACTURERS' COST - - FREIGHT ADDED.

Brand New Upright Pianos.

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transportation across the seas for an offensive demonstration against another power. But for every one of these 50,000,000 of men, China has two, with the added advantage that they would be on the defensive, in their native land and fighting for their own homes and institutions. In these other elements that go to make up the potential strength of a nation, such as endurance, indifference to discomfort, ability to subsist on the smallest rations and to thrive amid unsanitary surroundings, the Chinese are unmatched. Why then should we call them mad when they dare defy those who seek to divide and destroy their empire?

The conquest of China may well be reckoned as a hopeless task. The powers should negotiate peace with China at once, securing if possible, the restoration of the Emperor to his throne, but in any event, no matter whatever concession or promises are necessary to bring him back to the changes in the drawing of the lines, the power of those anti-foreign conspirators who now hold him. The punishment of those who have been the leaders and instigators in the present uprising may safely be left to the Emperor, and it is a safe venture that, within one year from the time that he is safely on his throne, there will not be one of those for whose heads the powers are now clamoring but will have received his just deserts. It must be recognized that the demand for their punishment now, while both the Emperor and the Empress are in their power and under their control, is not content with the most disastrous results.

The delay in the negotiations and the continued slaughter of the people by expeditions which fall utterly to distinguish friendly natives from those who have joined in the revolt, have driven the Chinese people well-nigh to desperation; their papers and their shrines, but not content with this, they have taken to the streets, and are gaining their own, seek in addition a bloody vengeance. The yellow race has not been without its great military leaders, and it is certainly within the realm of possibility that another Genghis Khan will arise in the present crisis, and there are some who, believing that history repeats itself in cycles, think that the time has come for another movement of this race. Should they be right, it will be well for us that the time comes for another movement of this race. Should they be right, it will be well for us that the time comes for another movement of this race.

GUY MORRISON WALKER is a conservative, far-sighted journalist, who has recently returned from a tour of inspection in all parts of China. He is one of the foremost authorities on Chinese matters.

GROWING BETTER.

Despite the Assertion of a British-American to the Contrary, the World is Improving.

[Chicago Times Herald:] Dr. Stanton Colt of London comes to Chicago with the cheering evangel that the world is growing worse, morally and otherwise. However, he qualifies the announcement by saying it is a personal opinion, and that leaves us free to express an opinion of an opposite sort. We may say also that the facts of history show a dead set against the doctor's theory.

Of course the subject is too vast to admit of anything more than a few suggestions in a short article. Nevertheless, the inferences that follow upon them are sufficiently convincing. Suppose the world were a single country, the country of England and to the story of its court. Is it conceivable that such a retinal as Charles II. had should ever again receive the public recognition of an English king? Certainly not, nor is there any likelihood that the unabsorbed, open profligacy of the house of Hanover before Queen Victoria's time will ever return. The public sentiment of the country would not permit the scandal.

But the betterment is not confined to court circles. It extends through all grades of society. Though we hear of most revolting cases of immorality nowadays, we are confident that no historical novelist of the future will give such sketches of the latter half of the nineteenth century in England as those which have been written to realize the conditions of the century for people of our time. Back of Thackeray's pretty style there is little but rottenness in the scheme of Henry Edmunds, says for the noble devotion of the hero himself. The society is one of duellists, drunkards and gamblers, who make a parade of their vices, which shows that there is no corrective anywhere. When Winston Churchill studied a late period of the century and attempted to describe the daily life of Fox and other notables, there had been little change. The reader can see how in the midst of such dissipation and crime there was life for any of the serious affairs of life.

a vast improvement on the England of Tom Jones, and the improvement has continued even unto this day.

ETRUSCAN DISCOVERY.

Immense Sarcophagus Containing the Skeleton of a Woman Found in the Province of Perugia.

[Western Daily Press:] The discovery in 1886 of the tomb of an Etruscan aristocrat at Todi has been equaled by a similar "find" in the Villa Spera in Dio, near the gate of Sassi, Perugia. Old tradition and the local archaeologist say that the neighboring hill, which is near the city wall, extending from the gate of Sassi up to the Torre del Monte, was a sacred rock, and it is likely that other tombs of high priests and soothsayers (haruspices) may exist there under the soil of the forest sacred to the cult of the various divinities worshipped by the Etruscan peoples. It seems that an immense sarcophagus has been found by Signor Salusti during the excavations in the locality, near the spot where twenty years ago were dug up the rarest bronzes and golden ornaments, now in the Perugia Etruscan Museum.

Within this sarcophagus (placed in a circular crotto) lay the skeleton of a tall woman clad in a peplos with tassels of gold. Her head covered with a gold laurel wreath six inches high and alpine inches long, formed out of many thick entwining leaves. On the forehead is an oval medallion with a relief representing a Venus in Grecian attire holding a mirror in her right hand and at the side fastenings are two square bull's heads, with the figure of a Gorgon on her earrings are in circles, and her necklace is composed of many small ornamental flat pieces. Surrounding the sarcophagus were several bronze amphoras and ornamental vessels, also a gigantic sacrificial patera, with a finely carved figure of a divinity forming the handle of it. But the gem of the discovery is considered to be an elongated apophysis of bronze and ivory, upward of a foot in length, believed by Signor Piccetti to have made a comparatively big hole in the modest allowance with which the deceased lived. The joint consisted of a dinner at one of the semi-rustic restaurants to be found at every turn and corner on the outskirts of Perugia. These expeditions, from which it is related that the deceased was turned with a headache, he used to be arrayed in what he considered great splendor—a blue frock coat with copper buttons, a prodigiously embroidered waistcoat, nankeen trousers of a cut of his own devising, and a gray top hat. On his return home these gorgeous garments were folded up and put aside, and never under any pretext saw the light again until, at the age of sixty-five, he spent his day going from studio to studio, indulging in outspoken criticism and giving advice which was sometimes excellent.

Dubose knew all the artists of his time, and when he ceased to follow his calling, at the age of sixty-five, he spent his day going from studio to studio, indulging in outspoken criticism and giving advice which was sometimes excellent.

Hear! Hear!

[Memphis Commercial Appeal:] Who was the idiot who introduced inclement cold weather to the world? People in real life do not tell wonderful tales to soft measures, or die to slow motion. Why the whole vexatious unreason on the stake?

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. S. Rice the Well Known Authority, Sends a Trial of His Famous Rice Method to a Sick Man.

Out of the chaos of old-time failure comes a new and startling cure for rupture. Dr. W. S. Rice, 471 N. Main St., Adams, N. Y., has in-



vented a method that cures without pain, danger, operation or an hour's loss of time from the day's work. To avoid all questions of doubt, Dr. Rice offers a special offer, as an instance of this remarkable method, the cure of hernia, and to those who use the Rice method, and there can be no earthly reason why anyone, rich or poor, should not avail themselves of this method. And if you know of other ruptured people ask them to write or send for a pamphlet. Do not fail to write at once, so today.



Bright Thoughts For Gift Seekers.

Don't choose tiresome gifts that everyone has seen for years gone by. Your selections should be thoughtfully made—gifts that are new, different, and artistic. This big store offers a wonderful new realm to Christmas shoppers. Everything appeals to the lover of art and the beautiful. Thousands of pretty ideas in exquisite pottery, brilliant cut glass, mysterious bronzes—everything, everything that gleams with Christmas splendor and excites your serious admiration. It's the store where little or big purses have their greatest power.

Christmas Special Lot of six exquisite American cut glass Tumblers, a gift that is always deeply appreciated by a woman. \$1.75

Rare Bohemian Glass Art Pottery Jardinieres from Zanesville, \$2.50 to \$35.

It's the new Bohemian crystal cut glass in fascinating inlaid effects of gold. The popular "Kayserrinn Ware" (pew-ter) in Beer Mugs, vases, candlesticks.

Beautiful Cut Glass. The strange new art that has captured Paris, comes in vases, jardinieres, and fancy pieces.

Berry Bowls \$4.50 to \$30.00. Olive Dishes \$1.50 to \$10.00. Vases \$1.75 to \$30.00. Peppers and Salts 25c to \$1.50.

Parlor Lamps, \$1.50 up. Library Lamps \$2.50 up. Banquet Lamps \$1.50 up.

Parmelee-Dohrmann Co. A store where Christmas shopping is a fascinating pleasure.

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We Make Money

For ourselves by making money for our patrons. It's the big values we give that's bringing our business such a boom. Our stock of Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Pajamas, Underwear, Gloves, Vests, Hosiery, Neckwear, Suspensors and Traveling Bags, is new, fresh, up-to-date, and presents a whole procession of timely hints for Christmas buyers. Just keep your eye on our fifteen show-windows and you'll strike any number of money-saving chances. We're full of 'em. Here's our latest—All \$3.00 soft and stiff Hats for \$2.50

See them at

DESMOND'S

Southwest Corner Third and Spring Streets.

AS SOON as oil is struck in CAPISTRANO OIL COMPANY'S WELL NO. 1, which is now well under way with most flattering prospects, the company can retain land sufficient to bore 1000 wells and sell enough at very moderate prices to return to the stockholders \$5 or over on every share of stock issued. Call or write for prospectus and information. Room 210 Douglas Building. F. A. HEIM BOTTLING WORKS.

Drink Ramona Natural Mineral Spring Water. Clear as a crystal. Delivered to all parts of the city. Orders promptly delivered. 8-gallon crates, \$5.00; 15-gallon, \$12.00 per dozen. Telephone Main 1350.

BEKINS CUT RATE. Common as gifts and fact are doubly accurate to \$1.50 every package to the finest cut glass.

Sunday Times

9, 1900.

FOR

spectacle than exciting Christmas, the keynote, to one store that

AS BOOKS.

children's picture books are in a holiday bazaar, story books to be placed. All this is done in a week. If we were to simply buy the smallest kind we use.

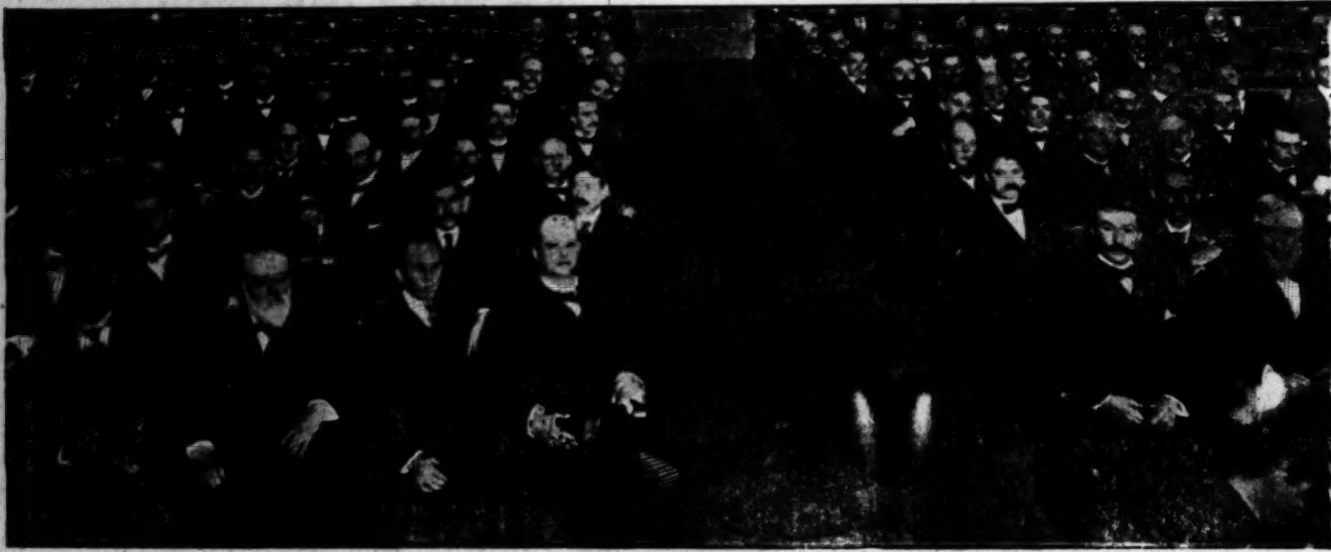
men's ap

third to one-half the regular price. Enough to say the

derdown-and cashmere

stock of fine cashmere tea gowns and elegant half price. Garments are worth \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00, \$101.00, \$102.00, \$103.00, \$104.00, \$105.00, \$106.00, \$107.00, \$108.00, \$109.00, 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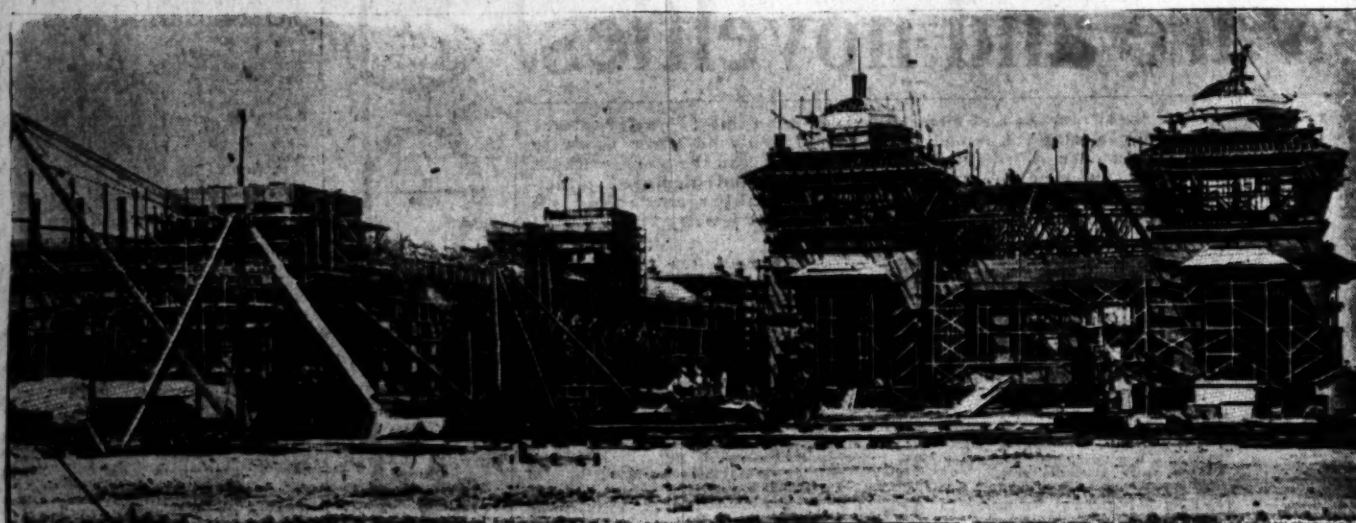
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Here is a most interesting snapshot taken by Arthur Leslie of the recent important meeting of the big newspaper men in the country. It is the first time so many representative publishers and editors ever gathered together. The occasion was the first annual meeting of the new Associated Press reorganized under the New York laws. Among the many moulders of public opinion were: Melville E. Stone, manager Associated Press; J. Randell Young, auditor Associated Press; Frank B. Noyes, Washington Star; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago Evening News; W. C. Reick, New York Herald; Ambrose Butler, Buffalo News; Charles W. Knapp, St. Louis Republic; Harrison Gray Otis, Los Angeles Times; Thomas M. Peterson, Rocky Mountain News; Clark Howell, Atlanta Constitution; William L. McLean, Philadelphia Bulletin; James Elverson, Philadelphia Inquirer; J. B. Townsend, Philadelphia Press; John W. Bailey, Philadelphia Record; Barclay H. Warburton, Philadelphia Telegraph; Charles F. Kindred, Philadelphia Times; Theodore W. Nevin, Pittsburgh Leader; Charles A. Rock, Pittsburgh Dispatch; Albert J. Barr, Pittsburgh Post; Fred E. Whiting, Boston Herald; Stephen O'Meara, Boston Journal; E. A. Grozier, Boston Post; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., Boston Globe; H. H. Kohlsaat, Chicago Times-Herald; D. C. Seitz, N. Y. World; Whitelaw Reid, N. Y. Tribune; Adolph S. Ochs, N. Y. Times; H. L. Einstein, N. Y. Press; W. H. Mathews, Rochester Democrat and Chronicle; E. O. Schelby, Cincinnati Commercial Tribune; Eugene H. Perdue, Cleveland Leader; C. E. Kennedy, Cleveland Plaindealer; E. J. Deeming, Columbus Dispatch; E. Prentiss Bailey, Utica Observer; John D. Jackson, New Haven Register; Victor Rosewater, Omaha Bee; W. E. Gardner, Syracuse Post-Standard; A. P. Langtry, Springfield Union; Negley C. Cochran, Toledo Bee; Geo. W. Hinman, Chicago Inter-Ocean; Frank P. MacLennan, Topeka State Journal; John H. Farrell, Albany Times Union; Norman B. Mack, Buffalo Times; C. H. Grasty, Baltimore News; Col. Cunningham, Baltimore Herald; Geo. Felix Agnew, Baltimore American; Samuel Bowles, Springfield Republican; C. E. Thacker, Newport News Press; Frank P. Glass, Montgomery Advertiser; W. R. Nelson, Kansas City Star; Lewis H. Miner, Springfield State Journal; George D. Perkins, Sioux City Journal; R. P. Murdock, Wichita Eagle; Frank L. Dingley, Lewiston Journal; Austin P. Cristy, Worcester Telegram; Theodore E. Quimby, Detroit Free Press; James E. Scripps, Detroit News; William E. Haskell, Minneapolis Times; George Thompson, St. Paul Dispatch; Conde Hamlin, St. Paul Pioneer Press; J. H. Durston, Anaconda Standard; Walter H. Seely, Newark News; Mason C. Hutchinson, Albany Journal; Rufus H. Jackson, Hartford Times; M. H. DeYoung, San Francisco Chronicle.



THE FAMOUS KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

Grand Duke Michael, if Nicholas dies without an heir, will be the next Czar, may be compelled to take refuge in this massive stronghold. The Kremlin in Moscow, which the photographer has snapped so vividly, is one of the sights of Russia. It includes the Imperial Palace, the treasury, the arsenal and other important public buildings, and is surrounded by a wall sixty feet high, pierced by numerous loopholes.



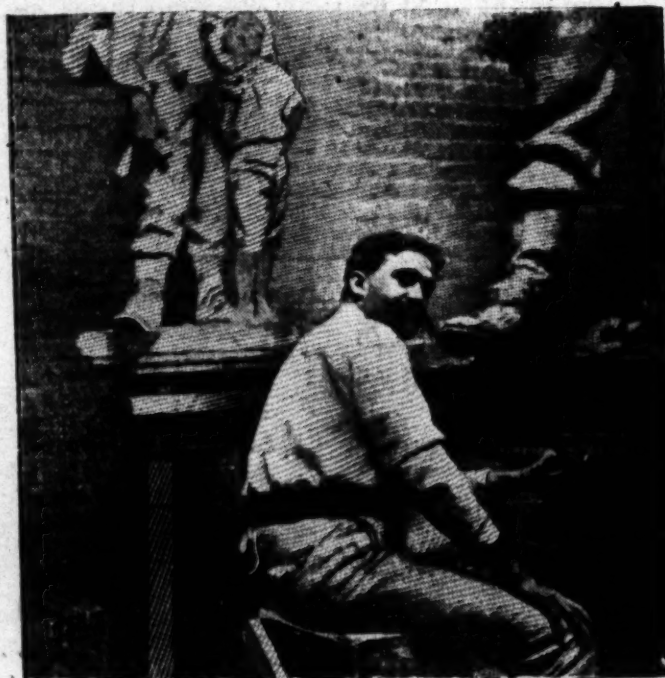
THE NEW INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

The enormous scheme of this gigantic exposition now begins to be apparent in the shape and finish of the buildings. Everything is being hastened to put the colossal machine in operation by the date fixed upon for opening.



THE LATE SENATOR C. K. DAVIS.

This is the last snapshot taken of the late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota.



WILL SCULP HUGE DEWEY STATUE.

New York's famous sculptor, Brewster, will impress his individuality upon the public art of the Golden Gate by means of his mammoth statue of Admiral Dewey, which is to be erected by the city government of San Francisco. Here is a brilliant snapshot of the great artist at work in his studio.



MANHATTAN'S ANTI-VICE CRUSADERS.

Every good citizen in the United States is interested vitally in the mammoth anti-vice crusade in the metropolis by churchmen, merchants and politicians. Men of millions are committed here to the great municipal purification movement, and although the three classes of crusaders, Bishop Potter, the Chamber of Commerce and Tammany Hall, look askance at one another, they are working along identical lines. Here is the first photograph of Tammany Hall's Investigating Committee.



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

While all Russia prays for the recovery of the Czar, the remainder of Europe is guessing just what St. Petersburg diplomats are plotting. The belief is general, despite the bulletins of the court announcing steady improvement, that His Imperial Majesty is seriously ill, as he was some quite recently, and that the fact is suppressed for political purposes.



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, PROBABLY RUSSIA'S HEIR.

MILITARY

Articles of Present Interest
Navy Subjects

(COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY)

UNITED STATES NAVAL TANK.

A PAPER that attracted attention at the recent annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was read by Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor on "The United States Experimental Model Battleship" at the Washington navy yard. This experimental battleship is simply a tank where models for warships may be tested, chiefly to obtain speed capabilities. It has been in operation for about a year and it is probably the most complete of the kind in the world. A lot of agitation was required to get Congress to authorize it. Before it was completed the navy used some patchwork substitutes for such experiments. All discussion as to the models of vessels authorized was practically speculative and not until the finished ships had made their trial run could any satisfactory data be secured about them. Of course it was then too late to remedy any faults that might exist in the ships.

The great value of such an experimental tank has been shown clearly in making tests for the best models for the five great battleships of the Georgia class which have been authorized. These are the most powerful battleships ever constructed in this country, and as Mr. Taylor says, are "not surpassed in size by any construction." It was very important, therefore, in battleship economy to adjust the model which would give the best primary requirements of that class of vessel—but also one that would bring the most powerful results with the least engine effort. The displacement being smaller less armor would be necessary and a more powerful armament of fighting qualities could be made.

Two models, Georgia No. 1 and Georgia No. 4, were experimented with. Model No. 4 was longer than model No. 1, and represented a vessel of 510 tons more displacement. The figures of the vessels represented were: Model No. 1, length, 429 feet; beam, 75 feet; draught, 33.5 feet; displacement, 14,138 tons. Model No. 4, length, 435 feet; beam, 75 feet; draught, 33.5 feet; displacement, 14,690 tons. It was found that the larger ship, being fifteen feet longer and 510 tons heavier, would reach a speed of 19 knots with 20,000 horse power than the smaller vessel on model No. 1 at a speed of 19 knots while only 19,000 horse power would be required to drive a vessel built on model No. 4 at 19 knots. Needless to say, model No. 4 was selected at once for the vessel of the Georgia class.

This decision will mean a tremendous saving of coal during the entire lives of the vessels of that class. Although the Georgia and her sisters will present fifteen more feet of target to an enemy, and although a great weight of armor for the percentage of protected area may be required, the great increase in cruising ability, through the conservation of horse power, will be an enormous gain. The saving involved in the experiments for the Georgia class of battleships alone is worth all the money and trouble that it cost to get the experimental tank.

The experiment with the Georgia models also emphasized the conclusion which had been reached with nine models of the Yorktown class of gunboats, namely, that length and displacement of a vessel are the chief factors involved in resistance. In other words the speed of a vessel depends most upon the length and displacement, and changes in shape, beam or draught, make very little difference in this respect. It is the length and tonnage that count in driving a ship through the water. Nine models, each representing a vessel of 250 feet long, with a tonnage of 1000, which are the length and tonnage of the Yorktowns, were tried. These represented vessels that varied in the beam from 34 feet in model No. 1, to 48 feet in model No. 9, increasing three feet in each model. The vessel represented by the first model to a draught of 10.5 feet in a gradual descending scale. No such variation in the ratio of beam or draught would occur in practice. The curves plotted on the cards showed practically the same resistance for all the models.

In the shallow models, however, there was practically no interference between the bow and stern wave systems, proving that it is the long, narrow bow with a deep draught that produces the greatest wave disturbance in motion. [New York Sun.]

NEW MILITARY CURRICULUM.

The War Department will, in the course of a few weeks, formulate a method and system for a comprehensive curriculum to be carried out in all of the colleges of the country where military officers have been detailed for instruction and tactical officer. The intention is to bring these various institutions into touch with the existing state of affairs at West Point, in order that a definite method may be pursued throughout the country in the important matter of military instruction and a preparation for the enlargement of the militia system already in operation in several of the States. Many inquiries have been received in Washington relation to this matter, and the impression gains ground daily that it is time is ripe for a complete modification of present ideas in regard to including a military drill with the other portion of a collegiate and university education. It is believed the larger number of college professors and teachers will favor this idea when properly presented, and there will, it is hoped, be no great difficulty in the institution of a general military curriculum among the numerous institutions of learning throughout the length and breadth of this country. Indirectly the army will be a gainer some such definite method of military instruction in the colleges, and the impression is abroad that the standard for entry to West Point should be raised as soon as the new idea has a chance for action among the students of the country.

GUN PRACTICE WITH MODELS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] The Thirtieth Regiment of Brooklyn Heavy Artillery, Col. David E. Austin, commanding, in order to obtain in its armory thorough practice in the handling heavy artillery, has ordered of Bethlehem Steel Company a complete working model, full size, of the United States 8-inch disappearing gun carriage, and of the United States 10-inch mortar carriage. These models move and work in respects like the regular steel guns; all the wheels and runs gear and the breech mechanism being made of metal, while other parts, order that the structure may be light, will be made of wood. The sights and other accessories necessary for aiming and loading the gun will be of standard government pattern. In this way outfit fully as good as the regular service article, and yet light, it can be erected on the floor of armory, if necessary, will be furnished. Beside the above, the Thirtieth

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Since my own recovery of health I have made a description to thousands of my countrymen, and my fellow-men, who through worry or overwork had lost their vigor, power and suffering from the failure of youth, and middle aged men, and women, had been debilitated through excessive or other causes, and I have led to heart of one case seldom, but frequently, had the same cure, effecting a complete restoration of health and vigor. Do not suffer a day longer. Write at once. All in strictest confidence.

F. W. BUTLER, Box 1778, Kansas City, Mo.

1

er and Gray will give
tanta at Placentia.
George H. Key are ca-
se from Canada.

Los Angeles school
spent Thanksgiving
C. Grandall's cottage
Ocean Park, was com-
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Florence Lawson, Ger-
Elinabeth Maynard,
Elizabeth Ferguson, Clara
Bourne, Minnie Wood,
Hill, Maud
Stanton and Eliza-
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and family of Win-
are at No. 11 Hill
inter.

a family of Winnipeg;
No. 32 Hill street Ar-
Key and Miss Jennie
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rkerka, N. D., are
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Harris and family, late
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MRS. D. WATSON of
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Ladies' Club gave a party
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ILL, J. O. MEKAY of
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has returned to New-
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and wife returned last
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Mr. and Mrs. F. W.
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Introduction.

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by Susan Cool-
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Philadelphia Pub-

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Monthly Edition.
Cooll g.) illus-
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in cloth wrappers
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with four water
marocco, gilt tops,

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hundred stereopticons
while at the Paris Ex-

and Gray will give
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George B. Key are cas-
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Los Angeles school
to spent Thanksgiving
C. Crandall's cottage
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Forence Lawson, Ger-
Elinorbell Maynard,
Lattie Bourne, Clara
Bourne, Minnie Wood,
Barbara Hill, Maud
Stanton and Eliza-
anne and family and
and family of Winlat-
at No. 11 Hill
inter.
of family of Winlatp,
No. 52 Hill street for
Kay and Miss Jennie
per, Manitoba, are at
L. Maynard and Miss Mary
of Perks, N. D., are
Hill street.
L. Maynard and family,
lay staying at No. 8 Hill
street.

MRS. D. WATSON of
rs. are guests at the
and Mrs. A. D. Bed-
Barton, Vt., is here
Fredrich has returned
and visit in San Fran-
left Tuesday for Albu-
left Wednesday for
phenonson is visiting
Spain.
and wife are at
short stay.
Joseph Garn - and Mrs.
and daughter left Pri-
they will visit.
John Flayer of Topeka,
all days in town dur-
Mr. Flayer is gen-
er of machinery of the
Ladies' Club gave a
party at Armory Hall
was given a surprise
party evening at his resi-
dence street.

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and daughter and child
and B. A. Danielson
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and wife returned
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and Miss Mary
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ward of Piqua, O., ar-
on Tuesday.
and wife are at the
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Illinois, and will spend
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or gave a small dance
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of Lima, Ark.
has returned to New-
his parents in this
and wife returned last
three weeks' trip to
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and Mrs. F. W.
William Wells left
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is in this city.
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are at the Casa Loma.
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by Times.

Introduction.
A charming
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Philadelphia Public
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Monday Edition.
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ington St., Boston.

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"The new edition of 'Ramona' is in every respect worthy of the story's undying qualities as a work of literary art."—*Chicago Tribune*

Ramona, The Book

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It is a high mark, a very high mark, which Miss Woolsey gives the work, when she pronounces it "the most original and picturesque novel of American life," "the exception of Hawthorne," "two great performances," "but who will deny that it is a mark deserved!"—Literary World.

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 mon: Miss Carter; Fancy Work
 Phyllis: Mrs. H. H. H. H. H.
 Bush: Miss Bulkeley; Domestic
 Wallace: Mrs. Hays; Ice Cream
 Geoghan: Fruit; Mrs. Rogers;
 Mercer: Candy; Must Kate Wil-
 son; Mrs. H. H. H. H. H. H.
 Amusement: Mrs. Hartwell, Miss
 Le Richards; Reception Commi-
 tee: Mrs. Conner, Mrs. Dillingham, M-
 Mrs. Hanford, Mrs. Louise Co-
 Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. O. G. Goul-
 Mrs. Jones.
 The ladies of the Presbyterian Church
 their annual fair at the home of
 L. P. Crawford last Tuesday at
 twelve afternoon. The house was

the selections being from the latest and most popular music. The attendance numbered 150, and included guests from San Francisco, Berkeley, Alameda, Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles. The township Iowa was well represented. Harry and Edna were in the party. Elaborate refreshments were served. It is pleasant to know that at least three more of these assemblies will be given. The following persons were appointed for New Year's eve. San Diego society people are frequenters of golf courses on both sides of the bay. It is pleasant to record, in the interchange of friendly visits between the San Diego and Colorado players, the San Diego Golf and Country Club, under the management of the Country Club, a wide awake and up to date institution.

Miss Helen Barker is the daughter of her son, Prof. Barker, of the State Normal School.

It is a high mark, a very high mark, which Miss Woolsey gives the work, when she pronounces it "the most original and picturesque novel of American literature, with the exception of Hawthorne's two greatest romances," but who will deny that it is a mark deserved?—Literary World.

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last week, and is at the Casa Loma.

Scipio Craig and wife returned last week from a short trip to Chicago.

Miss W. C. French, and Miss Francis of Buffalo, are at the Casa Loma.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Y. England have returned from Philadelphia, where they spent the summer.

J. L. Dillinger, wife and son of Pittsburgh, Pa., are in this city for the winter.

Riverside.

MR. J. J. HEWITT and daughter, Miss Ethel Hewitt, are in San Francisco for two weeks.

W. H. Taylor and Robert Cooper of The Dalles, Or., are here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Childers and daughter of Parkwood, Iowa, are guests at the home of Mrs. H. D. Thomas.

Miss Belle Warren entertained a small company of friends Tuesday evening at her home on Orange street, the evening being devoted to cards and dancing.

Mrs. W. P. Russell and Mrs. George F. Ward entertained the Rathbone Sisters at Pythian Hall Tuesday evening at progressive whist. The first prizes were won by Miss Carrie Alkire and W. P. Russell.

William G. Irving, who has been practicing law for several months at Seattle, is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Miller entertained a company of friends Thursday evening at their home, corner Third and Lime streets.

Ventura.

HON. AND MRS. N. BLACKBROCK and family have returned from Los Angeles, where they have resided for the past three months.

Miss Nellie Rodibaugh is visiting with friends in Pasadena.

Miss Jean McCandless has returned from a six months' tour of Colorado, Kansas and Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. John Poplin have returned from a two months' visit in Tennessee.

H. F. Buckett of Los Angeles is the guest of County Superintendent of Schools George L. Buckett.

Miss Grace Smith is in San Francisco for a short visit.

Miss Mary A. Beale returned Thursday from a six months' visit in New England.

T. H. Daley is in San Francisco.

Louis Wade has returned from Cape Nome.

Archibald A. Black of Topeka, Kan., and Miss Nellie Page of Albuquerque, N. M., were married in this city last Sunday. Rev. C. B. Rogers officiated.

Jose de Olivares of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is spending his vacation in this city.

Miss Rena Willoughby entertained a large number of her friends last Saturday afternoon and evening.

Charles Cole celebrated his sixteenth birthday last Saturday with a juvenile party.

Capt. Robert Sudden of San Francisco is in this city.

Pomona.

MISS REGINA GREEN and Belle Frazer returned to Los Angeles on Thursday afternoon.

Week's visit in Pomona with Mrs. K. Cohn and Mrs. A. Asher.

The New Century Whist Club met at the home of Mrs. S. M. Haskell on Thursday afternoon.

Dr. F. Garcelon read a paper before the Southern California medical association in Los Angeles on Thursday.

Mrs. Daniel H. McEwen and Mrs. P. Hardy Smith have been invited to give an "At Home" to be given at "Olive View," the McEwen residence, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Lewis spent Friday in Los Angeles.

Mrs. L. G. Freeman has returned from a visit with relatives in Canada.

Mrs. R. F. House entertained the ladies of the Myrtle Whist Club on Thursday afternoon.

George Couch was here from Los Angeles Friday.

Mrs. Nathan Cohn entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Green and Frazer.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Estery, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Olin, left for their home in Berkeley Friday morning.

Mrs. George F. Robinson went to Oakland for a visit Friday.

J. W. Jaffrey of the Times staff, was in town Friday.

Mrs. F. J. Drecher has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. W. Brink at Orange.

Miss Daisy Vredenburg of Riverside was the guest of Mrs. Stella M. Ford last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Owens returned from Banning Friday, where they were called by the illness of a friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Deavenport went to Moscow, Ind., Monday.

Charles Allen of the arm of J. T. Allen & Co. of Louisville, is spending some weeks here.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whiting, an aunt of J. M. Booth, has come from Peoria, Ill., to spend the winter.

Alfred L. Deavenport returned from Ann Arbor, Mich., where he has been for two years and a half.

The wedding of Miss Flora Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Bartlett, and Harry L. Hart, occurred on Tuesday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

White officiating. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on North Gordon street.

Miss Augusta Haley has been visiting her parents.

Mrs. L. H. Rush is visiting her son in San Francisco.

Could not Help Yelling.

(Indianaapolis Sentinel.) "I'll tell you how I lost a good customer the other day," said the grocerman. "I have one customer who is extremely deaf, and to make her hear I have to just yell at her. It takes about half an hour to get her order and by that time my voice is pitched so high that I can't get it down to earth again. Yesterday it happened that after she left in came Mr. Oldboy, who is a perfect crank. Was in the army once and a great stickler for bowing and scraping and all that sort of thing; wants a fellow he trades with to salute and present arms and do all kinds of things. He came in and said 'Good morning. I wish you had heard me yell at him. My voice made the windows rattle. He looked surprised, but went on talking to me and I kept up answering him in a voice that could be heard a block away. He got madder and madder, but I never knew what was up until finally he got red in the face and said: 'Mr. Black, sir, I am not deaf, sir, and I resent your yelling at me as if I couldn't hear what he said in my ear.' With that out he went. You see, I had been talking to the deaf lady and couldn't get my voice down again. You try it some time and see if you don't yell at every one you meet, or I miss my guess. Funny, too, but I always yell at blind people and foreigners and I always whisper when I go in where anyone's sick."

THE BARTLETT MUSIC CO.

Great ten-day sale of pianos by the Bartlett Music Co. Entire stock of the New Century Piano Co. moved to Broadway, opposite City Hall.

HAPPY HOLIDAY MIXES

For children. Plates, mugs and cups and more. Light and pretty. All South Street.

ALL druggists keep Ayer's Suffering Cold Cream. All people use it. All doctors recommend it.

NON-TRUST wall paper. 25¢ gilt. 50¢ gold. 75¢ silver. 1.00¢ black. 1.25¢ white. 1.50¢ blue. 1.75¢ green. 2.00¢ red. 2.25¢ purple. 2.50¢ brown. 2.75¢ tan. 3.00¢ gray. 3.25¢ pink. 3.50¢ yellow. 3.75¢ orange. 4.00¢ olive. 4.25¢ slate. 4.50¢ steel. 4.75¢ copper. 5.00¢ brass. 5.25¢ nickel. 5.50¢ chrome. 5.75¢ platinum. 6.00¢ silver. 6.25¢ gold. 6.50¢ bronze. 6.75¢ iron. 7.00¢ steel. 7.25¢ copper. 7.50¢ brass. 7.75¢ nickel. 8.00¢ chrome. 8.25¢ platinum. 8.50¢ silver. 8.75¢ gold. 9.00¢ bronze. 9.25¢ iron. 9.50¢ steel. 9.75¢ copper. 10.00¢ brass. 10.25¢ nickel. 10.50¢ chrome. 10.75¢ platinum. 11.00¢ silver. 11.25¢ gold. 11.50¢ bronze. 11.75¢ iron. 12.00¢ steel. 12.25¢ copper. 12.50¢ brass. 12.75¢ nickel. 13.00¢ chrome. 13.25¢ platinum. 13.50¢ silver. 13.75¢ gold. 14.00¢ bronze. 14.25¢ iron. 14.50¢ steel. 14.75¢ copper. 15.00¢ brass. 15.25¢ nickel. 15.50¢ chrome. 15.75¢ platinum. 16.00¢ silver. 16.25¢ gold. 16.50¢ bronze. 16.75¢ iron. 17.00¢ steel. 17.25¢ copper. 17.50¢ brass. 17.75¢ nickel. 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69.25¢ iron. 69.50¢ steel. 69.75¢ copper. 70.00¢ brass. 70.25¢ nickel. 70.50¢ chrome. 70.75¢ platinum. 71.00¢ silver. 71.25¢ gold. 71.50¢ bronze. 71.75¢ iron. 72.00¢ steel. 72.25¢ copper. 72.50¢ brass. 72.75¢ nickel. 73.00¢ chrome. 73.25¢ platinum. 73.50¢ silver. 73.75¢ gold. 74.00¢ bronze. 74.25¢ iron. 74.50¢ steel. 74.75¢ copper. 75.00¢ brass. 75.25¢ nickel. 75.50¢ chrome. 75.75¢ platinum. 76.00¢ silver. 76.25¢ gold. 76.50¢ bronze. 76.75¢ iron. 77.00¢ steel. 77.25¢ copper. 77.50¢ brass. 77.75¢ nickel. 78.00¢ chrome. 78.25¢ platinum. 78.50¢ silver. 78.75¢ gold. 79.00¢ bronze. 79.25¢ iron. 79.50¢ steel. 79.75¢ copper. 80.00¢ brass. 80.25¢ nickel. 80.50¢ chrome. 80.75¢ platinum. 81.00¢ silver. 81.25¢ gold. 81.50¢ bronze. 81.75¢ iron. 82.00¢ steel. 82.25¢ copper. 82.50¢ brass. 82.75¢ nickel. 83.00¢ chrome. 83.25¢ platinum. 83.50¢ silver. 83.75¢ gold. 84.00¢ bronze. 84.25¢ iron. 84.50¢ steel. 84.75¢ copper. 85.00¢ brass. 85.25¢ nickel. 85.50¢ chrome. 85.75¢ platinum. 86.00¢ silver. 86.25¢ gold. 86.50¢ bronze. 86.75¢ iron. 87.00¢ steel. 87.25¢ copper. 87.50¢ brass. 87.75¢ nickel. 88.00¢ chrome. 88.25¢ platinum. 88.50¢ silver. 88.75¢ gold. 89.00¢ bronze. 89.25¢ iron. 89.50¢ steel. 89.75¢ copper. 90.00¢ brass. 90.25¢ nickel. 90.50¢ chrome. 90.75¢ platinum. 91.00¢ silver. 91.25¢ gold. 91.50¢ bronze. 91.75¢ iron. 92.00¢ steel. 92.25¢ copper. 92.50¢ brass. 92.75¢ nickel. 93.00¢ chrome. 93.25¢ platinum. 93.50¢ silver. 93.75¢ gold. 94.00¢ bronze. 94.25¢ iron. 94.50¢ steel. 94.75¢ copper. 95.00¢ brass. 95.25¢ nickel. 95.50¢ chrome. 95.75¢ platinum. 96.00¢ silver. 96.25¢ gold. 96.50¢ bronze. 96.75¢ iron. 97.00¢ steel. 97.25¢ copper. 97.50¢ brass. 97.75¢ nickel. 98.00¢ chrome. 98.25¢ platinum. 98.50¢ silver. 98.75¢ gold. 99.00¢ bronze. 99.25¢ iron. 99.50¢ steel. 99.75¢ copper. 100.00¢ brass. 100.25¢ nickel. 100.50¢ chrome. 100.75¢ platinum. 101.00¢ silver. 101.25¢ gold. 101.50¢ bronze. 101.75¢ iron. 102.00¢ steel. 102.25¢ copper. 102.50¢ brass. 102.75¢ nickel. 103.00¢ chrome. 103.25¢ platinum. 103.50¢ silver. 103.75¢ gold. 104.00¢ bronze. 104.25¢ iron. 104.50¢ steel. 104.75¢ copper. 105.00¢ brass. 105.25¢ nickel. 105.50¢ chrome. 105.75¢ platinum. 106.00¢ silver. 106.25¢ gold. 106.50¢ bronze. 106.75¢ iron. 107.00¢ steel. 107.25¢ copper. 107.50¢ brass. 107.75¢ nickel. 108.00¢ chrome. 108.25¢ platinum. 108.50¢ silver. 108.75¢ gold. 109.00¢ bronze. 109.25¢ iron. 109.50¢ steel. 109.75¢ copper. 110.00¢ brass. 110.25¢ nickel. 110.50¢ chrome. 110.75¢ platinum. 111.00¢ silver. 111.25¢ gold. 111.50¢ bronze. 111.75¢ iron. 112.00¢ steel. 112.25¢ copper. 112.50¢ brass. 112.75¢ nickel. 113.00¢ chrome. 113.25¢ platinum. 113.50¢ silver. 113.75¢ gold. 114.00¢ bronze. 114.25¢ iron. 114.50¢ steel. 114.75¢ copper. 115.00¢ brass. 115.25¢ nickel. 115.50¢ chrome. 115.75¢ platinum. 116.00¢ silver. 116.25¢ gold. 116.50¢ bronze. 116.75¢ iron. 117.00¢ steel. 117.25¢ copper. 117.50¢ brass. 117.75¢ nickel. 118.00¢ chrome. 118.25¢ platinum. 118.50¢ silver. 118.75¢ gold. 119.00¢ bronze. 119.25¢ iron. 119.50¢ steel. 119.75¢ copper. 120.00¢ brass. 120.25¢ nickel. 120.50¢ chrome. 120.75¢ platinum. 121.00¢ silver. 121.25¢ gold. 121.50¢ bronze. 121.75¢ iron. 122.00¢ steel. 122.25¢ copper. 122.50¢ brass. 122.75¢ nickel. 123.00¢ chrome. 123.25¢ platinum. 123.50¢ silver. 123.75¢ gold. 124.00¢ bronze. 124.25¢ iron. 124.50¢ steel. 124.75¢ copper. 125.00¢ brass. 125.25¢ nickel. 125.50¢ chrome. 125.75¢ platinum. 126.00¢ silver. 126.25¢ gold. 126.50¢ bronze. 126.75¢ iron. 127.00¢ steel. 127.25¢ copper. 127.50¢ brass. 127.75¢ nickel. 128.00¢ chrome. 128.25¢ platinum. 128.50¢ silver. 128.75¢ gold. 129.00¢ bronze. 129.25¢ iron. 129.50¢ steel. 129.75¢ copper. 130.00¢ brass. 130.25¢ nickel. 130.50¢ chrome. 130.75¢ platinum. 131.00¢ silver. 131.25¢ gold. 131.50¢ bronze. 131.75¢ iron. 132.00¢ steel. 132.25¢ copper. 132.50¢ brass. 132.75¢ nickel. 133.00¢ chrome. 133.25¢ platinum. 133.50¢ silver. 133.75¢ gold. 134.00¢ bronze. 134.25¢ iron. 134.50¢ steel. 134.75¢ copper. 135.00¢ brass. 135.25¢ nickel. 135.50¢ chrome. 135.75¢ platinum. 136.00¢ silver. 136.25¢ gold. 136.50¢ bronze. 136.75¢ iron. 137.00¢ steel. 137.25¢ copper. 137.50¢ brass. 137.75¢ nickel. 138.00¢ chrome. 138.25¢ platinum. 138.50¢ silver. 138.75¢ gold. 139.00¢ bronze. 139.25¢ iron. 139.50¢ steel. 139.75¢ copper. 140.00¢ brass. 140.25¢ nickel. 140.50¢ chrome. 140.75¢ platinum. 141.00¢ silver. 141.25¢ gold. 141.50¢ bronze. 141.75¢ iron. 142.00¢ steel. 142.25¢ copper. 142.50¢ brass. 142.75¢ nickel. 143.00¢ chrome. 143.25¢ platinum. 143.50¢ silver. 143.75¢ gold. 144.00¢ bronze. 144.25¢ iron. 144.50¢ steel. 144.75¢ copper. 145.00¢ brass. 145.25¢ nickel. 145.50¢ chrome. 145.75¢ platinum. 146.00¢ silver. 146.25¢ gold. 146.50¢ bronze. 146.75¢ iron. 147.00¢ steel. 147.25¢ copper. 147.50¢ brass. 147.75¢ nickel. 148.00¢ chrome. 148.25¢ platinum. 148.50¢ silver. 148.75¢ gold. 149.00¢ bronze. 149.25¢ iron. 149.50¢ steel. 149.75¢ copper. 150.00¢ brass. 150.25¢ nickel. 150.50¢ chrome. 150.75¢ platinum. 151.00¢ silver. 151.25¢ gold. 151.50¢ bronze. 151.75¢ iron. 152.00¢ steel. 152.25¢ copper. 152.50¢ brass. 152.75¢ nickel. 153.00¢ chrome. 153.25¢ platinum. 153.50¢ silver. 153.75¢ gold. 154.00¢ bronze. 154.25¢ iron. 154.50¢ steel. 154.75¢ copper. 155.00¢ brass. 155.25¢ nickel. 155.50¢ chrome. 155.75¢ platinum. 156.00¢ silver. 156.25¢ gold. 156.50¢ bronze. 156.75¢ iron. 157.00¢ steel. 157.25¢ copper. 157.50¢ brass. 157.75¢ nickel. 158.00¢ chrome. 158.25¢ platinum. 158.50¢ silver. 158.75¢ gold. 159.00¢ bronze. 159.25¢ iron. 159.50¢ steel. 159.75¢ copper. 160.00¢ brass. 160.25¢ nickel. 160.50¢ chrome. 160.75¢ platinum. 161.00¢ silver. 161.25¢ gold. 161.50¢ bronze. 161.75¢ iron. 162.00¢ steel. 162.25¢ copper. 162.50¢ brass. 162.75¢ nickel. 163.00¢ chrome. 163.25¢ platinum. 163.50¢ silver. 163.75¢ gold. 164.00¢ bronze. 164.25¢ iron. 164.50¢ steel. 164.75¢ copper. 165.00¢ brass. 165.25¢ nickel. 165.50¢ chrome. 165.75¢ platinum. 166.00¢ silver. 166.25¢ gold. 166.50¢ bronze. 166.75¢ iron. 167.00¢ steel. 167.25¢ copper. 167.50¢ brass. 167.75¢ nickel. 168.00¢ chrome. 168.25¢ platinum. 168.50¢ silver. 168.75¢ gold. 169.00¢ bronze. 169.25¢ iron. 169.50¢ steel. 169.75¢ copper. 170.00¢ brass. 170.25¢ nickel. 170.50¢ chrome. 170.75¢ platinum. 171.00¢ silver. 171.25¢ gold. 171.50¢ bronze. 171.75¢ iron. 172.00¢ steel. 172.25¢ copper. 172.50¢ brass. 172.75¢ nickel. 173.00¢ chrome. 173.25¢ platinum. 173.50¢ silver. 173.75¢ gold. 174.00¢ bronze. 174.25¢ iron. 174.50¢ steel. 174.75¢ copper. 175.00¢ brass. 175.25¢ nickel. 175.50¢ chrome. 175.75¢ platinum. 176.00¢ silver. 176.25¢ gold. 176.50¢ bronze. 176.75¢ iron. 177.00¢ steel. 177.25¢ copper. 177.50¢ brass. 177.75¢ nickel. 178.00¢ chrome. 178.25¢ platinum. 178.50¢ silver. 178.75¢ gold. 179.00¢ bronze. 179.25¢ iron. 179.50¢ steel. 179.75¢ copper. 180.00¢ brass. 180.25¢ nickel. 180.50¢ chrome. 180.75¢ platinum. 181.00¢ silver. 181.25¢ gold. 181.50¢ bronze. 181.75¢ iron. 182.00¢ steel. 182.25¢ copper. 182.50¢ brass. 182.75¢ nickel. 183.00¢ 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bronze. 199.25¢ iron. 199.50¢ steel. 199.75¢ copper. 200.00¢ brass. 200.25¢ nickel. 200.50¢ chrome. 200.75¢ platinum. 201.00¢ silver. 201.25¢ gold. 201.50¢ bronze. 201.75¢ iron. 202.00¢ steel. 202.25¢ copper. 202.50¢ brass. 202.75¢ nickel. 203.00¢ chrome. 203.25¢ platinum. 203.50¢ silver. 203.75¢ gold. 204.00¢ bronze. 204.25¢ iron. 204.50¢ steel. 204.75¢ copper. 205.00¢ brass. 205.25¢ nickel. 205.50¢ chrome. 205.75¢ platinum. 206.00¢ silver. 206.25¢ gold. 206.50¢ bronze. 206.75¢ iron. 207.00¢ steel. 207.25¢ copper. 207.50¢ brass. 207.75¢ nickel. 208.00¢ chrome. 208.25¢ platinum. 208.50¢ silver. 208.75¢ gold. 209.00¢ bronze. 209.25¢ iron. 209.50¢ steel. 209.75¢ copper. 210.00¢ brass. 210.25¢ nickel. 210.50¢ chrome. 210.75¢ platinum. 211.00¢ silver. 211.25¢ gold. 211.50¢ bronze. 211.75¢ iron. 212.00¢ steel. 212.25¢ copper. 212.50¢ brass. 212.75¢ nickel. 213.00¢ chrome. 213.25¢ platinum. 213.50¢ silver. 213.75¢ gold. 214.00¢ bronze. 214.25¢ iron. 214.50¢ steel. 214.75¢ copper. 215.00¢ 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steel. 247.25¢ copper. 247.50¢ brass. 247.75¢ nickel. 248.00¢ chrome. 248.25¢ platinum. 248.50¢ silver. 248.75¢ gold

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sses.

Thousands of people visit the Ostrich Farm each year, and there is no more interesting sight in this country.

The little chicks and the immense birds furnish a most interesting study.

OSTRICH FEATHER FANS.

OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS

Delivered Free

ladies' fancy neckwear.

rolls of black chenille with extra long ends and full heavy ends in black, tan, mauve which are priced at \$4.00 to \$12.00 each.

rolls of black, white and fancy chiffon and of liberty silk, extra long ends, with beautifully long, fluffy ends at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00 each.

collars in black, white, mauve, pink and blue, trimmed with gold braid. They are priced at from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each.

heavy pieces soft collars with long, fluffy ends made of lace, tulle and crystal valour and trimmed with lace, braids and gold effects. at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00 each.

lace and scarfs a splendid line of real duchess point appliques at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00 each.

lace collars of real duchess and point applique at \$10.00 to \$12.00.

art goods and novelties.

pillows finished, silk embroidered in the popular "gold" and "silver" designs, "Palm Springs" designs and all the other novelties of the day, at \$4.00 each up to \$7.00.

work boxes exquisitely made of russet leather with linings in lovely shades of satin—pink, blue and red; in two sizes, at \$2.50 and \$3.75.

embroidered shoes something quite new, as they are extra high, made of wool in daintiest shades; the pair \$2.75.

handkerchief cases made of sweet scented Indian grasses, in all colors, at each \$2.50.

decorative pipes genuine metal pipes, with quite elaborate designs on the bowl, each \$2.50.

handkerchiefs a dainty little article for the dressing table, made of white linen, embroidered in dresden designs; yellow lining; \$2.00.

calendar with a pretty little scene in the corner, each \$1.00.

wood calendars which are very unique, representing old-fashioned clock, each \$1.00.

tobacco jars, made of bamboo with the tops carved in birds and flowers, each \$1.50.

leather pads 10x15 inches, with burnt leather mountings and gold made, each \$1.50.

telephone book of colored linen embroidered in suitable designs, each \$1.50.

pill holders of white and ecru linen, hand embroidered cover, each \$1.50.

leather trays covered with figures in antique designs, very handsome, in three sizes, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75.

memorandum pads with quaint little designs on the cover, each \$1.00.

leather racks of burnt leather, ornamented with long leather fringe and Indian designs, each \$1.00.

card boxes cherry wood ornamented with metal designs, each to hold two packs of cards, each \$1.00.

sewing pen wipers butterfly in different shades of velvet brilliantly tinted each 35 cents.

leather blotters quite the newest thing, the cover is prettily ornamented with a little scene, each 75 cents.

leather boxes pretty, odd shapes with hand-painted French figures on the cover, each 48 cents.

picture frames the Queen Ann red, green and blue with fancy gilt trimmings at 25 and 35 cents each.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

It is careful planning that makes this announcement possible—careful planning and wide, discriminating buying, without months of thoughtful preparation we could not supply such a multitude of holiday wants as come to us to be filled and do it all so easily and rapidly that

holiday shopping
at the Boston Store is a pleasure.

among the silks you will find new pieces specially appropriate for this festive season, so in the dress goods, linens, laces, ribbons, so in every department.

the purpose of this news from the store is to tell of some of the especial gift goods.

This season we add to the reputation which clings to
the Boston Store's doll show,

it is more complete than ever, the dolls are from the
best makers, mostly French and German, prices 50
cents to \$25.00.

With this store's linen excellence, there follows, as a matter of course, handkerchief excellence. tomorrow we can show you more

handkerchiefs for gift purposes

than you will often find in one gathering, you haven't a question to ask as to quality, either, simply suit yourself as to sheerness, fineness, pattern and size. we call special attention to gift boxes.

all pure linen, hand embroidered ladies' handkerchief in fine, dainty patterns at, each, 20 cents.

extra fine, all pure linen, hand embroidered in exclusive designs, 35 cents, 5 for a dollar.

specialty selected line of fine linen, hand embroidered, each, 25 and 30 cents—put up six in a fancy box at \$2.00 and \$2.75 the box.

ladies' small, dainty initial on extra sheer linen, six in a box for \$1.50 the box.

men's hand embroidered initial on very fine linen, six in a box, \$2.00.

a hundred styles in hand made lace with fine, sheer linen centers at 75 cents to \$3.50 each.

see the announcement in our regular space today (opposite editorial page) of our semi-annual silk sale.

next Sunday we shall give particulars of our special sale of black dress goods.

Send all mail orders
direct to the store.
We employ no agents.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

We have the only ex-
clusive veiling depart-
ment in the Southwest.

sterling silver gifts.

all sterling silver goods engraved free of charge.

hand mirrors, extra large size with ring or long handles, from the best makers in America. they come in plain and in french gray and we have brushes and combs to match, if you want the set. mirrors only, at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00.

hair brushes of the finest quality that it is possible to make, something like fifty different styles in plain and french gray at \$1.35, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, \$56.00, \$56.50, \$57.00, \$57.50, \$58.00, \$58.50, \$59.00, \$59.50, \$60.00, \$60.50, \$61.00, \$61.50, \$62.00, \$62.50, \$63.00, \$63.50, \$64.00, \$64.50, \$65.00, \$65.50, \$66.00, \$66.50, \$67.00, \$67.50, \$68.00, \$68.50, \$69.00, \$69.50, \$70.00, \$70.50, \$71.00, \$71.50, \$72.00, \$72.50, \$73.00, \$73.50, \$74.00, \$74.50, \$75.00, \$75.50, \$76.00, \$76.50, \$77.00, \$77.50, \$78.00, \$78.50, \$79.00, \$79.50, \$80.00, \$80.50, \$81.00, \$81.50, \$82.00, \$82.50, \$83.00, \$83.50, \$84.00, \$84.50, \$85.00, \$85.50, \$86.00, \$86.50, \$87.00, \$87.50, \$88.00, \$88.50, \$89.00, \$89.50, \$90.00, \$90.50, \$91.00, \$91.50, \$92.00, \$92.50, \$93.00, \$93.50, \$94.00, \$94.50, \$95.00, \$95.50, \$96.00, \$96.50, \$97.00, \$97.50, \$98.00, \$98.50, \$99.00, \$99.50, \$100.00.

clothes brushes all sizes and styles in the same sterling silver ware at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50, \$11.00, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$12.50, \$13.00, \$13.50, \$14.00, \$14.50, \$15.00, \$15.50, \$16.00, \$16.50, \$17.00, \$17.50, \$18.00, \$18.50, \$19.00, \$19.50, \$20.00, \$20.50, \$21.00, \$21.50, \$22.00, \$22.50, \$23.00, \$23.50, \$24.00, \$24.50, \$25.00, \$25.50, \$26.00, \$26.50, \$27.00, \$27.50, \$28.00, \$28.50, \$29.00, \$29.50, \$30.00, \$30.50, \$31.00, \$31.50, \$32.00, \$32.50, \$33.00, \$33.50, \$34.00, \$34.50, \$35.00, \$35.50, \$36.00, \$36.50, \$37.00, \$37.50, \$38.00, \$38.50, \$39.00, \$39.50, \$40.00, \$40.50, \$41.00, \$41.50, \$42.00, \$42.50, \$43.00, \$43.50, \$44.00, \$44.50, \$45.00, \$45.50, \$46.00, \$46.50, \$47.00, \$47.50, \$48.00, \$48.50, \$49.00, \$49.50, \$50.00, \$50.50, \$51.00, \$51.50, \$52.00, \$52.50, \$53.00, \$53.50, \$54.00, \$54.50, \$55.00, \$55.50, \$56.00, \$56.50, \$57.00, \$57.50, \$58.00, \$58.50, \$59.00, \$59.50, \$60.00, \$60.50, \$61.00, \$61.50, \$62.00, \$62.50, \$63.00, \$63.50, \$64.00, \$64.50, \$65.00, \$65.50, \$66.00, \$66.50, \$67.00, \$67.50, \$68.00, \$68.50, \$69.00, \$69.50, \$70.00, \$70.50, \$71.00, \$71.50, \$72.00, \$72.50, \$73.00, \$73.50, \$74.00, \$74.50, \$75.00, \$75.50, \$76.00, \$76.50, \$77.00, \$77.50, \$78.00, \$78.50, \$79.00, \$79.50, \$80.00, \$80.50, \$81.00, \$81.50, \$82.00, \$82.50, \$83.00, \$83.50, \$84.00, \$84.50, \$85.00, \$85.50, \$86.00, \$86.50, \$87.00, \$87.50, \$88.00, \$88.50, \$89.00, \$89.50, \$90.00, \$90.50, \$91.00, \$91.50, \$92.00, \$92.50, \$93.00, \$93.50, \$94.00, \$94.50, \$95.00, \$95.50, \$96.00, \$96.50, \$97.00, \$97.50, \$98.00, \$98.50, \$99.00, \$99.50, \$100.00.

bonnet brushes a large variety in fancy handles at 25 cents to \$2.50.

whisk brooms with sterling silver handles and very fine cores at 65 cents each up to \$1.50.

powder boxes extra heavy gold lined tops in plain or french gray sterling silver, cut glass bowls, each \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 to \$3.75.

salve boxes heavy sterling silver tops cut glass bowls 35 to 75 cents.

brushes from 3 to 5 inches long, all new patterns in plain and french gray \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.00 to \$2.75 each.

baby rattles pearl handles, silver bells from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

combs mounted in sterling silver, plain and fancy tops and extra finely polished combs at 45, 50, 75 cents and up to \$2.50 each.

scissors manicure and embroidery scissors, blades of best steel at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75 each.

pipes a splendid assortment of sterling mounted pipes in cases at \$2.75 to \$4.00.

solid gold pins and links.

a splendid assortment of solid gold stick pins with pearl and diamond settings at from \$1.00 to \$15.00 each.

solid gold cuff links, all new designs at \$2.00 to \$5.00 the set.

splendid leather goods.

purses at least a hundred different styles in pocket books, didn't know there were so many, did you? seal, morocco, alligator, lizard, snake, sea-lion, monkey, walrus, buffalo, pig skin and steer are the leathers represented, prices from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up to \$10.00.

chateaux bags the best assortment in the city is right in this store. we show all styles and colors from the following leathers: seal, grain, alligator, snake, sea lion, monkey, morocco and steer, and the prices run from \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 to \$10.00 each.

boston bags are also here in good assortment, in seal, alligator, grain and steer, at \$2.00 to \$5.00 each.

men's goods a full line of pocket books, card cases and letter cases in a variety of leathers, at dry goods store prices.

card cases for ladies, in a carefully selected assortment, at \$1.50 to \$4.00 each.

beaded chateaux bags to numerous designs, \$2.50 to \$11.00.

dressing table necessities.

perfumery we have just received three styles of pinand's perfume in ounce and a half bottles, which is beyond doubt the greatest novelty shown in the way of perfumes, as they represent a full size Chinese shoe. A nice present to send to eastern friends. \$1.00 and \$2.50 the package.



"Just Hatched."

Thousands of people visit the Ostrich Farm each year, and there is no more interesting sight in this country.

The little chicks and the immense birds furnish a most interesting study.

OSTRICH FEATHER FANS.

On plain enameled handles, black, white, pink and blue, 9 inches, very attractive.....\$ 1.00

On decorated enameled handles, black, white, pink and blue, 11 inches..... 1.50

On bone handles, white and black, 12 inches..... 3.00

On German tortoise shell handles, in black and natural, 12 inches..... 4.50

On real tortoise shell, black.....\$10.00, \$15.00 and 20.00

On real mother-of-pearl, white.....\$8.00, \$12.50, \$18.00 and 20.00



Nothing so dressy as an ostrich feather Boa...

OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS

We carry an immense stock of ostrich feather Boas in different grades and lengths. Colors: black, white, gray and natural.

We send prepaid to any point in the United States a handsome, glossy Boa, 45 inches long, usually retailed at \$14.00, for \$9.75.

Finer Boas at \$12, \$14, \$16, \$20.

We especially recommend our yard and a quarter Boa at \$16, and our yard and a half at \$20.

With each Boa we give a handsome aluminum pin which replaces the ordinary ribbon fastening, that is so apt to injure the Boa.

VISIT THE OSTRICH FARM

At South Pasadena. Open daily and Sunday. Pasadena electric cars stop at the door. Buy your ostrich leather Boas, Plumes, Tips and Fans direct from the producer, and save from 25c to 35c on every dollar. Ostrich feathers are just the thing to send to your Eastern friends.

Appropriate California
Christmas Presents.



We carry the largest stock of Ostrich Feather Fans in the country. Prices range from \$1.00 up to \$40.00.

Delivered Free

To all parts of the United States, and guaranteed that they arrive in perfect condition. Remember you do not have to pay express charges on goods bought at the Farm and the price is much less than elsewhere. Send 2-cent stamp for Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue.

OSTRICH FARM

South Pasadena, California.

THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE RETAIL FEATHER ESTABLISHMENT
IN AMERICA.



AMAZON PLUMES.

Amazon plumes are now very popular. We have on hand a large assortment of especially fine ones—much finer than are shown in stores.

Amazon Plumes, 13 inches long, prepaid for.....\$2.25

Amazon Plumes, 14 inches long, broader and finer.....\$3.50

Amazon Plumes, 16 inches long, broad and full.....\$4.50

Amazon Plumes, 17 inches long, superb, very fine.....\$6.00

DEMI PLUMES.

All our demi plumes are dyed a rich, permanent black, and are very superior values. Those about 11 inches in length are most popular, and we have an unusually fine display. Some of the wide and heavy ones sell at \$2.00 and \$2.75 each. We have demi plumes from 50c up.

Boa Plumes, 22 inches long, unusually fine, \$7.50 each.

A bunch of three 9-inch tips for \$1.45.

Silk lined Ostrich/Capes and elegant Ostrich Feather Parasols at special prices.

These goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Everything shipped prepaid.



100 GIGANTIC BIRDS!

"One of the strangest sights in America."—New York Journal.

Los Angeles

One of the handsomest styles comes set in a gold Florentine frame, a beautifully designed, ornate mirror.

225-79 SOUTH BROADWAY

Los Angeles Sunday Times

DECEMBER 9, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR...\$3.50
SINGLE COPY...5 CENTS

THE GRIND HAS BEGUN AGAIN



And Uncle Sam will be kept busy during the next two sessions.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1897.

AMERICA'S GREATNESS.

THE history of coming centuries has begun to be written in the events which have transpired within the past two or three years. There never was a greater history-making epoch than we find in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The whole world stands breathlessly fronting the future, and with a new largeness of vision it is watching the changes in national boundaries, the transplanting of civilization in the soil of barbarism, and listening to the blows which have been and are being struck "on God's great anvil of war." On this anvil God is shaping this, as well as other nations, to higher uses, and moulding it for broader influence in the uplifting of the race.

It has taken long ages to make the nations of Europe what they are, and the cradle of Time was in Asia. There great empires sprang up in the world's young years and mighty dynasties flourished. But in the past century Christian civilization has subdued a continent in this New World and brought under its influence as extended an area as Europe can boast—a glorious land of homes, of churches, of common schools and the printing press.

A century ago and the population of this country was but 6,000,000, which thinly settled a narrow belt of land along the Atlantic borders. Ohio was the distant frontier, and all beyond that was an unknown wilderness. The primeval silence of the trackless plain and the great forest held sway. But now science has come to our aid and distance has vanished. The iron horse will bear us with his swift, thunderous tread from New York to San Francisco in four days, a journey which a half a century ago it would have taken weary months to have accomplished, amid the greatest of dangers.

Contrasting the two periods—the time when, a century ago, we had a population of only 6,000,000, with our condition at the close of this century, what do we see? We find here a population of 76,000,000, with their homes built all along the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Says Josiah Strong, in his work entitled "Expansion," "More than four and a half million farms have been brought under cultivation. For forty years there was an average of 16,000 acres of wild land subdued daily. Half a thousand of cities have been built. Millions of miles of road have been opened. Countless mills and factories have been erected and equipped. Seven hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of telephone wire have been strung and more than eight hundred thousand miles of telegraph. With the railways which have been built we could parallel every track in all Europe, and then have enough over, if we could use the equator as a roadbed, to girdle the earth. Twenty-nine great commonwealths have been organized and equipped with all the appliances and usages of civilized society, the average area of these same commonwealths being considerably greater than that of England and Wales."

The story of American growth and development astonishes the world. Sir Henry M. Stanley, in referring to what the people of this country have accomplished in one century, says: "Treaty their number of ordinary Europeans could not have surpassed them in what they have done. The story of their achievements reads like an epic of the heroic age," and Mulhall, the English statistician, asserts that "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States."

But it is useless to attempt to tell the wonderful story of our nation's progress in a brief article like this. Suffice it to say that calling science to the aid of our intellectual and physical forces, we have, in a spirit of untiring energy and enlightened purpose, laid deep and strong the foundations for future greatness, and America fronts the coming century haloed with the grandeur of greatest promise, second to none of the world's great powers, and the mightiest factor in the promise of the future. How prophetic today, in view of all that has transpired and is still transpiring in our history, are the wise words of Emerson, and how applicable to the conditions which confront us: "We live

in a new and exceptional age. America is another word for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race; and a literal, slavish following of precedents, as by a justice of the peace, is not for those who at this hour lead the destinies of the people."

Let us, trusting in Divine Providence, accept the place that God has given us among the nations, and unhesitatingly reap the golden harvest of our great opportunities.

THE COMING CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

AN HOUR among the books of the City Library, or at the bookstores of this city, illustrates the beautiful feast of thought which is being brought together for the Christmas festival. The magazines have put on their symbols of holly. Illustration has striven to interpret our Lord's nativity. Copies of old engravings have been newly put into print. One of the most beautiful of the nativity dreams is that of Sandro Botticelli. The thought and feeling expressed are so exquisite that one fancies he hears an echo of the "Gloria in Excelsis" as he looks and listens. In the center of the picture is a shed. Under this the mother, kneeling, adores the divine Child, who holds His fingers on His lips. The figures of the shepherds and the angels on the roof, holding the olive branch as they sing, are familiarly beautiful. In some of the earliest representations of the nativity the animals kneel "Confessing the Lord." The student of interpretation of these old pictures might find something far from grotesque in the picture of the oxen who came and bent over with amazed and loving eyes to warm the Child Jesus with their fragrant breath. These beasts of burden, the ox, the ass and the camel as symbols of servitude dumb and unrecognized might have a new understanding. Did they also hope that the coming of the Savior of the world might be to them an extension of love and mercy, and that they would be brought nearer to the sympathy and compassion of humanity? From this standpoint they have their sacred right to the highest pictorial representation.

Among the books exhibited for the holidays one finds a large proportion concerning animal life. While some of them are trivial and not calculated to increase the ratio of kindness and charity, they prove the popular interest. Harriman's expedition with a party of scientists to Alaska, which is described in *The World's Work* for December, tells in the contribution, "Discoveries in the Arctic Regions," the scientific growing interest in all that concerns this wide department of study. It is agreeable to find the names of men in this association of kindly spirit to bird life. If one considers how many societies have been vainly enlisted to protect birds from the cruel vanity of women there needs to be a new lesson taught with the story of the Nativity. The wholesale slaughter of song birds in this century illustrates a capacity and indifference to the beautiful which can hardly be credited to a Christian land. The annual slaughter of robins in the South alone is a sad remembrance. If one has watched the migration of these beautiful creatures as they come in the late autumn, and has heard the musical, rushing sound of their wings in their long line of wavering flight it could not be forgotten. The impression is somewhat like that of the murmur of a pine forest or the wash of waves on the shore, but far more symphonic and mysterious. If you have chanced to stand in mute delight and watch the magnolias and live oaks blossom suddenly into life and color, when the trees seemed after long, dumb years to have exulted and joined in a chorus, then you know that you wished to warn in some language no man has discovered. Turn back to the snow and ice fields; they are kinder than the hearts of men, who will hunt with torches in the night. There will be empty nests in the north, and the children that watch for you will look in vain. This great Christian government which boasts of its mercy has so guardians for song birds, the winged messengers of God!

Van Dyke, in the December number of Scribner, throws some new light on the sense of duty of a dog. Mrs. Browning, in some lovely stanzas, long ago wrote of this type of devotion—

"But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied;
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom,
Round the sick and weary.

"Roses gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died away,
Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining."

It is no great sign of broad sympathy to show compassion for beautiful types of animal life. It requires a finer soul to extend gentle sympathy to the halt and maimed and ugly forms of creation. There is a mysterious belief in the heart of some devout souls that on account of the suffering and cruelty which animals must endure there will also be reserved for them some higher existence; that God who is infinite in love and mercy would look farther than a scheme for the preservation of a small share of His creation. The hypothesis is sustained by the statement of St. John, in the Revelation, that among the voices of the angels around the throne he heard that of "every creature in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea." Whatever importance may be attached to the speculation concerning such sacred mys-

teries it is universally acknowledged that a perfect faith can only be built on a foundation of mercy. No gift for this holiday season can be so significant and fitting than a book which has the power of our Lord's mission.

California's preparation for the festival is with roses at the lattice and sunshine at the door. The largeness of dower it is to be hoped some of the books may be sent where stone-cold poverty dwells the daily loaf, and where the coming of a new year like the visit of the fairy prince to the ashens, stay-at-homes, the inmates of hospitals, of lonely ranches, from such gifts are made to be Good books should have many doors and windows, and the longest and most beautiful should be that of the spontaneous charity which requires to be organized.

The Canadians are agitating the subject of their Premier's salary. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a year, the same amount the Governor of New Mexico, though the population of the State of New Mexico is about 25 per cent. larger than that of the province, while the Governor-General, the real head of the government, is paid a salary of \$50,000, the salary of the President of the United States.

Congress could not round out the national canal of the century in a better way than to place the Canal on a permanent and sure foundation.

Mr. Phillips of Chicago has been raising over a large scale for a man who is not known to you.

In order to make peace in China it may not be to cut either the empire or all the leaders in power.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

[Omaha Bee:] If the fear of Russia has any complaints which he is credited with nothing but good American patent medicine will cure him.

[Denver Post:] The small boy from whom has not yet been cast out will learn with satisfaction that felt-soled slippers are becoming popular for ladies' wear.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] The United States attempt to seize a port in China, but it may be necessary to seize the Porte in Turkey and shaking to that body.

[Washington Star:] Russia has refused to appropriate for popular schools, owing to trouble. If the Chinese were at all quick at the might indulge in a slight sneer in connection with phase of civilization.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] At the solicitation of the Sultan of Turkey has ordered the release of a manian revolutionary chief, Arevce. At latest, however, the Sultan had not released the "little bill" to which Uncle Sam has patiently his attention.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] A prospector out who that he has discovered inexhaustible deposits of asphalt on the Chectaw reservation. Perhaps result in laying an asphalt pavement on which taws can leave their reservation; but it is the promoters will make the way so smooth for emigration to the country. A ticket from Boston only costs 45 cts, and from Tobolsk to whatever in Siberia the fare is only 9 shillings. A tripper can cover about six thousand miles for 13 shillings.

THE OLD YEAR.

Oh, days so wondrous fair and bright,
With skies exchanging crystal clear,
With Summer in the golden light,
And in the perfect atmosphere—

Her breath within the flowers that bloom,
And in the shining branches fair,
Of the tall palms where soft winds sweep,
And birds are sitting everywhere.

No shadows fall about us here;
Nature is like a happy child,
And blossom-crowned, the passing year
By brightest beauty is beguiled.

December wears a crown of flowers,
And all his footsteps are as light
As those of June in summer bowers,
And, oh, his face is not less bright.

He leaves his kiss upon the hills,
And on our thousand grassy fields,
And peace his gracious beams fill,
As to the glad New Year he yields.

December, 1900.

BETHLEHEM.

Oh, Bethlehem, starred Bethlehem,
Bright with the Communion glow,
Upon thy brow through history,
Whose eyes have seen the mystery,
Hail brow and eyes and diadem,
Hail, Bethlehem!

Oh, Bethlehem, Queen Bethlehem,
Of hallowed lap and gladden,
Thy Kehinor, it is a star;
Thy hands are white as lilies are;
Thy song is sorrow's requiem,
Queen Bethlehem.

—[Ruth McNary Stuart, in Harper's]

December 9, 1900.]



The M

Sweet Home.

Stay, stay at home, my heart,
The softest spot on earth the heart
You'll ever find in your own nest
Abroad, however rare the treat,
You'll long for something good to
For grub that every cravice fits
For music that the senses thrill
To hear some voice in accents low
Say something in a speech you
To catch in music grand and strong
A fragment of a rag-time song
To see a man before you stand
Hat on his head—not in his hand
To hear the climax of the vogue
The new policeman's furry broom
And from the "bleachers" clamor
Hear "Rotten umpire!" "Good
Where'er with wandering stars you
You'll long for signs and sounds

the Likeness of Similarity.

Once you have seen Switzerland you
and why the exiled Switzer something
known. Once—that is, I don't mean
falls into a habit of dying, from
endless endeavor to wean him, by argu-
ment. But the exile will find nothing
his own beautiful, picturesque home
Switzerland of America," so luridly
running through a rolling prairie
level-built, desolate-looking coun-
try as Switzerland, and it is not loca-
tion. We have scenery that is un-
known. I have never been in Switzer-
land, but they have in the way of la-
ndscapes there are plenty of men who
describe heaven in far more
than I can describe Switzerland, and
I think, how they dressed, what
they ate, was always English—and
I was saying, our scenery has no
name from Europe—than have the An-
merican wine growers learned to
the Exposition, it doesn't pay to steal
more profitable but it is more
one's own. If there is a city on ear-
th not reasonable in any way, physical
really, it is old York. If there is a
Switzerland of America" do not remain
Switzerland.

Exemption.

Well, I may have to modify that a
bit at a view on the Rhine. It was
the finger of silence upon human
captions, which, like the poor, and be-
cause of the worst of the poorest, we
The exception this time happened to
the type of travelers—you meet them
conversation is autobiographical.
I admit that she had the voice of a
hear on shipboard when the fog is thick
like a Javelin.
"What!" she shrieked, "isn't it perfectly
for anything! It's just like a scene
precisely like the drop curtains in
I shouldn't wonder—"
Just then a lady sitting at a table
by blew her nose—there is more
blowing on the continent than there
America—and saved the woman from
that the Creator copied his idea of
time in the Rhineland from the "drop
house" in Jeffersonville.

ature and Creator.

haven't seen anything over here called
Europe" or the "Yellowstone Park"
nothing yet that reminds me ever so
much of the "Yellowstone Park"
there is in the world which God
and His children's happiness and
and Switzerland or a Yosemite, it didn't
it could never do any better, and so
on. He didn't even make two prairies
the human intellect has long since
most resources in attempting to find
God made. Shakespeare—if indeed
wrote a line in his life, for even Shal-
other critics"—makes Hamlet voice his
"What a piece of work is man!
How infinite in faculty! In form,
expression and admirable! In action how
apprehension how like a God! All of
true. The trouble is how to prove it,
or dead.

Monotony of Humanity.

act is, about the only monotony I have
in the earth is the people there
our journey into I think is the love
of beauty—beautiful and picturesque bit
of the universe. But the inhabit-
the distinctive types you must do just
go far off the highways and search
the paths. In the cities of the world
alike. A characteristic Swiss town
Lucerne, Zurich, made us turn our
about as it would in New York, Toledo
; far less than it would in Los A-

books, or work may be placed
on it, at the same time it bears
no weight on the sick person.
They are inexpensive, useful
and handsomely made.

High Chairs.

It's a good chance to make baby a
present. They may be had in rattan
or in wood with cane or leather
seats, and they come with table in

Perhaps you don't realize
what a truly big stock of
bookcases we carry. We
have wall cases in all sizes

The Merry-go-Round. By Robert J. Burdette.

Dear Santa Claus,

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest—
The softest spot on earth the best—
You'll ever find in your own nest.
Alas, however rare the treat,
You'll long for something good to eat;
For grub that every cravice fills;
For music that the senses thrills;
For some voice in accents low
Saying something in a speech you know;
To catch in music grand and strong
A fragment of a rag-time song;
To see a man before you stand
Set on his head—not in his hand;
To hear the climax of the vogue—
The new policeman's furry brogue;
The "blanchers" clamor shrill
For "Botten umpire!" "Good eye, Bill!"
Whichever with wandering steps you roam,
You'll long for signs and sounds of home.

Liberty of Similarity.

Have you seen Switzerland you can easily understand why the exiled Swiss sometimes dies of homesickness. Once—that is, I don't mean that the same thing has happened to every Swiss exile, but the exile will find nothing on this planet so beautiful, picturesque home. Not even the mountains of America, so luridly advertised by railroads, passing through a rolling prairie, or a string of small, desolate-looking coal mines. There is no Switzerland, and it is not located in the United States.

We have scenery that is unsurpassed this side of the Atlantic. I have never been in heaven, and do not know how they have in the way of landscape there, although there are plenty of men who do know. I have seen pictures of heaven in far more specific detail than I can describe Switzerland, and tell all about the scenery, how they dressed, what language they spoke, and how they always English—and what they did. But when you say, our scenery has no more need to borrow from Europe than have the American wines. As American wine growers learned to their cost at the expense of their customers, it doesn't pay to steal a name; it is not profitable but it is more characteristic to invent one. If there is a city on earth that New York resembles in any way, physically, morally, politically, it is old Rome. If there is anything that the mountains of America do not remotely resemble, it is the Alps.

I may have to modify that a little. We were looking at a view on the Rhine. It was a scene that the finger of silence upon human lips—with a few exceptions, which, like the poor, and because they are the worst of the poorest, we have always with us. The exception this time happened to be a woman, one of the type of travelers—you meet them on every train—whose conversation is autobiographical. Her voice—and I am sure that she had the voice of a siren, the kind that on shipboard when the fog is thick—pierced the air like a javelin.

"Oh, isn't it perfectly grand! It's too beautiful for anything! It's just like a scene in the theater! It's just like the drop curtain in our theater at home! I shouldn't wonder—"

Just then a lady sitting at a refreshment table blew her nose—there is more resonant, foghorn blowing on the continent than there is "hawking" in the Rhineland from the "drop curtain of the theater" in Jeffersonville.

And Creator.

I haven't seen anything over here called "The Yosemite" or the "Yellowstone Park of Italy." I have seen yet that reminds me ever so faintly of these "Yosemite" corners. Such a variety of beauty and grandeur there is in the world which God created for His children's happiness and use. When He created the Yosemite, or a Yosemite, it didn't occur to him that he would never do any better, and so on repeating himself. I didn't even make two prairies or two deserts.

Human intellect has long since exhausted its resources in attempting to find names for all the things God made. Shakespeare—if indeed Shakespeare was a line in his life, for even Shakespeare has his "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form how moving, how expressive, how like a God!" All of which may be true. The trouble is how to prove it, "old Bill Jones" would say.

Monotony of Humanity.

It is, about the only monotony I have thus far observed in the earth is the people thereof. Every new journey into I think is the loveliest and most beautiful and picturesque bit of creation ever made by the Beauty-loving power of the Infinite God of the universe. But the inhabitants! Well, the distinctive types you must do just as you do at home, far off the highways and search the trails and paths. In the cities of the world men are very alike. A characteristic Swiss costume in Bern, Lucerne, Zurich, made us turn our heads to gaze, as it would in New York, Toledo, St. Louis or San Francisco, where we have some characteristic residents. Men in America, England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy wear about the same kind of clothes. The "hand-me-downs" that are worn by the Chamcey Depew, Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison "dummies" in front of the ready-made clothing stores and "gents" furnishing goods on "Main street" from Quoddy Head to San Diego confront you in every European capital and all the lesser cities. Once in awhile here in Switzerland a man comes to town wearing a gorgeously-embroidered Tyrolean jacket that lights up the street like a rainbow of edelweiss set in all the brilliant hues of the garden. But we all turn to look at him, much as we cast a pleasant smile in the direction of the gilded youth who occasionally comes to town in our own dear land wearing an embroidered necktie.

You find "American tailors" everywhere. I called on an "American tailor" in Munich, intending to have some armor-plating put on the dome of my toga, where it had been worn through by some inadvertent mountaineering—coming down. But I discovered that he could speak nothing but German, and as I speak only a faulty and incorrect English I feared that he might get his dates mixed in the instructions, and came away as I went. I am now wearing a pair I had made in Paris. They are funnel-shaped, because I had them made by a military tailor. You remember the Turks who carried the sedan chairs at the Columbian Exposition? Well, the general fit—and I want it understood that I use the word "fit" in its purely limited medical sense—is very like the balloon-shaped trousers, worn by those unspeakable chair bearers, save that the funneling effect from the hips to the ankles is more regular. They are very nice clothes and do not appear to attract undue attention, the only annoyance being a personal one to myself, as I am continually thinking that I have tucked the "skirts" of them into the tops of my shoes. But I haven't. That is the way that they "hang," the man said, which was the proper expression. However, they are great things to smuggle silks in. I think I could get a bale or cotton across the frontier with them. The pucker at the ankles would prevent it from slipping out.

A Few Minor Differences.

And women's costumes? Well, you get the most picturesque costumes of the women, in photographs, which you can purchase in the United States. Once in a two-days' walk about the streets of a city some one will cry, "Oh, look at that headress!" And sure enough a woman, a peasant, or surmised, in a peculiar headress and a gown not unlike the next one you will meet on your way downtown. Save for the funny little green aprons so many of the boys and girls wear, a troop of children pouring out of school, might be streaming—and screaming—in just the same way, out of a public school in Peoria or Pasadena, and there is one other very general distinction; the boys and girls alike in Germany and Switzerland at least carry their books and traps in little knapsacks, just like a soldier's, which they wear in the same way. Their arms are free; the knapsack gives them an erect carriage; it is the easiest way in the world to carry a burden, and the little fellows appear to be entirely unincumbered by it. I thought as I looked at them of our own little school people—romping home; their books carried in all conceivable varieties of awkwardness and inconvenience; slipping from beneath their arms, jolting out of the straps, covering the sidewalks with literary chaos, and I realized that we don't know it all in the U. S. A. yet by several volumes. I remember when I was a schoolboy—and that was nearly a century ago—there was a little German boy who came to school carrying his books and his luncheon box in just such a knapsack. And we young barbarians at play made life such a burden to the boy that in a week or two he abandoned his convenient knapsack, and scattered his books like the rest of us. We are the people, you know, who find fault with the Chinese because they are not progressive. We do. That's U. S.—U. S.

Another thing I have been pleased with in this dead-alive old land of effete Europe—they haven't nearly so many miles of trolley lines as we have. Not by an equator or two. But, having an electric car, fitted up with electrical contrivances, when they want to stop the electric car they don't leap to their feet and, making a grab at a leather strap, reach the wrong end and ring up half a dozen fares on an underpaid conductor before he can yell at them. They simply touch the electric button nearest them, and the conductor does the rest. Yes, I know, that device has been in use in the United States for several years—on very few lines. In your town, good reader, you are still using—or rather misusing—the strap. And just one thing more. On the dining-cars in Switzerland, the best, neatest, cleanest—but that is no praise; everything and everybody is clean in Switzerland, including the government—we have found in all Europe—the coffee cups are made egg-shaped, closing a little at the top. When you remember how many times, on the best dining-cars in the world, bar none, those of America, you have helplessly watched the rocking car, making its forty-five or fifty miles an hour, spill your coffee from the cup into the saucer and from the saucer into your lap, you will at once guess why the Swiss coffee cup for dining-car service is made in this shape. Oh, for people who haven't had the advantages of living in a land of hustlers, these people do very well in some respects.

To Resume.

Oh, about the home-loving character of the Swiss? Yes, I remember starting out with some such general proposition, but somehow or other I lost my count. If the summer lasts much longer—and it doesn't begin to show signs of saying good-by to beautiful Lucerne yet—we may stay in Switzerland all winter, and I'll have plenty of time to talk about that when the swallows homeward fly.

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VREELAND'S DRAAMTIC LIFE.

THE CONDUCTOR THAT WHITNEY PICKED TO BE PRESIDENT OF HIS STREET RAILWAYS.

[George L. Fielder in Ainslee's:] The career of H. H. Vreeland is as dramatic as a play. He began as a section man on the Long Island Railroad, became a brakeman and then got employment on what is now known as the Putnam road. One day William C. Whitney was making a tour of inspection on this railroad with other directors. He began to question the officials of the company on details of the road's business. To almost every question, they replied lamely: "Guess you'd better ask Vreeland about that."

"Who is Vreeland?" said Whitney.

"He's the conductor."

Vreeland was sent for, and Whitney found him a tall, raw-boned man with a square jaw, and fine, regular white teeth, which showed continually while he answered a rapid fire of questions.

Whitney hadn't talked with him fifteen minutes when he had him marked. Some time later, Vreeland received a telegram from Whitney, asking him to be at the office of the Broadway and Seventh-avenue Railroad that day at 5 o'clock. There was no train on the schedule which would get him into New York in time to make the appointment. But by this time he was assistant general manager, and had pull enough to order a special train. He reached the office on time. He had been waiting for quite a while when a clerk came up to him and asked, "Are you Mr. Vreeland?"

"That's my name," said Vreeland.

"Well, Mr. Whitney is waiting for you inside."

Vreeland was taken in and introduced to the board of directors of the West Houston Street and Pavana Ferry Railway, who had just elected him president, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Crimmins. The street lines included in this road were all badly-equipped and poorly handled. It was a question of reconstruction that just appealed to Vreeland, because it was difficult. He grasped the situation at once and within a few months had the property moving in the right direction. In speaking to one of his associates at this time, he said: "I'd rather do this than make money." But the making of money was not far off.

Today Vreeland is president of the Metropolitan Street Railway and is considered the highest authority on surface traction in this country.

WHAT IS LLOYD'S?

GREATEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. YOU CAN BE INSURED AGAINST TWINS.

[S. A. Wood in Ainslee's:] Most of the members of Lloyd's carry on business as brokers or underwriters on their own responsibility. As a corporation, Lloyd's assumes no financial liability for the failure of any of its members or subscribers. But it admits to membership only men of reputation and means, who must deposit a pecuniary guarantee in order to become an underwriting and non-underwriting member, an annual subscriber, or an associate. An underwriting member must deposit with the committee of Lloyd's £5000 or £6000, on which he receives interest and which may be returned to him three years after he ceases to be an underwriting member. He pays an entrance fee of £4000 and an annual subscription of 20 guineas. An annual subscriber pays no entrance fee, but an annual subscription of 7 guineas; an associate member pays 5 guineas.

There were in 1771 only seventy-nine subscribers to Lloyd's. There are now nearly one thousand. The subscribers in the old time, as now, did not confine themselves to marine insurance. They were willing to take a risk on anything. There is still preserved at Lloyd's a policy on the life of Napoleon Bonaparte for one month at a premium of 3 guineas per cent. Bank deposits are insured in Lloyd's; also, race horses, and the lives of threatened monarchs. An odd case was the covering of a risk on a glass bed packed in twenty cases for a certain Sultan. Lloyd's insured the Prince of Wales jubilee stamps, guaranteeing that the issue would be successful. The voice of a prima donna has been insured. A tradesman in a London street, who has an impression that a monument may fall on his shop, has taken out a policy at the nominal premium of two shillings and six pence per cent. Gate money for cricket and football matches; animals of all sorts ashore and afloat are subjects for insurance; policies against twins is a favorite form of insurance. A well-known underwriter is said to be always ready to lay a thousand to one against twins. Lloyd's issues insurance against burglary. Elephants are insured regularly. The life of the great Jumbo, who came to New York on a Monarch line steamship, was insured in Lloyd's for the voyage to New York. He was not insured when the life was knocked out of him by a locomotive on an American railroad, whose tracks he was crossing. A celebrated singer recently took out an insurance in Lloyd's on the life of Queen Victoria. She paid a big premium on account of the age of the Queen. The reason the singer did this was not because she cared anything more than most folks for the Queen, but because her contract to sing would have been abrogated by the Queen's death, which would have plunged England into mourning and prevented the singer's appearance in opera.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Young Alfred Vanderbilt is said to have attended the New York horse show in a shabby costume. Alf should not, however, lose hope. Possibly they will raise his salary as a railroad clerk at the first of the year, and then he may be able to wear better clothes.

acknowledged that a true holiday season can be made out of a book which has the right kind of a story for the festival is an evergreen and sunshine at the door. To be hoped some of these stone-cold poverty stricken, the coming of a new prince to the ashen heart, gifts are made to live new many doors and windows and most beautiful one of spontaneous charity which

mitating the subject of immortality. Sir Wilfrid Laurier receives the Governor of New York, the State of New York, larger than that of the United States, the rest head of the Treasury of \$50,000, the same of the United States.

ed out the national legislature way than to place the sure foundation. has been raising corn on is not known to own a in China it may not be for all the leaders in piece.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Cur of Russia has all fitted with nothing short of medicine will cure him. small boy from whom it will learn with much papers are becoming very

The United States who China, but it may be in Turkey and

Russia has refused to leave schools, owing to the were at all quick at report that meet in connection

At the solicitation of an ordered the release of Arvica. At latest not released the amount the Sam has patiently been

A prospector out West inevitable deposits of reservation. Perhaps all pavement on which the reservation; but it is the way so smooth for the

The Russian government of specially-charged Railway in order to y. A ticket from Russia and from Tobolsk to any is only 9 shillings. six thousand miles for

OLD YEAR.

was fair and bright, hanging capital clear, the golden light, ect atmosphere—

the flowers that bloom, branches fair, where soft winds sweep, sitting everywhere.

out no here; happy child, and, the passing year, nity is beguiled.

crowns of flowers, steps are as light in summer hours, is not less bright.

open the hills, and grassy fields, down below hills, New Year be yields.

ELIZA A.

THURSDAY.

en, started Bethlehem, the Convention gave new through history, have seen the mystery, and eyes and gladness!

en, Queen Bethlehem; top and gladness, it is a star; as white as lilies are; crown's regium, Bethlehem.

Stuart, in Harper's

Center.

every flour store has many sacks, and sometimes a dozen or more bullocks.

MIL.

our mills of China are at Yang-tse Kiang, about two hundred miles from Shanghai. It has been put up with the finest of the latest improvements, and I am told, as good as any in the world. It has cost \$1,000,000, and is operated by Chinese. The Chinese States, carrying two or three times as much wheat as we do, with them to see whether they could not do better. It is small that no test could be made to the success of the undertaking.

baskets of the Chinese extend north of the Yang-tse.

belongs to a clan or family. It has its head men, who act as their governors, and who are well posted on all matters connected with their localities. I talked with many of these old men. They told me that it took all the wheat they could raise to feed the local population. They could not give me any encouragement as to export. You see, I was looking up freight for a possible railroad. I asked them what they did when they had a b' crop. They answered that they stored it in public granaries against the famine.

How the Chinese Cultivate Wheat.

During a houseboat trip up the Yang-tse Valley I passed through a wheat region, not so large as that of the great wheat belt, but big enough to show me something of Chinese wheat culture. The wheat is in small patches. It is cultivated in a way that would surprise our bonanza farmers. The grain is first sown in seed bed and the stalks transplanted, plant by plant, like rice. The stalks are set out in rows about six inches apart, in little bunches of five or six stalks. The crop is kept free from weeds. It is watered and sprinkled with liquid manure.

In the larger wheat regions which Capt. Rich saw the wheat is sown with rude drills, which drop three rows at a time. The crop is hoed and scientifically cultivated, although the plowing is very shallow.

Wheat Cakes in Hills.

Several hundred miles above here in the Yang-tse Valley the farmers plant their wheat in hills. They hoe it regularly and weed it. They cut it with a sickle, and it is cut on a thrashing floor.

They have a curious way of manuring the wheat. They do not use cow or buffalo manure. Little girls run through the fields and along the roads and gather up the droppings of cows or buffaloes. They bring it home and there mold it into balls, which they throw against the walls of the house. As the balls strike they break into great splashes about the thickness of a cake and stick to the wall. When dry they are broken off and piled up. As the time for planting approaches these manure cakes are arranged in layers between the wheat. Over the whole straw is spread and the pile is set fire to. The cakes smolder as the straw is burned, and the smoke is so filtered through the dirt that it is the most of the fertilizing ashes in it. At the same time the dirt and the wheat are mixed and dropped by hand in the hills. The mixture is such that a hill is just fit for one hill.

Wheat for American Corn.

One should profit by the approaching famine to the American corn. The beggars will be legion, and the food thus introduced. Sooner or later China will be the greatest corn market. When the Nicaragua Canal is completed the chief fleet of the Pacific will be in the Indian Ocean. Hundreds of steamers will then carry Indian corn from the Mississippi Valley to the countless millions on the opposite side of the Pacific. Asia has more than a billion people who want the cheapest food that can be had.

There is no cereal that has as much nutriment as corn. It is better and cheaper than wheat, rice, or any other. We can raise enough to supply the world. Our corn crop is the biggest crop. We raise about two billion bushels every year, and even as things now are this has a demand double that of the wheat crop. With the demand from Asia it will be worth much more. The area can be so increased that we can feed the world. At present about three-fourths of our corn is consumed in the United States, while about half our wheat is consumed. In the future there will be as great a demand for corn as for wheat.

Wheat an Opening Wedge.

The coming famine should be the opening wedge. There is a great demand for cheap breadstuffs, and if corn can be sent out at a low price it can be sold. A large amount could be given away at a profit. The cooks here are organized into a trades union or guild, which stretches across the empire. If a few of these cooks were to prepare the product for the public restaurant, the food might soon become popular. It could be sent out through the famine kitchens and charitable organizations, which at such times are often established by the government, and in this way might get a foothold which would be permanent.

Our people have not appreciated this market. The Chinese have tried to get corn and failed. It was last year that one of them, according to John H. United States Consul at Chefoo, sent an order to the United States for 60,000 bushels of our corn. He offered to pay \$75,000 in gold for it provided it was delivered within ten weeks, but notwithstanding this, Consul H. could not find an American who would take the order. He cabled the offer to the State Department at Washington, but got no reply. Either the State Department could not find an American who cared to sell 60,000 bushels of corn at \$1.25 a bushel, or, what is more likely, it did not think the matter worth notice. In closing his letter to the department, Consul Fowler said:

Consul Fowler says that the people of Shantung know the value of corn. They raise a great deal, but there was a shortage of crops last year, and the present crop is short. They shelled corn in 1899 was one-third rubbish, and this year was bringing enough to lead to this offer of \$1.25 a bushel for 1500 tons of an article the merchants had not seen before. Two other large orders were received at the same time, and that part of China was apparently ready for corn. The State Department and the Agricultural Department should certainly look into the present situation, and our American shippers may be able to work it to their profit.

The matter is not a small one. If the foreign demand

for corn should be so great as to raise the price 5 cents per bushel it would increase the annual value of the corn crop of the United States by the enormous amount of \$100,000,000.

Ate a Poisoned Dog.

An attempt was made a few years ago to introduce our corn in Europe. It failed largely through the prejudices of the Germans and others against a change of diet. There will be no such prejudice in China. The Chinese poor will eat anything that will sustain life. I have seen cats offered for sale, and I have myself bought dried rats.

A missionary told me last night how one of his servants made a feast upon a poisoned dog. The dog belonged to the missionary. One day it was bitten by a mad dog and began to act strangely. The mad dog was killed by the police and the missionary's doctor advised him strongly to kill his pup for fear he might bite his children. The doctor furnished some prussic acid. The missionary took this and had his servant catch the dog, saying that he wanted to give him some medicine. As the servant held the dog's mouth open the acid was dropped in. The dog staggered across the room and died at once.

"That is powerful medicine," said the coolie. "Yes," replied the missionary, "it is poison, and I don't want anyone to eat the dog. I want you to take it out into the middle of the river, tie a stone to it, and throw it overboard."

Several days having passed, the missionary asked the coolie what he had done with the dog. He replied: "Oh, master, I thought it would be a pity to drown so much good meat, so I took puppy home and ate him. He was fat and juicy, and we made quite a feast. I knew it would not hurt us, and it did not."

Queer Food for Humans.

The poorer classes of the Chinese eat every part of an animal and all kinds of animals. In North China horse meat, mule meat and donkey meat are everywhere sold. There are butcher shops in Peking where you can buy camel steaks.

The age of an animal or the manner of its death makes no difference as to the sale. Such beasts as die of old age and disease are marketable, and cattle taken off with pleuro-pneumonia are not allowed to go to waste. Dead dogs and cats are eaten as well as dead fowls.

I had a gastronomic discussion the other night with Dr. Hykes, the head of the American Bible Society, during which he described a trip he made some years ago through the Yang-tse Valley. There had been great floods, and nearly all the food had been swept away. He was trying to live off the country, and the only thing he could get was some poor rice. He lived upon this for weeks, when his stomach turned and would stand it no longer. They were in the neighborhood of a temple presided over by Buddhist priests, who were noted for their love of good living, and Dr. Hykes decided to go there and see if he could not get something to eat. Said he:

"I called at the temple and saw a priest whom I knew was a gourmand. I told him to get me a square meal and I would pay the bill, no matter what the cost. He said, 'All right,' and went away. That night we sat down to a fine dinner. There was a bowl of beef, white rice and several other things. The meat tasted delicious. I ate heartily of it, but was rather surprised to see the priest, who was with me at the table, leave it untasted. Thereupon I asked him why he did so. He replied:

"Oh, I don't care much for meat, and besides I bought it for you and prefer that you should eat it all." The result was that I cleaned the platter.

"As we were about getting up from the table I thanked the priest for the dinner, but twitted him on the fact that he, who was a devout Buddhist, must have broken the rules of his religion in taking the life of the cow from which my delicious meat came."

"Ah," said he, "you do not understand. I furnished you meat, but still I did not sin. The animal from which that meat came was not killed by me or for you. It was not a cow at all. It was merely a steak off an old water buffalo which died down the road the other day." Concluded Dr. Hykes: "I was disgusted. I gagged, but the buffalo was so far down that I could not get it up."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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PRESS ONWARD.

Press onward, brave heart, though the way may be weary,
Though rugged the path and the days and nights dreary;
Breathe a song on the air
Full of courage and prayer;
Take heart, and go singing and never despair;
Above the dark clouds is a lining of blue,
Where briars are thickest there are roses for you.

Press onward, brave heart, and the way will grow brighter,
Rough roads will be smoother and burdens grow lighter.
Though the way may be long,
Cheer it up with a song;
Set the glad echoes ringing—your music prolong.
Green meadows, besprinkled with heaven's fresh dew,
And fields of sweet flowers are waiting for you.

Press onward, brave heart, there are those far from strong,
Whose courage may rise at the notes of your song;
Beside the weak stand
With a kind, helping hand,
As you journey along through this uncertain land;
Put your arms round about them when dangers ensue—
"As ye do unto them shall be done unto you."

Press onward, brave heart, to the home over yonder,
Where loved ones are waiting whose love will grow fonder;
Where there is no night,
For He is the light,
Where wrong cannot enter, for all must be right;
Where treasures unbounded are waiting for you,
And life everlasting with those pure and true.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

UGLY MEN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S PROOF THAT WOMEN ARE INDIFFERENT TO GOOD LOOKS.

By a special Contributor.

Little Queen Wilhelmina's selection of a husband has created no small amount of astonishment in the European courts, for on the least of all her suitors, in a worldly sense, her choice has fallen. Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has up to this time played the part of a very small potato for a more or less royal personage. He is the youngest son in a family of many boys; he is the least handsome of the brothers; he has never distinguished himself in court, or camp, or grove in all his 24 years, and yet it is no secret that since Wilhelmina, the proud and independent, first saw him at Potsdam, nearly two years ago, she has had his image graven on her loyal and royal little Dutch heart.

At Potsdam, Duke Heinrich, who was not heir to even pretty good expectations, appeared as a mere incidental. He was not supposed to aspire to the hand of the Queen, he even paid her no more than the perfunctory courtesies due a young lady and a sovereign, and his far handsomer, far cleverer and far more interesting elder brother, Duke Adolph, heir to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin duchy, was flatteringly regarded as standing high in the young Queen's graces.

As a matter of fact, nobody paid very much attention to the clean-shaven, stout young Duke, but Wilhelmina fell in love with him, and he did not know it. Nevertheless, he had made his impression, and when the Queen went to see her cousin Pauline of Wurtemberg's baby baptized last spring she wrote Princess Pauline the state of her heart, and her cousin promised to see that the Duke duly received a hint.

Gossips whisper that the Duke was taken by surprise, and yet it was not the first time, in spite of being a good deal of a detrimental, that he has been admired by royal ladies. Everybody knows that when pretty Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden, it was because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout blonde young dukeling whom Wilhelmina has selected; and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh has loved the young Duke in vain. In short, Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a good deal of a lady killer, and he knows it. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person, distinctly poverty stricken, he has a fascination for womankind. The sort of fascination that there is no use trying to explain, because it is not perceptible to any but the persons fascinated, and they are always plainly beyond the reach of reason, though they are often just as sensible, matter-of-fact and unromantic individuals as Queen Wilhelmina.

Lots of men have exercised this power before, and Duke Heinrich is no exception to the rule that Providence often sees fit to bestow this peculiar and potent quality on curiously-unhandsome individuals. Since he was first about the well-conducted courts of tiny Mecklenburg-Schwerin and pompous Prussia he has had not the least difficulty in winning feminine friends. The German Empress has treated him as though he were a nice young brother, the ladies in waiting yield a smile and a sigh as he prances by in his white uniform, and yet he is not overfond of feminine society.

He has accepted his betrothal to the sweetest little girl Queen in the world very calmly, while the Queen herself is madly happy, and the other young princelings and dukelings, who were on the matrimonial string, wonder how the heavy-faced, easy-going, unambitious Heinrich carried off the prize, without dancing any attendance, without condescending to flatter and call upon and placate the capricious lady and the critical Dutch people. One thing is certain, and this in a way adds to the glory of Heinrich's conquest, that if the loyal Dutch had objected to this choice of the Queen, she would have married him anyway. She said as much when some doubts were expressed as to how he would please the nation.

All this goes to prove that the future King Consort of Holland is one of those men whose charm is with women unquestioned, and even a Queen would make large sacrifices for him. One of the men who possessed this faculty to a most surprising degree was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affections of Marie Louise, the infamous and all-powerful Neipperg. He was an ugly creature, with small abilities and yet smaller fortune, and he had broken many hearts about the Austrian court before Marie Louise saw and fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French Emperor to become the wife of an Austrian Count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the women who ran after the ugly spendthrift, Wilkes, and the mad Duc de Richelieu.

Wilkes was famous in his day all over England, not only as Lord Mayor and Chamberlain and a very loud-talking patriot, but as the ugliest man of his time and the most admired by the women. He flouted and ill-treated all of them, with the exception of his daughter, but it had not the desired effect of cooling their affections. As to the Duc de Richelieu, though men could not tolerate him, when he was shut up in the Bastille crowds of women, old and young and rich and poor, used to collect every day, at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets, and adore him from a distance, and deplore the incarceration of so charming a person.

Theodore Hook was another ugly man who was irresistible to the softer sex; for it is proven clearly that when a man is agreeable to women they care not in the least what his personal appearance may be. Liszt proved this; when an old man with a hard, ugly face, women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands and played and sentimentalized over him, as though he were Adonis's self. Dozens of schoolgirls and countesses who worshiped at his shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor understood a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality, which no woman, so far as we know, was ever able or willing to withstand.

FANNY ENDERS.

million of this region will be plain from north to south. It is almost all wheat, and a great part of it is so rich that in cultivation it is almost a miracle. day with Capt. W. W. the head of the Chinese traveled over most of the land reporting on mines and from Minneapolis, and on it. Said he: the great Chinese plains of the Bohetas. There are no fences and no small wheat! Here and there the tree champs marks a few houses up to the villages and go out from the owned in small patches. populated? "Much more thickly crowded at the number families are large, and one house. Nearly every

THE CHINESE ARMY.

ESTIMATE OF ITS ABILITIES BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN UNDER ITS FIRE.

By Oscar King Davis.

PROBABLY most of the army officers who went to China last summer had forgotten the declaration of Lord Wolseley that the great danger in Europe lay in the fighting force of the Chinese. Perhaps they had never heard of it. Surely it was the belief of the average fighting man of the other races that the men with the long queues and flapping, baggy clothes would not and could not stand long before his own superior military skill and prowess. The ease with which half a dozen tin-clad little gunboats took the great Taku forts served those who held this opinion as corroboratory evidence. But after a few days of the fighting about Tien-Tsin they began to remember the man who wrote "The Yellow Peril," and to talk of the task it would be to overcome the Chinese and the danger to the world of permitting them to organize and drill an army of any considerable size. For John Chinaman at Tien-Tsin developed qualities as a fighting man that astonished his enemies. First of all, he was equipped properly. Next, he knew how to use his equipment. Then he attacked, an element theretofore unknown in Chinese tactics.

Learned Something in War With Japan.

It was in the war with Japan that the Chinese learned that sawdust was not good for much when used as gunpowder. After that exposition of official rascality, the European drill masters of the Chinese armies insisted on having a hand in the purchase of supplies. The result was that the Chinese at Tien-Tsin were supplied with plenty of Krupp guns and were armed with Mannlicher rifles, with apparently limitless quantities of smokeless ammunition of the very best grade. It is not too much to say that not one of the forces sent against the Chinese was as well equipped for the offensive as the enemy. All told, more than a hundred guns of various sizes, ages and makes were taken by the allies, and around Tien-Tsin. Very many of these were Krupp 3.2-inch rifles, nearly new. This is an admirable field gun, better than anything any of the allies had until the arrival of light Battery F of the Fifth United States Artillery, with its six rifles of the same size. The British, of course, had their naval guns, 6 and 12-pounders, from the big cruiser Terrible, and some 4 and 4.7-inch rifles from the gunboats Algerine and Phoenix. But these are not field guns.

One day early in July the Chinese planted a new battery to the west of Tien-Tsin. They opened on the settlements with it soon after 11 o'clock on a beautiful, clear, sunlit morning. A dozen or more men were on the tower of the German Club, one of the tallest buildings in the British concession, and several British officers were on the tower of Gordon Hall, their signal headquarters. All had good glasses and all were doing their best to pick up the new battery. The direction of the shells and the reports of the guns were their only guides, for the ammunition of the Chinese was of so good a quality that at the distance there was not the slightest trace of smoke discernible by the strongest binoculars. It was more than half an hour before the location of the battery was ascertained. It happened that one of the watchers was looking at the exact spot when one of the guns was fired, and he saw the flash. That was enough. In the course of the next few minutes all four of the guns were located and the officers on Gordon Hall were signaling to the 12-pounders where to fire to engage the battery.

Their Superior Ammunition.

The powder used in the cartridges of the Mannlicher rifles was entirely smokeless. Rapidity of fire apparently made no difference with it. A single shot from one of the Krag-Jorgensen rifles of our soldiers leaves very little trace, but when the whole line is firing at will there is a thin gray haze above the men which it is not so extremely difficult to place. It was not so with the modern guns of the Chinese. On the north bank of the Pei River, just across from the French concession at Tien-Tsin, there were scores of huge long piles of salt, stored there by the salt commissioner for the government, which maintains a monopoly of that industry. These piles were covered with thick, stout mats to shed the rains. The Chinese used to crawl under these mats under cover of the night and "snipe" into the settlements all day. It was only occasionally, and then under the utmost difficulty, that any of them were caught, because the excellence of their ammunition left no clue by which they could be located.

But Lord Wolseley and the "Yellow Peril" man were not entirely right. The Chinese is not a natural fighting man, as many of his antagonists were. It takes time and patience and a lot of hard drilling to make him a good soldier, or to get something of the art and science of war hammered into the heads of his officers. They have made a beginning toward being a yellow peril. Perhaps in another fifteen or twenty years they might have gone far toward the accomplishment of their dearest dream—the expulsion of all foreigners from their territory. But in 1900 they are far from the mark. They had bought enough modern rifles and guns to equip a huge army, but there were hundreds of them who still clung to the old-fashioned higgly-piggly mess of shooting irons that the war with Japan should have shown them to be almost utterly useless. They had old smooth-bore muskets that looked as if they had been made when we were fighting England about the impressment of our seamen. There were carbines almost, if not quite, as old as the hills; such long muzzle-loading rifles as Daniel Boone used in his fight for Kentucky, and hundreds of gingals, a gun of apparently pure Chinese invention. This weapon is eight feet long or more, and shoots a ball about an inch in diameter. Most of the gingals are muzzle-loaders, but at Tien-Tsin there were a good many new breech-loaders, with a breech lock

that combined the principles of the Mauser rifle and the rapid-fire guns in service in our navy. In the fighting before Tien-Tsin our men were always talking about the great number of 1-pounders that the Chinese had, but after the city was taken, it turned out that they were all gingals.

When the new equipment was first purchased, the rifles were issued only to men in the regular army of one or other of the provinces, who were under foreign instruction. Some time before the fall of Tien-Tsin, however, these fine weapons were served out to the Boxers in great numbers. In the first part of the fight when Tien-Tsin was taken, these rifles played an important part, but the event showed that the well-drilled men were the first to run away, for the last of the defense was made with the old guns and black powder.

Handled Their Guns Well.

Two things seemed especially to surprise the soldiers of the allies; the Chinese stood their ground a long time, and they handled their guns remarkably well. Their artillery practice was amazingly good. In the attack on Tien-Tsin the idea was largely prevalent among the American soldiers that all they had to do was to go at the Chinese with the old yell and in the same dash that had sent the Filipinos running so often, and it would all be over. It was the common belief that the Chinese would fire high and wild and no great damage would be done. It was the plan to have the flags of the allies hoisted over the city gates at 11 o'clock in the morning. But the Chinese stuck to their work and shot low, with the result that all that day they repulsed the attack. In the night, however, their courage oozed out and they quit.

Their work with the big guns was quite as good, in the judgment of many experts, as that of the allies. They gave one exhibition of accuracy with the 3.2 rifle on the morning of July 9 that was astonishing. After the taking of the west arsenal that morning, Admiral Seymour of the British navy, and Gen. Fukushima, the Japanese commander-in-chief, stood talking together on top of the brick arch over the road that leads through the mud wall to the city. With them were about twenty staff officers and newspaper men. From the pagoda that the Chinese used as a watch tower they were easily visible. To the north of the city, a mile and a half away, the Chinese had a battery of 3.2 guns in a fort. They opened fire on the little group on top of the arch. The first shell was a line shot, but about seventy-five yards short. The next was almost a line shot, but just above the arch. At that Seymour turned to Fukushima and said:

"They're shooting at us. We had better get down."

He gave his hand to the little Japanese general and started to help him down. Just as he did so the third shell exploded squarely on top of the arch, and a piece of it hit Lieut. Fair, the admiral's flag secretary, in the right arm. That set the crowd scrambling down without waiting for further ceremony. Just as they all got down the fourth shell burst on top of the arch. That was the last. The Chinese saw that their target had escaped and ceased firing.

The Boxers Aggressive.

It was probably the Boxer who introduced the element of attack into Chinese tactics. Up to this time it was said of the Chinese, as it was of the Spaniards, "they never attack." The Boxers changed all that. They did not hesitate to go up to the very muzzles of the guns; that is, they did not at first. As long as they held to their idea of invulnerability they were the bravest of the brave, and astonishingly reckless. In some of the fights of the Seymour expedition for the relief of Peking, they actually ran onto the bayonets of the foreigners. At Tien-Tsin they attacked repeatedly and with determination. On the night of July 11 a force, estimated at at least 2000, charged the railroad station desperately and was not beaten off until the Japanese made a brilliant counter-charge.

At Peking there was not so much improvement in the work of the Chinese. This is explained by the fact that the drilled armies were at Tien-Tsin. Besides there was such a confusion of authority at Peking that no persistent, determined effort could be made. After the relief of the city we found two big warehouses stored with new modern rifles and guns and great quantities of ammunition. The whole episode has demonstrated what has been said before, that the Chinese can be made a first-rate soldier, but he needs a lot of training of the most patient sort, and he must have good officers.

WHO GO MAD.

OCCUPATIONS THAT GIVE THE GREATEST PROPORTION OF LUNATICS.

[London Express:] There are many novels published with the intention of entertaining which are much less interesting even to the average reader than the fifty-fourth annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, issued yesterday.

It has been said that increased civilization (education) has brought in its train increased insanity, and thus verified nature's inevitable law of "no gain without loss." This has been controverted, but, as the discussion of it would lead, for all practical purposes, nowhere, let us be guided by hard facts, balanced on figures.

On the first day of this year there were 106,611 persons officially numbered as lunatics in England and Wales, being an increase of 1535 on the number recorded twelve months earlier, and 1589 less than the increase in 1898, and yet again the lowest increase in ten years.

Unassisted education is doubtless responsible for increased insanity, just as overeating or indiscreet eating is responsible for indigestion, but, as the latter excess is guarded against by education, there is every reason to expect that the same enlightenment will remedy defects in its own assimilation.

To every man in every walk of life few things have more interest than the number of millionaires, early deaths, or living deaths—meaning lunacy—among his peers.

In these detailed particulars alone pages 124 to 129 of the report are in themselves an absorbing study. They

give the yearly average of lunatics admitted to asylums during a period of five years ending December 1898, from the various professions and occupations.

The ratios are given on the basis of 10,000 persons of the particular occupation, and it must certainly come as a surprise to most students of lunacy to find that the least average is held by both males and females under the heading of "hucksters, costermongers, hawkers and peddlers," essentially out-of-door, in fresh-air occupations, with much variety and change of interest. Yet more than 62.7 per 10,000 of these thus engaged have been "mad" yearly for five years.

The next highest mental mortality is chronicled under "sawyers, thatchers, lath, fence and hurdle makers, turners and workers, box (wooden) and packing makers, coopers, hoopmakers and benders," the figures being 50.7, the males totaling 10.6 and the women 9.1. Certainly the women must have been partially insane before they took up such an unsuitable occupation. It is not the same palliating excuse in connection with hotel servants, cooks (not domestic), valets and charwomen, who number 47.3, and women in general engaged in household and domestic duties, whether wives of publicans, farmers, tradesmen, etc., whose average is 34.97 persons yearly. The necessity of domestic duties is not altogether conducive to mental equilibrium.

Having done with record breakers, it is refreshing to find on turning to "professions" that the brain manages to "keep their heads" so well. The greatest liques in this division are "actors, conjurers, jugglers and others engaged in theaters," etc., 27.3 in 10,000 of whom have regularly gone mad every year since 1894. There is no fitting observation handy that may be made on this, though a lengthy train of original thought may be started by it.

Musicians, etc., easily come second, with 23.3, the same repetition by themselves and their pupils of scales, the five-finger exercise, etc., being doubtless a serious contributor to the upsetting of the balance.

It is certainly extraordinary, if alanders be believed, that civil servants (excluding telegraph and telephone services) should come third, with 18.2, but as the Colonial staffs are included as well as the War Office, perhaps there is less reason for wonderment than a conclusion might sum up.

It is singular to learn that there are more madmen of the Established Church than of the Roman Catholics, missionaries, etc., the figures being 8.5, and it is pleasing to know that of authors, journalists, reporters, etc., only twenty-three have gone mad yearly and six females. Of all army officers the annual average, but of the Tommies it is a midable figure of 215, forming front, right-about, and standing at ease being conducive, when carried to extremes, to monomania and dazedness.

In commercial circles the soft-goods line generally appear to be the most conducive to soft heads, the being 40 per 10,000 annually.

Of "merchants, bankers and shipowners," the average is nineteen persons; of "wine and spirit merchants and agents," six, and of brokers in variable lines of men, including the Stock Exchange, seventy.

Dealing with subordinates, it is shown that "insurance and other commercial clerks" contributed 30.7 to lunacy annually, the general clerical railway service commercial travelers (who may be excused) 69, the drapery business 128 (21.3 per 10,000), butchers and animal produce tradesmen 229 persons, and the softening of the "cool tobacco cloud" prevented many twenty-four tobaccoists and snuff workers needing admission annually.

LILIAN BELL IN A SALT MINE

SHE DESCRIBES THE "SWIFT DESCENT" INTO THE POLISHED POLE INTO THE EARTH.

Lilian Bell's article in the December Woman's Companion tells of Salzburg and of a visit to a salt mine. How the descent into the salt mine was made is as follows:

"Our costume consisted of white duck trousers, but still damp from recent washing, a thick leaden short duck blouse something like those worn by miners and a cap. The trousers, being all the same size, came to Bee's ankles, were knickerbockers for me and tight for Mrs. Jimmie.

"One rather incomprehensible thing struck us as we left the attiring-room. This was the use of the apron. The attendant switched it around in the tied it firmly in place, and when we descended to the reason, she said, in German, 'It is for the descent.'

"Jimmie was similarly arrayed when he met me at the door, but he seemed to know as more about it than I did. At the mouth of the salt mine were two men, conductors, who took us along a dark passage, where the lights furnished were those from the covered fastened to our belts, something on the order of the lamp. . . . Presently we came to the mouth of a thing that evidently led down somewhere. Blidly following our guide, who sat astride of a pole, Jimmie and myself went down, astride of the guide's back. Jimmie, after having absolutely refused, was finally persuaded to place herself behind Jimmie, then came and last of all myself.

"Our German is not fluent, nevertheless we asked questions of the guide, whose only instructions were to hold on tight. He then asked us if we were ready.

"Ready for what?" he answered.

"For the swift descent," he answered.

"The descent into what?" said Jimmie.

"But at that, and as disdaining our ignorance, he began to shoot downward with fearful rapidity nothing at all. All at once the high polish on the aprons was explained to me. We were not on any gan; we formed one ourselves.

"When we arrived they said we had descended feet."

INCIDENTS OF TYPES AND PICTURES CONTEST IN SOUTH

BY COL. ARTHUR L. L. Commander of the Second Irish Brigade in Collier's Weekly.

THE first combat at Klondike was a terrible engagement of the war, the truth which I had frequent opportunity to see, that although bravery was in every good commander, yet the qualifications it ought to occupy were not. Like Teufelsdröck's learning, it was of course; and that is my reference to it.

The Boers had been led to a very strong position, and all day long, shells were being shot against the position. The Boers had been led to a very strong position, and all day long, shells were being shot against the position. The Boers had been led to a very strong position, and all day long, shells were being shot against the position.

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A PRAYER OF FAITH.

A STORY OF TRAVEL ON THE GREAT
MOJAVE DESERT.

By a Special Contributor.

NOT a breath of air was stirring. Unless it was the occasional whirlwind that, starting suddenly in some mysterious manner, whirled aimlessly along at a height of 300 or 400 feet, sucking up the soft alkali dust and dry bits of sagebrush and cactus that grew dwarfed and yellow on the arid waste of the Mojave Desert. Twisting and bending as it whirled, the huge column frightened into activity the lonely sandhill crane, and the buzzards that hung on their pinions far aloft, too lazy to fly; and finally, with a collapse, settled slowly, a cloud of dust, miles from where it started.

And hail. Why the western sun seemed to burn in the cloudless sky like a vast furnace; and to beat down with seven times its usual force, the quivering waves of heat making the hazy atmosphere shimmer sultrily. And this, together with the broad mirage that bordered the horizon, made the long, snow-capped range of the Sierra Nevadas, that blended their soft hues with the azure of the sky far to the east and the green strip of cottonwood bordering the dry bed of the Mojave River to the south, appear palpitating uncertainly above the wavering line where, apparently, heaven and earth met.

Nothing seemed real, except the heat and the dust. Scarcely ever a drop of rain falls to dampen the soil, and so the heavy borax teams, grinding and churning the roads throughout the long years, made the dust something unbearable. It rose with the slightest breeze and drifted when the desert winds blew, until there was no perceptible difference between the trail and the dreary, interminable stretch of alkali, sagebrush and greasewood. The only landmarks were the bleaching skeletons of mules and cattle, and occasionally a tilted, half-rotten cross, supported by stones, beneath which lay the bones of some ill-fated fortune hunter of the early, bonanza days. When the air was calm, the dust hung like a cloud over the slow-moving teams; and but for the chiming of the bells on the leaders and the rattling of the trace chains, the swarthy "puncher" astride his wheeler would scarcely know a good part of the time where his mules were.

It ran in the ruts before his high wagon wheels like water; and like the dry powder which it was, it sifted through the canopy-top of a wabbly-wheeled, creaking prairie schooner, coming slowly along several miles behind the borax wagons, copiously sprinkling the tired occupants, who were uncomfortably stowed away in front of the bulky household effects.

There were only two persons, a man and a woman; not counting the baby tucked away in a nest of bedding behind the seat, nor the little, woolly, good-natured puppy that occupied the nest with the baby.

The wagon pulled heavily, and the little mule and the big, raw-boned horse attached labored wearily along with panting sides and heads hanging. The horse was plainly near the point of giving up. It took considerable effort to start him again into his unsteady walk after the frequent rests, and his whistle-tree scraped the wheel continually.

"I'm afraid old Tom's on his last legs," the man remarked, anxiously. "He surely can't go much farther." The woman was trying to still the baby that was crying peevishly, and made no reply.

"There is nothing we can possibly spare to throw out; and the next watering station must be at least fifteen miles farther; and I doubt very much if we can get a horse there. How I could pay for it, if we could get it, would be the next question. I paid out about the last cent I had for water at the last station."

"Come, old boy, you've rested long enough, now. Get along!" the man exclaimed. The little mule pushed forward readily, but the horse did not "get along." Unsteadily by the action of the mule, he half fell to the ground with a groan, stretching his head out on the hot sand.

The baby shrieked with delight that something out of the ordinary was happening, and the puppy barked excitedly, but the mother sat, pale and speechless at the misfortune so dreadful to them, expected though it was. The traces were quickly unhooked, and everything possible was done to help the animal; but his limbs soon began to stiffen and over its eyes a glassy film gathered. It was evident that the horse was dead.

"Nettie," said the man, cheerfully, after a period of painful silence, "we would be in a bad way if we were left to ourselves, but we are not. The Lord will deliver us out of this some way, if we but trust Him. He could put a horse right in the harness for us, or raise old Tom to life again; but it is not likely He will do either one, though He has some way of relief for us."

"It is our duty to help ourselves all we can; you know 'God helps those who help themselves!' And whatever we do must be done at once. The plan I have in mind is for me to ride the mule and overtake the borax teams and see if they won't help us out, now that our horse is dead."

"But Harry," interrupted his wife, "how would you have them help us now?"

"By letting us have a team. They surely could spare one team when they have twelve mules to each wagon."

"But I don't believe they will; it would not be like them to do it, and then what would you do?"

"Then the only thing I could do would be to go on till I got to the water station, and get help there."

"And leave me here alone with the baby, Harry?"

"Well, I'm sure you can't walk, and I don't think you could ride the mule. I am not sure that I can ride him myself. Some of these old bronco mules are pretty fractious when one comes to ride them."

His fears were well grounded, for, when the harness was off and he attempted to mount the beast that had been perfectly docile in the team and apparently half dead from thirst, it reared viciously and seemed uncer-

ingly averse to anything heavier than a harness upon its back. Finally, after backing the animal against the wagon, the man succeeded in mounting, but was promptly thrown into the sand; the mule, with head down, bringing its back to an apex from which one must slide one way or the other.

Despite the gravity of their situation, the woman was compelled to smile at the ludicrous scene before her, and as her husband grimly tied the snorting animal to the wagon, she remarked, "I guess you will have to stay with us."

"If I had a saddle I could ride him; but he is too slippery as he is. Nothing to hold on to."

After staring for a while at the dead animal, lying as it had fallen, in front of the wheel, the man climbed on the wagon, and, pulling his sombrero down to shade his eyes, gazed up and down the trail. But nothing was to be seen but the sand and the rocks, the cactus and yucca pointing high in air. All was dead and lifeless. Even the borax teams were now out of sight; and the sun, still high in the west, seemed hotter than ever.

"Well," he exclaimed, as he stepped down. "We are here to stay for a little while, I guess. We cannot walk to the station tonight; and to start out means to get lost or get bitten by rattlers, or possibly both. Nettie, we know that it was God's will for us to come across this desert. It seemed as though this was the only chance for me to get work. Now let us get down and ask God to prove true to His promise."

And so, in the meager shade of the old wagon was held a prayer meeting, probably the first open-air prayer meeting ever held on the Mojave Desert. There was no singing, no form or ceremony, no calling the meeting to order; the participants simply knelt in the dust and with hearts softened by their distress poured out their troubles to the One who "shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

They reminded Him how He had delivered them from their troubles in times past; how He had guided them in all things when they sought His direction; how this way that they had taken seemed to be the only course to take. And now calamity had overtaken them they looked to Him, an ever-present Help in time of need, to deliver.

There were tears in the eyes of both husband and wife when they arose; but their hearts were free from any burden of doubt, and in faith and confidence they looked, like Elijah, for the small cloud of promise. And, sure enough, far to the south was a small cloud—of dust.

Dust thought it was, glad hope took possession of them, for the black speck, rising and falling rhythmically, only discernible at times through the dust it created, they knew to be a horseman-riding rapidly toward them.

When the expected helper had approached near enough for them to see under the broad sombrero, an open-mouthed, freckle-faced boy of 15 met their greeting with an astonished "Hello!"

The long, fireless mustang he was riding sheered suspiciously away from the wagon, and it required much urging to get it near; but discovering, after many sniffs and snorts, that the wagon was perfectly harmless and ordinary, it at once, animal like, began to pick a quarrel with the mule, which was staring at the newcomer in wonder, with its long ears pointing forward.

"Horse die?" queried the lad, taking in the situation, and putting the usual useless question; a habit of older and wiser folk when they don't know just what to say.

"Yes, my boy, it did; and we are going to look to you to assist us, if you will. You have appeared right at the opportune moment."

"By hitchin' my horse on the wagon?"

"Yes. Don't you think your horse would pull all right with the mule?" the man inquired, anxiously.

"Course," the boy responded, as he jumped off his pony. "If the harness'll fit."

"We will have to make it fit, that's all; but I guess we won't have any trouble with it. How far do you think it is to the next station?"

"'Bout fifteen miles. I live there."

"Is that so? How did you happen out this way? You don't carry the mail, do you?"

"Naw, the gov'ment has a halfbreed that does that. I've been over to the borax works west o' here. Paw owns 'em."

"How'd you come to cross the Moharvy with this kind of an outfit?" the boy asked with country frankness as they tinkered at the harness.

"Well, I'll tell you, my boy. What is your name, may I ask?"

"Jack Brown," was the answer.

"Well, Jack, we had a lovely little home over in the hills near the Sierra Madre. A little vineyard and orchard, a field of splendid grain—for a dry year—almost ripe, and several nice horses. But when the mountains fire came through there in July they swept everything clean. The house and the grain, the orchard and vineyard, all the firewood I had chopped, were swept clean; and it run the stock off so I never found head nor tail of them again. And there we were, you see."

"Our experience made us feel pretty well broken up, you can imagine; and we thought we would rather go off somewhere else for a while and not come back until we had money enough to build the place up again. So I managed to get this 'outfit'—as you call it—together, and thinking I could get work in the mines at Randsburg or Ballarat, we started across the desert. I thought the old horse would stand it, but it was too much for him."

"There, that collar fits your horse all right, now for the harness."

"When we get work we will soon be comfortable again, though, and forget all our troubles making enough to start another home."

"That was pretty tough on you folks, sure," said Jack, sympathetically.

"Now, Jack, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Hanly." The boy tried hard to lift his hat by the brim, but it was too limp, so he gave it up as a bad job and simply ducked his head.

"And this is baby and puppy Hanly; they want their share of attention," said the woman, cheerfully, as Jack took his place on the seat.

"Now we are ready to go," said Mr. Hanly, handing the

reins to the lad. "You had better drive your horse; the mule will have to keep up with him."

The team pulled splendidly together, and the boy, lagging off to the east a short distance, came to a better and less dusty road, where their progress was much more rapid and comfortable. And when the sun went down with its rich, semi-tropical glory, they could see the long, white-roofed, white-washed adobe, with the shallow water-tanks near by, that comprised the station. And twilight they were pulling into the corral that surrounded the buildings.

It did not take Jack long to explain the situation to the Hanlys a sort of an introduction to his wife, who came forward to meet them.

"Pears like you 'uns are havin' a sure 'nuff hard time," he volunteered, after hearing his son's rather excited relation of their troubles. "Jes' you come this way to house, Jack he'll take care o' the team." And leading the way to the "doby," as he pronounced it, he gave Mr. Hanly over to the tender care of his wife, a woman with a complexion like Jack's and a heart as tender. And soon they were enjoying a hearty meal much appreciated after their stage of camping.

The puppy had won Jack's heart at sight, and he would do but it must be brought into the kitchen, and it immediately began negotiations toward its adoption with the kitten; and in the ecstasy of joy at its adoption, it raced up and down the long room with flapping. The toddling baby, having been released from the table, entered the races also, but came out ahead lap behind after each heat.

After supper, puppy, baby and all, were gathered on the pleasant front room, where conversation was on until the screech owl's chorus grew regular and monotonous; the sharp, yelping bark of the coyotes filling up chance intermissions.

No opportunity was given the Hanlys to talk of misfortune; any broaching of the subject being met with a "Low it'll be fixed up all right, somehow." He knew no plans for the morrow when they went to bed and to rest.

It was early when Hanly arose. The stars were blinking in the heavens, and the ashy gray of dawn began to take the place of the dark blue in the sky; the ragged line of mountains in the east.

But early as it was there was a light moving at the corral, and walking over he found the old man engaged in harnessing Jack's horse and the mule, the eagerly munching at their barley.

"Mornin'," he replied to Mr. Hanly's greeting. "Then get the horses ready for ye, so's ye kin start early an' while it's cool, an' then lay over a couple o' hours at yer station, twenty miles from here. Ye can make by noon of ye keep on the good road to the borax teams started back for the borax works a half hour."

Mr. Hanly was puzzled. "But what can I do with horse, Mr. Brown?" he said. "I guess you know my situation about as well as I could tell you. I am strong, can handle mules or horse, and if possible I would like to work for you long enough to get a horse or mule to us to the mines, where, I hear, there is plenty of work."

The old man paused in the act of bucking a strap, ain't got nothin' but wild mules," he said, "an' they broke to checks; allus been driv with a jerk line. I tear your wagon to splinters. I should like right to have ye to work fer me; but I low the work in the ain't fit fer a white man, now. Nothin' but a kin stan' it. I'll give ye a note to Davis, foreman at Red Dog mine at Ballarat. He's a nephew of mine, he'll give ye a good job thar. Ye can get thar by mornin'."

"I can't express my gratitude to you, Mr. Brown," Hanly, earnestly. "But how can I get there? What I get an animal?"

"Oh! 'bout the hoss. Well, last night, arter ye had gone to bed we talked that 'ere over, an' I waded see how Jack would do, so I lowed as we could, ye none."

"We can't give 'em no bronc' mule, Jack," said the old man, "an' I sez. Then Jack he sez 'an' Give 'em Rob.' That's his hoss."

"Now, Jack, I sez to him, reel sober-like, 'doin' an' do nothin' ye'll be squallin' about; but do ye thinks is right of ye suffer fer it?'"

"So he sez, 'Tell 'em they can have Rob,' an' he goes to bed an' gets up early this mornin' an' sez to me with the team, so as not to see his hoss go."

"We have certainly found true friends," said Mr. Hanly. "I should have so much liked to express gratitude to Jack for his kindness; but maybe I have a chance some time."

"Ye see," the old man continued, "he had his since it was a colt. It got its huff tore off under a wheel, an' I was goin' to kill it; but the boy was tender hearted like, and he sez, 'Lemme keep it, mebbe it'll git well.'"

"So he fixed a shade fer it, out of poles an' sacks, an' his maw showed him how to fix a position its foot, an' then, ye know, that boy lowed he'd warn't good enuff fer his colt; an' he went to work heed down all the weeds that grewed whar the sheep from the tanks wet the groun', an' then he spaded up an' planted alfalfa. But, law! the colt was 'fore the grass got high 'nuff to eat. But that's better fer his hoss ever since."

"Wall, sir, that colt's huff grew on good as a little bigger an' rougher'n the other one, but some dollar. It cost him a lot o' hard work, but it larnd to be good to hosses."

"Thar goes the old plowshare a-ringin', the Chinaman's on it fer a bell. Let's go to breakfast now, an' hook up arterwards."

"Well, I shall certainly send his horse back, very soon," Mr. Brown. As soon as I get settled, he will not to do without it long."

The old man picked up the lantern, and Hanly saw that its rays falling on the grizzled, old face, many a line and furrow that he had not noticed in the thin, gray beard poorly covering the thin cheeks.

"Lawdy," he exclaimed, "hosses are scarce, you

get nary a hide o' one in Ballarat, there, sure. You keep the hoss, givin' does a body more good than to good to make a sacrifice. An' thar is the Panoche Cañon that Jack I to give him that fer doin' what I intended it for a drivin' hoss fer me, so of Jack kin."

After breakfast, when the wagon door and they were about to start, further demonstrated by a general brought out by the Chinaman.

"I got another note here," Mr. Hanly. "An' I wish you'd go stop at soon."

"You 'uns must let us know how Mrs. Brown, cheerfully, handing Mr. Hanly had been holding."

"You will hear from us very soon, an' I'll be sure."

The old man scented money, closely.

"T'd better not be in a way hoppin' mad," he said, with warning. And then they started. A few minutes thoughtful silence, and then Mr. Hanly, the white-washed adobe, still plain.

"Do you know, Nettie," he said, a number of things from this experience that there are many noble-hearted people on the earth. Coming in contact with the meeting the ungenerous, miser-like attitude.

"Another thing is that these occurrences in the brotherhood of man, and in the omnipotence of God. His power any difficulty. Don't you think so?"

She was looking at the sun, its glorious with beauty, shooting out golden light and giving promise of a "I was wondering," she replied, with grateful emotion, "how I could a warmer at any dispensation of H."

EAST AFRICAN COMMERCE.

NOWHERE ARE GERMANY AND
TESTING SO BITTERLY F

[Allen Sangre in *Albion*:] Business in Zanzibar it must not be understood as one think that; on the contrary, it is a metropolis of East Africa, and rarely a big-bellied tramp ships from Rangoon and New York discharge their cargoes and fill up again with the rich products of the mainland nearby. This much of Emperor William, whose own press the channel, the capital of which, Dar es Salaam, every effort to deflect (either the tide in no part of the world are Germany as a bitterly for commercial supremacy East Coast, and the rivalry has now reached an intensity as to be a cause of open rivalry. With the projection of railroads to the coast land-grabbing, the two nations are at neck and neck, and both, not to be other, are sowing the earth with gold, that it will be returned tenfold as the interest. Germany, however, with her East Line that has now begun to circumnavigate, sailing from Hamburg weekly, commercially, and the English ministers, with the Transvaal problem, cannot afford to one which confronts them further north, decade the wily and subtle Teutons have great steamship company, now as project year it is enabled to build a new vessel; they have planted cloves, coffee, and made them pay; have exploited built two railroads as against England sent out hundreds of colonists.

Meanwhile America has not been idle, thirds of the petroleum trade, one-half and doubled her shipments of cotton cloth furnishes one-quarter of all the imports. Yankess are landing every week, prospectors of every description, and on the plenty of adventurers. While at diamond mines in Zanzibar the evening before I landed, persons, with sun blisters on their faces, were seen in the streets. I was not an American. On replying that I was a German, I was told: "So'm German?" I got the greatest gratification. Just landed about \$10,000 worth of goods below here, and if I can get it at all, I'll go back to the States in my partner, he explained, had loaded the wagon and accidentally ran into a hippopotamus upon both had to swim for their lives. To Zanzibar for guns and ammunition to carry.

As in other parts of the world, one is no vessels carrying the American flag. In months, but two Maine sailing ships, steamers, landed at Zanzibar. Fortunately is no criterion of our commerce. At present compete with us in the so-called "tea" though the British Consul points out religion to the home office that this is the most profitable trade after it. America, however, is in this part of the globe with hardware, building material, flour, and kinds of cheap cloth. "American" goods are as popular as the East Coast. The rubber industry, too, only developed, the country being rich in that product. Zanzibar is a free port for all imports, arms, ammunition, tobacco and rice. At the uniform duty is 5 per cent. of value. The duties are the same, and the list includes cloves, hides, pepper, coconuts, tea, and tropical products. The exports last year amounted to \$7,500,000. Of the imports for one month amounted to more than shipments of all Europe.

books, or work maps, on it, at the same time it bears no weight on the sick person. They are inexpensive, useful and handsomely made.

It's a good chance to make baby a present. They may be had in rattan or in wood, with cane, or leather seats, and they come with table in

Perhaps you don't realize what a truly big stock of bookcases we carry. We have wall cases in all sizes.

better drive your horse, the boy, together, and the boy, driving the horse, came to a better and progress was much more rapid. The sun went down with all the boys could see the long, low, with the shake-covered, the station. And by the corral that surrounded

to explain the situation and an introduction to his father, them. "Ain't a sure 'nuff hard time!" his son's rather excited voice came this way to the team. And leading the pronounced it, he gave Mrs. Jack's and a heart just as he enjoying a hearty supper, the camp.

heart at night, and nothing ought into the kitchen, where the station toward friendly the long room with one, having been released from, but came out about a

and all, were gathered in conversation was carried on regular and monotony of the coyote filling up the

the Hanly to talk of the subject being met with right, somehow. So they now when they went to

arose. The stars were all the ash gray of dawn in the dark blue in the sky in the east.

was a light moving about he found the old man, and the mule, then, day. "Ain't a sure 'nuff hard time!" his son's rather excited voice came this way to the team. And leading the pronounced it, he gave Mrs. Jack's and a heart just as he enjoying a hearty supper, the camp.

last night, after you at 'ee ever, an' I wanted to 'ee 'ee as we couldn't

can have Rob, and then by this mornin' an' goes to his boss go."

true friends," said Hanly, much liked to express his kindness; but maybe I

continued, "he had his in a bull eye off under a wall; it; but the boy was out, 'Lemme keep it, you

"It, out of pain an' how to fix a poultice to that boy 'lowed baled in; an' he went to work at it; grooved what the slop-er, an' then he spaded it; lawl the colt was 'bout to eat. But that's been

grew on good as new, the other one, but could be hard work, but it larned to be a-rin'g, the Chinese go to breakfast now, we

get nary a hide o' one in Ballarat, an' you'll need one then, sure. You keep the boss, the good book see as they does a body more good than to take. It'll do the boy good to make a sacker. An' then, I got a fine colt over to the Pancho Cañon that Jack likes a heap; I'm goin' to give him that for doin' what he knows is kerrect. I loaned it for a drivin' boss fer myself, but I kin sacker-ize o' Jack kin."

After breakfast, when the wagon was brought to the door and they were about to start, their host's kindness was further demonstrated by a generous basket of luncheon brought out by the Chinaman.

"I got another note here," Mr. Brown said, handing it to Mr. Hanly. "An' I wish you'd give it to the man whar ye sleep at noon."

"You must let us know how you gets along," said Mrs. Brown, cheerfully, handing Mrs. Hanly the baby she had been holding.

"You will hear from us very soon," Hanly replied, significantly.

The old man scented money, and looked up suspiciously.

"Ye better not be in a way that'll make me mad, 'lowed mad," he said, with warning in his voice.

And then they started. A few miles had been driven in thoughtful silence, and then Mr. Hanly looked back at the white-washed adobe, still plainly visible.

"Do you know, Nettie," he said, "I have learned quite a number of things from this experience. One thing is, that there are many noble-hearted people scattered through the north. Coming in contact with them refreshes us after seeing the ungenerous, desert-like characters of the multitudes."

"Another thing is that these occurrences strengthen our faith in the brotherhood of man, and gives us a new trust in the omnipotence of God. His power can rescue us from any difficulty. Don't you think so?" he asked.

He was looking at the sun, rising large and florid, glowing with beauty, shooting out broad streams of golden light and giving promise of another hot day.

"I was wondering," she replied, and her voice broke in a grateful emotion, "how I could ever doubt Him again, at any dispensation of His providence."

HART HALL.

EAST AFRICAN COMMERCE.

WHERE ARE GERMANY AND ENGLAND CONTENDING SO BITTERLY FOR TRADE.

[After Sangre in Ainslee's:] Because they do not hurry to make it must not be understood as a lary spot. Let us think that; on the contrary, it has now become the compass of East Africa, and rarely a day passes but that the big-bellied tramp ships from Rangoon, Hamburg, Liverpool and New York discharge their cargoes on the shelving beach and fill up again with the rich products of the island and mainland nearby. This much to the poignant envy of William, whose own possessions lie just across the channel, the capital of which, Dar es Salaam, is making every effort to deflect thither the trade from Zanzibar. As part of the world are Germany and England contending so bitterly for commercial supremacy as on this African coast, and the rivalry has now reached such a point of intensity as to be a cause of open rupture any moment. With the projection of railroads to the interior and consequent land-grabbing, the two nations are running a neck-and-neck race, and both, not to be outdone one by the other, are sowing the earth with golden coin in the hope that it will be returned tenfold as the land is developed.

Germany, however, with her East African Steamship line that has now begun to circumnavigate the Dark Continent, sailing from Hamburg weekly, is in the lead commercially, and the English ministers, while wrestling with the Transvaal problem, cannot afford to lose sight of that on which confronts them further north. In less than a decade the wily and subtle Teutons have subsidized this great steamship company, now so prosperous that every year it is enabled to build a new vessel out of the dividends; they have planted cloves, coffee and tea plantations, made them pay; have exploited rubber companies, built two railroads as against England's one, and have sent out hundreds of colonists.

Meanwhile America has not been idle, having reared two-thirds of the petroleum trade, one-half of the ivory trade, and doubled her shipments of cotton cloth, an item that constitutes one-quarter of all the imports to Zanzibar. Imports are landing every week, prospecting for American men of every description, and on the coast one will find many of adventurers. While at dinner at the European hotel in Zanzibar the evening before I left, a great, red-headed person, with sun blisters on his face and hands, stood opposite and asked me in a subterranean whisper if I was not an American. On replying affirmatively, he burst out of confidence: "So'm I. Michigander."

"I got the greatest graft out here you ever see," he landed about \$10,000 worth of teakwood thirty miles here, and if I can get it away from the hip-boys, I'll go back to the States in style." He and his partner, he explained, had floated the wood down a river, and suddenly ran into a hippopotamus family, whereupon both had to swim for their lives. They had come up a number for guns and ammunition to rescue their property.

In other parts of the world, one is humiliated to see the American flag. In the last twelve months, but two Maine sailing ships, and no American steamers, landed at Zanzibar. Fortunately, however, this is in violation of our commerce. At present no country on the British coast points out religiously each month to the home office that this is the most profitable traffic in East Africa, and wants to know why the Manchester firms do not get after it. America, however, should widen her net in this part of the globe with the exporting of hardware, building material, flour, provisions and all kinds of cheap cloth. "American" shoes, machinery and provisions are as popular as the East Coast as below the equator. The rubber industry, too, only waits to be developed, the country being rich in that product.

Zanzibar is a free port for all imports except liquors, opium, ammunition, tobacco and rice. At all coast ports the custom duty is 5 per cent. ad valorem. Export duties are the same, and the list includes rubber, ivory, hides, skins, pepper, coconuts, tea, coffee, and many other products. The exports last year from Zanzibar amounted to \$7,000,000. Of the imports those of America for one month amounted to more than the combined imports of all Europe.

STRANGE PILGRIMAGES.

MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT OF INDIANS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS is the year when the Indians should have returned on their strange pilgrimage to the West Virginia forest. Every five years, for an unaccounted time, the dwindling band has come, no man knows whence nor why, and, starting from the Three Points in the wilds of Campbell's Creek, has followed the Hidden Trail to the top of the densely-wooded slope; then returned, no man knows whither. Usually they have come late in October or early in November; always before the first snow. Now the trail is lost under drifts and the expected band has not come. The woodsmen say that the Indians must all be dead and that the mystery of that secret pilgrimage will never be solved.

Campbell's Creek pours a turbid spring flood into the Kanawha River a few miles above Charleston, the capital of the State. In the summer it is but a trickle of water, tinkling through a deep, wild and densely-wooded gulch. Several miles back from the Kanawha a tributary stream augments Campbell's Creek, and just below its mouth a curious mound juts out from the bank. From this mound rise three large trees, a sycamore, a sugar maple and a beech, so closely bunched that a yard above the ground a circle five feet in diameter would include the three boles. These are the Three Points. Beyond them the precipitous bank is a tangle of underbrush and tree growth for several rods, but a little farther up there is a natural clearing, giving a free view to the very summit of the acclivity, where stands a gigantic black oak rising from a thicket of small growth. From no other point in the gulch is this oak visible. Under and through the lower brush, along this clearing and up to the great oak winds the Hidden Trail. Years ago a white man sought to follow that trail, and paid with his life for his temerity.

First Seen Half a Century Ago.

Up to within a few years, when coal and lumber interests brought a little settlement to the creek, the only inhabitants of that region were a few woodsmen, who lived mainly on the game they shot. It is from them that the early accounts of the Indian visits came. How long these visits have continued can be only a matter of conjecture, but all the streams tributary to the Kanawha were famous hunting grounds for the savages a hundred years ago, and not improbably hundreds of years before that. Tradition of the region has it that the first pilgrimage to be encountered by a white man was some time in the early fifties, when a hunter of that locality, in following a bear, was all but surprised by the Indians and had only time to throw himself behind a fallen trunk as they came trotting up the creek bed in single file. They were in full regalia and there were between eighty and one hundred of them. Gathering around the Three Points they waited there in silence for the falling of darkness; and the hunter, shivering behind his log, in the cool October afternoon, must perforce wait with them. At the rising of the moon a signal cry brought the band again into single file. They plunged into the scarce penetrable brush and set about the ascent of the bank. Presently, in the strong moonlight, the wondering huntsman saw the line of dusky bodies appear in the clearing and wind up toward the towering oak. Another signal call told him that the band had reached the summit and he crept away to his home, thankful to have escaped unnoted.

From this time on hunters and trappers saw, at intervals of some years, companies of Indians going to or returning from the mysterious spot. Once two settlers who were going down the Kanawha in a dugout saw the band emerge from the forest on the west bank of the river, opposite the creek's mouth, and start to ford. Some of the young braves caught sight of them and gave chase, but the whites plied their paddles and escaped. The periods when large numbers of the redskins were seen were always five years apart, though small bands were seen in some of the off years. They always came late in the fall and so timed their visits as to bring them to the creek shortly before nightfall. Their number grew steadily less.

After 1860 there was no settlement of Indians within a far distance of the spot. Evidently the pilgrims were a branch of some western tribe, as they were noticed always coming from or going toward the western bank of the river. In Charleston and other considerable towns the woodsmen's accounts of the strange visitors were regarded as local myths until in 1880 they received a sinister confirmation. Late in the seventies a family named Cozens settled on Campbell's Creek near the Three Points. The head of the family had heard of the Indians and expressed his intention of finding out why they came there, if opportunity were given to him. One of the band, so tradition said, always carried a large sack, which was taken away filled with something when the company departed. Cozens had a theory that the redmen made the ascent of the Hidden Trail to delve for gold. There are many stories of rock gold in West Virginia, but no gold so far as anybody has ever discovered. No Indians were seen by the new settler until one November afternoon in 1880, when he saw the band coming up the creek, about thirty strong. Against the demonstrations of his terrified family, he watched them until they set out by moonlight on the Hidden Trail, and then followed.

The Killing of Cozens.

Very early on the following morning Cozens's brother, who had been sitting up waiting for him to return, saw the band coming down to the creek, scatter, and disappear. Over the shoulder of the leader was slung a bulky sack. Giving them time to get away, the white man took the trail, and, after a hard struggle, torn by the thorns of the wild blackberry and stung by the blows of the springy papaw brush, he emerged into the clearing, and made his way swiftly to the top of the acclivity, taking the black

oak as his guide. Around the tree he found an area of trampled brush, and the ashes of a big fire. Nearby lay the body of Cozens. There was a knife wound in his back and his head was scalped. Trailing the savages, he had himself been outrailed and slain.

Five years later the Indians came again. Nobody saw them come, but they were seen crossing the Kanawha on their return. Less than twenty comprised the band. Two or three years later—it is uncertain which—three redskins visited the place, but they probably did not represent the ceremonial pilgrimage of the band. In 1890 the band returned and were seen at the Three Points by a nephew of the dead Cozens. He started to follow them, unobserved, as he supposed, but there suddenly burst from the brush near him three redskins armed with knives, and only his fleetness of foot saved him. The next day a great heap of ashes was found under the old oak. There were not more than a dozen men in that company. In 1895 but half a dozen came, and when they were discovered by three of a party of surveyors, they scattered and sought refuge on the tangled and snake-infested mountainside. One of them carried the inevitable sack. No more was heard of the savages until last fall, when a single Indian, dressed in the garb of civilization, was seen near the mouth of the creek. He made his way to the Three Points and was seen gazing intently at the great oak. A lumberman named Jarrett accosted and questioned him, but he would make no answer. In the evening he was gone, nor was he again seen.

Have They Made Their Last Journey?

This year all the settlers, lumbermen and coal men on the creek have been on the keen watch for the expected Indians. But the Indians have not come. The Hidden Trail is untrodden and overgrown thickly and there are no ashes of fire under the black oak. Has the last meeting of the silent night-farers been held at the Three Points? The settlers believe so. Probably, they say, the lone Indian of last year was the sole survivor of the tribe. Was it some ancient tribal ceremony that brought the bands thither? Was the fire on the mountain top part of a secret tribal rite? Did the sack borne away on the shoulders of the pilgrim contain "medicine" charms? How did the little companies travel the weary miles that they must have traversed, undiscovered? And of what tribe were they? These are questions that will probably never be answered. Miles away on the banks of the Kanawha River are wonderful Indian mounds wherein have been found stone arms and implements and human skeletons. But on Campbell's Creek no Indian relics have ever been discovered. The woodsmen have delved into the ground around the old black oak without result. There is nothing in that wild spot to tell of the visits of the savage bands except the trodden herbage and the ashes of the past secret ceremonies.

H. C. S.

BOSTON'S BUSIEST WOMAN.

SHE MANAGES HER REAL ESTATE PERSONALLY AND HAS MADE \$250,000.

Boston has among its citizens the busiest woman in this country, if her wealth and freedom from the necessity of doing the work in which she takes so much satisfaction be considered. She is worth \$250,000, and made the money recognizing the direction that business is a certain part of the city was going to take.

Boylston street was a residential thoroughfare when she first became acquainted with it. After a while the idea took possession of her that business was coming in that direction. She had acquired money enough to become the owner of a house, and she decided to convert it into a shop. She went to see the carpenters and builders, and bought every piece of woodwork and glass that was required in making the change from an old-fashioned home to a new-fashioned shop. She inspected the work as it proceeded, and paid off the men every Saturday night as they filed through her kitchen.

When this undertaking had turned out according to her wishes, after some delay and trying waiting, she got another house and had that turned into smart shops with plate-glass windows and every other feature to attract the merchant who wanted the best quarters and could afford to pay for them. She got a long lease on a third house after a while and altered that just as she had the others, paying the same close attention to the practical side of the work.

When all these changes were made she did not hire a janitor to look after her buildings nor did she hand over the management of them to a firm of real estate dealers. She remained in charge so practically that to this day nobody can control them but herself. She scrubs the stairways herself, she washes the windows and she has carried the bricks from the wagon to the sidewalk they were to repair. She lives in an unoccupied basement of one of the houses, and through her kitchen and dining-room passes everybody who comes to the upper rooms of the house, through the basement.

Every detail of the management of the property comes under her personal control. She began to take this close personal charge of her property when her first house was altered into a business building, and economy was at first her object. Later, she continued the work in the same way because she found it interesting, and now that her property is valued at nearly \$250,000, chiefly as a result of this industry, she finds nothing extraordinary in the fact that she should continue to work so hard.

There is no trace of the miser in her conduct and there are many instances of her generosity, which is especially likely to show itself toward her own sex. So there is no question of her parsimony, in spite of the way in which she lives. Sometimes her generosity to women in business has proved an expense to her, although she is proud of the fact that since the day she first went into the real estate business, nobody has lost a cent through her.

[Baltimore American:] Telephone franchises are sold in Russia by auction, going to those charging the lowest subscriptions, and the government fixing the terms of rental. These autocratic governments have some advantage over free democracies, after all.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

An Indian Meal.

A READER sends the following to this magazine: Several years ago, I went from Toronto to visit the daughter of the Premier at Manitoba. There were many Indian tribes in the province, and at one time during my visit it was thought necessary to call the chiefs of the various tribes together for consultation, after which the Premier invited them to dinner. This was served, according to custom, at his table, in seven courses, and the Indians seemed to enjoy it, evidencing their satisfaction in a dignified way. A few weeks later, Spotted Deer, one of the chiefs, returned the compliment by inviting the Premier and chiefs to dine with him. The rude table, surrounded by a choice array of boxes, kegs and stools, was spread under the grand forest trees. An immense kettle of steaming succotash graced the board. After all had partaken of it, the host, with a dignified wave of his hand, said, "Take off succotash;" when the steaming kettle was carried out of sight. Then, with equal dignity, he shouted, "Bring on succotash!" and served his guests again, when the same orders were repeated. After the succotash had made its entrance seven times, the kettle, almost empty, made a final exit, and the state dinner was concluded by the chiefs wrapping their blankets about them and filing away in a most solemn and dignified manner. The Premier, although inwardly much amused, was equally dignified.

Fighting Bob's Estimate.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS, the story goes, when last in New York wandered up Broadway one Sunday morning to find himself opposite Grace Church. The door of the church being open "Fighting Bob" went within, and learning that the regular morning service would begin in about twenty minutes seated himself comfortably in a middle-aisle pew, well up in front. The church filled up, and presently two men in faultless attire and impressive appearance, evidently father and son, made for the pew in which the navy man was seated. At their approach "Fighting Bob" moved up to make room for them, but the expression upon the two faces was not to be mistaken. After taking their seats the elder of the two leaned well forward, and, adjusting his glasses, tried to stare the navy man out of countenance. Finding this of no avail the man took a card from his pocket, and, scribbling a few words upon it with his gold pencil, requested the usher to hand it to "Fighting Bob." The latter read upon the card the name of a well-known millionaire and the penciled words, "I pay \$500 a year for the exclusive use of this pew." "Fighting Bob," without a glance toward the millionaire, took out his own card and with his silver pencil scribbled something in his turn.

ROBLEY D. EVANS, U.S.N.

read the millionaire when the usher handed him the card, and underneath the words: "You pay a d—n sight too much." Original sense is not so distantly related to "original sin" as some ethics would have us suppose.—[New York Evening Sun.]

A Witty and Grateful Red Man.

IN "Travels in New England and New York," President Dwight of Yale College tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship.

In the early days of Litchfield, Ct., an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it. She refused him harshly, but a white man who sat by noted the red man's half-famished state, and offered to pay for his supper.

The meal was furnished, and the Indian, his hunger satisfied, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story.

"You know Bible?" said the redskin.

The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made world, and then He took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' He make light, and He took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made dry land and water and sun and moon and grass and trees, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made beast and bird and fishes, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then He made man, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very, very good.' Then He made woman, and took him and look at him, and He no dare say one such word!"

This last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady.

Some years after this occurrence the man who had paid for the Indian's supper was captured by redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave. One day an Indian came to him, recalled to his mind the occurrence at the Litchfield tavern, and ended by saying: "I that Indian. Now, my turn pay. I see you home. Come with me."

And the redskin guided the man back to Litchfield.

Chamberlain Got Even.

THIS excellent story of Joseph Chamberlain demonstrates in an amusing manner that the innate pungent humor he possesses was cultivated early in his career as a speaker.

When he entered the House of Commons he was anxious to try his oratorical powers. A certain leading politician, who was piloting a bill through the house, was approached by one of Mr. Chamberlain's friends, who said, "Chamber-

lain would like to speak on the bill; can you give him a chance?"

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. He's a new member, and nobody knows what the dickens he might say!"

Time went on. Joseph Chamberlain gained ground—became a power in Parliament. The leading politician, on the contrary, had made a series of blunders which had imperiled his position. An election was imminent. Perceiving his previous record, he thought that if he could get Mr. Chamberlain to speak for him he would strengthen his position. He therefore applied to the right honorable gentleman.

The latter calmly surveyed him through his eyeglasses and said:

"Well, you know, I think it would not do. I am a new member and nobody knows what the dickens I might say!"—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

His Final Question.

THE Wichita (Kan.) Eagle says that at a recent spiritualistic meeting the spirit of Elijah Crosser was called for. Elijah Crosser had died there in an early day, but was remembered for his immense stature, 6 feet 5 inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah. "Are you in heaven?" asked an old-timer. "Yes," came the answer. "Are you an angel, Lige?" "Yes," The questioner paused, evidently having exhausted his fund of questions, and then suddenly inquired, "What do you measure from tip to tip, Lige?"

Obtained His Information.

GEN. JOE WHEELER does not brag of his attainments in the mastery of languages. He relates that when he was visiting Guam his duty called upon him to investigate all kinds of subjects. He was bustling around one day near the palace, as the executive office in every Spanish town is called. His attention was attracted by a magnificent specimen of the tabby family. The cat was large and sleek and very contented, as it daintily picked its way along the wall. Fighting Joe wanted to know all about it, and tried some of his Spanish on an unsuspecting native. His dialect was new mown and original. With the best accent he could muster he asked, "Can you tell me if that animal is a man?" The native immediately discovered that his command of English surpassed the Spanish of the quick, little American warrior. After pondering a long time the man of Guam, with a gracious smile and a gallant bow, answered in the language of his new country, "No, señor, at general, he is a cow."

The general only wanted to know whether the feline was a Mr. Thomas or a Mrs. Tabby. He got the information, although in a roundabout way.—[Saturday Evening Post.]

An Original Drama.

A LOS ANGELES woman, who is the mother of three very interesting children, has also a small conservatory filled with potted plants. Upon returning home from making some afternoon calls recently she was surprised, when passing through her conservatory, to find it nearly empty; but on entering the drawing-room she discovered her palms, ferns and rubber plants artistically placed in groups of two or three among gilded chair, tea tables and bric-a-brac.

Her surprise was augmented at beholding her eldest son and little daughter as naked as they were born, walking about under a Japanese umbrella.

"Children," she exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing?"

"We're playing we're Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden," calmly announced the girl.

At this moment, the door opened and the five-year-old—nude as an infant cherub—wearing his father's silk hat and carrying a gold-headed cane, stepped in with a pompous air.

"And what are you?" gasped the astonished mother.

"I'm Dod A'mighty walkin' in the garden in the tool of the evenin'," the cherub replied.

"Dod A'mighty" was instantly persuaded to get into petticoats, while the older children were admonished to confine their games hereafter to such as could be based on more recent historical situations.

Strangler Was Too Realistic.

EARLY in his career—indeed, when he was as yet a mere boy—Richard Mansfield was one of a company traveling in England. Though very young at that time, the future Cyrano was entrusted with a prominent part. In the last scene of the play he was strangled by a fellow-player who nightly put a great deal of muscle and realism into that part of the performance. Sometimes he almost incapacitated the young tragedian by the vigor of his acting. It came to such a pass that drastic measures had to be taken. One evening in the greenroom Mansfield sidled up to the muscular player who was to strangle him. The latter noted a strange addition to Mansfield's costume. Instead of the collar of lace it was his own to wear, bound about his neck was a leather band thickly studded with prongs.

"And what is that for?" he asked.

"Oh, that?" replied Mansfield, with the rising inflection and a smile in his voice, "that is merely a trifle, a mere trifle to defer the collection of my life insurance. Most inconveniently the healthy condition of my neck and my throat is necessary for the pursuance of my profession and the earning of my daily bread."

The other actor saw the point, and apologized. Mansfield took off the collar, and never after suffered at his companion-player's hands in the big scene.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

Thought He Had Been Robbed.

A PROMINENT western lawyer, seeing William Pinkerton of Chicago pass through the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria the other evening, said that he could not remember an instance in his personal experience with him where Pinkerton's judgment on a case had been

ill taken or later proved at fault. Among other things the detective, he told the following amusing story of himself: He was the possessor of a fine opal ring, gem, for which he had a peculiar fondness. While in Pinkerton's office talking to him, the detective noticed that the detective also wore a beautiful opal pin, and remarked upon it.

"It's as good a specimen as mine," he said. "I'll swap it with you for the opal ring." "At the same time reaching to his scarf to show his own. He got no further, and a look of horror came over his face.

"I've been touched," he gasped. "Just to think of me being such a 'jay' as to let my scarfpin be stolen, having been born and brought up in Chicago!"

Then he fell to making a list of the places he had been that day, in the hope of remembering something that would afford a clue to the robber.

"Do you think I've any chance of getting it back?" he finally demanded of Pinkerton.

"I don't know," was the placid reply; "but I'd advise you to put one of these guards on it."

And then the detective took the pin from his cravat and placed it in that of the unsuspecting man, where it rightfully belonged, and at the same time a detachable guard on the pin, which the lawyer wears. But he cannot make out or remember how Pinkerton took the pin from him. The detective took off his own scarfpin, which he slipped into his pocket before putting on the lawyer's. He said he might have "tumbled" except for the guard, which was a touch of personal ownership that convinced him.—[New York Tribune.]

Preacher Taken Too Literally.

ONE of the most notable figures at the recent congress in England was Canon Lloyd, a man of his piety and exemplary life, says a London paper. As a preacher, he is very graphic. Frequently in his sermons, in order to bring out forcibly some description, he places himself in the subject's position, speaks from the sinner's standpoint. In one sermon, in the course of his address: "I have been a drunkard and a wife-beater. I am in prison for my evil deed, but it is all over now, resolved to do better for the future." It would be that these remarks could not possibly have been derided. But a clerical friend, in calling upon the parishioners, who had heard the bishop, asked she liked the sermon.

"Oh, I liked the sermon, himself," she replied. "What an awful man the Canon must have been in his younger days! To think that he was a drunkard and beat his wife. Well, there is hope for my man."

Demanded His Full Name.

THE present Duke of Norfolk is so public-spirited in spite of his enormous wealth and his dignified and harassing and laborious place of General in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet until the outbreak of the war. The Duke, though he is the premier Earl of England and hereditary grand marshal, a string of titles a yard long, is plain and unassuming in appearance and manner.

One day a year or two ago he went into a telegraph office and telegraph station, which was in charge of a smartly-dressed young postmistress, who was dealing with a young man who lounged languidly at the desk.

With some difficulty the Duke found a telegram and pen and ink, without any assistance from the woman, and he wrote a dispatch, which he signed "folk."

He then said quietly: "Will you kindly send it?"

No notice was taken of him, and the postmistress continued to talk glibly to her admirer. A second time the Duke tried to secure her attention, finally succeeded. She read the dispatch negligently, then, slipping it back, said airily:

"Sign your first name. We don't take dispatches with the last name only."

The Duke amended his signature to "The Duke of Norfolk," and quietly handed it in. The young man grew pale as she read it, and paler still when he was writing another dispatch, passed it to her, politely saying: "This goes free as official matter." It was signed "The Duke of Norfolk," and ran thus: "Blank of Blank station removed at once for failure to duty." Tears and supplications followed, but the Duke finally consented to withhold the second dispatch with a warning.

But the condescending remark, "Sign your first name," was too good to keep, and the Duke told the story upon his friends declared the joke to be as new as the postmistress.—[Philadelphia Saturday Post.]

Best Man Sure Enough.

A GOOD story was told at an election meeting the other night. An Irishman obtained permission of his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up with his arm in a sling and a black eye. "Hello, what is the matter?" said his employer. "Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were merry yesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about in a swallow-tailed coat and a white waistcoat. I might be he?" said I. "I'm the best man, and he's the gaffer, he was, too."—[Scottish American.]

ENTERTAINING GUESTS UNIFIES THE

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Among influences that refine the young persons of the household is the entertaining of welcome guests. These occasional presence of visitors usually have more pleasing effect on the hostess than the more frequent presence of family. Entertaining visitors unifies a family, and leads to the same end—the gratification of the guests.

December 9, 1900.]

CASHIER BOB

AN EPISODE THAT
OPINION OF DICK

By a Special Correspondent

"I MAY say with Sir John Lubbock, 'The only thing that counts is the opinion of the public.'"

"Who are you aiming at?" growled "Bob" but yourself, light-minded porter that you are?"

"Has old Bonacum been talking to you?"

"This afternoon as I was leaving the bank, he called me over to his window and decided to advance my beginning of the year. I am still in the same position, and he had \$300.00 I expected; but I can wait."

The Parks, spoke very highly of your work, particularly asked after your opinion, and I strained a point in your opinion that there was nothing in it if I had mentioned your companion's mind and irresponsible reporter."

"Bah! and what did you say?"

"Oh, I told him you were not so bad as he thought."

"No, no; what did you really say?"

"I remarked, in Arctic accents, that that matter twice before, and that acquainted with his views regarding more observed that you were a young man of character and spotless reputation."

"I hope you did not have a row with him?"

"Not I. You are not worth it, you know. I gave him as plain a talk as a red-headed cashier who was more than twice as good as I am."

"It is all on account of that swindler who wrote it?"

"Yes, but you had it first, you know. Didn't I, though?" said the reporter.

"And you were not very considerate of my report."

"Well, as it was nothing more than a little bit of a swindle, Mr. Bonacum deserved what he got from me. Does a man blow out the gas in this day and age?"

"Speaking of swindlers," said Griggs, pocket and drawing out a slip of yellow paper, and then continued, "swindlers, in fact, swindlers of nothing stand?"

"I understand," said Dick, with a gasp. "What do you know about this matter?"

"I pointed to a name written on the paper. 'C. H. Winston, La Grande Hotel.'"

"I don't know anything about him," said the reporter, and examined it carefully.

His companion looked up in surprise. "What do you mean? Why, he pulled out and wrote his name on it himself."

"Winston did?"

"Yes; it seems to me he had a little to do with it. He had been sending me several blank telegrams to use for money, does it, you know?"

"Well, each man to his own line of work, sentimentally. 'You are a little better, and mine is to know a little better. I am receiving blank, Sylvester, which from the form used for transmittal.'"

"True for you," said Griggs, examining again. "But what of it?"

"The telegraph companies exercise a right over these blanks to pass on them if it has a message written on it."

"I see," said Griggs, his eyes dilating. "Mr. Winston is in the telegraph office, isn't he?"

"Yes, enough; what do you know about it?"

"He is a new depositor. Presented a check to the cashier from some distant town in some cash and a draft for \$100.00."

"And did you cash the draft?"

"Cash the draft? Well, as you said, I cashed it. He was a new depositor, down Police Court stories. No, we did not credit his account with his cash on for collection. If I remember right, he was in New Orleans."

"And you will learn in several days or not?"

"Exactly; and in the mean time he was waiting. Well, I will look him up tomorrow at the bank what I find out."

"Will you venture it? My window is open."

"He won't notice me, and, if he does, I'm already spoiled, as you say, so it makes no difference."

The next day was Saturday, a short day. Dick strolled into the Gallatin Hotel after 10 o'clock, he found a long waiting list of names at Sylvester Griggs's door. He drew a card from his pocket and found the following: "Not very much, but that is all I know anything new?" and laid it before him. Griggs read it, and then nodded quite in the direction of the cashier's window.

Having finished the count for

locks, or work may be done on it, at the same time it bears no weight on the sick person. They are inexpensive, useful and handsomely made.

High Chairs.

It's a good chance to make baby a present. They may be had in rattan or in wood, with open or leather seats, and they come with table in

Perhaps you don't realize what a truly big stock of bookcases we carry. We have wall cases in all sizes

CASHIER BONACUM.

AN EPISODE THAT CHANGED HIS
OPINION OF DICK HAZEN.

By a Special Contributor.

"MAY say with Sir John Falstaff, 'Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me,'" so spoke Sylvester Graves, sighing deeply.

"Who are you aiming at?" growled Dick Hazen.

"The old Bonacum been talking about me again?"

"This afternoon as I was leaving the bank," said Graves, "he called me over to his window and said that the director had decided to advance my salary to \$3000 at the beginning of the year. I am filling Oliver's place permanently now, and he had \$4500. So it was not quite what I expected; but I can wait. The assistant cashier, Mr. Bonacum, spoke very highly of your work," said he. "The director particularly asked after your habits and associations, and I strained a point in your favor, Mr. Graves, and assured them there was nothing there to criticize. I fear if I had mentioned your companionship with that light-minded and irresponsible reporter—"

"What and what did you say?"

"Oh, I told him you were not so bad as you looked."

"No, no; what did you really say?"

"I remarked, in Arctic accents, that he had referred to me twice before, and that I was perfectly well acquainted with his views regarding yourself. I further observed that you were a young man of irreproachable character and spotless reputation, and may the Lord be merciful to my soul!"

"I hope you did not have a row with him."

"No, I. You are not worth it, you know. But I fancy I can plain a talk as a receiving teller ever gave a customer who was more than twice his age."

"It is all on account of that swindle story; some one wrote it."

"Yes, but you had it first, you know."

"What, I, though?" said the reporter, with a chuckle.

"And you were not very considerate of the old chap in your report."

"Well, as it was nothing more nor less than a plain case of swindle, Mr. Bonacum deserved all the satirical comment that he got from me. Does a man buy gold bricks, a law out of the gas, in this day and generation, and expect people to praise his shrewdness?"

"Speaking of swindlers," said Graves, diving into his pocket and drawing out a slip of yellow paper; he paused for a moment, and then continued, "no; not speaking of swindlers, in fact, apropos of nothing at all, do you understand?"

"Understand," said Dick, with a grin.

"What do you know about this man?" and the receiving teller pointed to a name written on the yellow slip.

"W. H. Winston, La Grande Hotel," read Hazen aloud. "I don't know anything about him." He turned the slip of paper over and examined it carefully. "But how did you come by this?"

"No companion looked up in surprise. "That telegraph blank? Let me see. Why, he pulled it out of his pocket and wrote his name on it himself."

"Winston did?"

"Yes; it seems to me he had a little roll of them. I suppose he had been sending some dispatches, and he pulled several blanks to use for memoranda. Everybody knows it, you know."

"Well, each man to his own line of business," said the reporter, meditatively. "Yours is to detect counterfeit money, and mine is to know a little of everything. That is a receiving blank, Sylvester, which is entirely different from the form used for transmittal."

"True for you," said Graves, examining the yellow slip again. "But what of it?"

"The telegraph companies exercise great care never to let one of these blanks to pass out of their possession, and it has a message written on it."

"Yes," said Graves, his eyes dilating a little. "Probably Winston is in the telegraph business himself."

"No; enough; what do you know about him, by the way?"

"A new depositor. Presented a letter of introduction to the cashier from some distant bank president. Had in some cash and a draft for a considerable sum."

"Did you cash the draft?"

"The draft? Well, as you said a moment ago, every man to his own line of business. Yours is running the Police Court stories. No, we did not cash the draft. He cashed his account with his cash and sent the draft to his collection. If I remember rightly it was on some bank in New Orleans."

"And you will learn in several days whether it is good or bad?"

"Certainly; and in the mean time he waits for his money."

"I see. Well, I will look him up tomorrow, and report you of the bank what I find out."

"Will you venture it? My window is next to Bonacum's."

"He won't notice me, and, if he does, your reputation is already spoiled, as you say, so it makes no particular difference."

"The next day was Saturday, a short bank day, and when Dick strolled into the Gallatin National, a few minutes after 10 o'clock, he found a long line of depositors waiting their turn at Sylvester Graves's window. The reporter drew a card from his pocket and wrote on it as follows: "Not very much, but that unfavorable. Do you know anything new?" and laid it before his friend, in the direction of a pile of coin and checks which he was tallying up. Graves read it, and then nodded quickly, and glanced in the direction of the cashier's window, which adjoined his own. Having finished the count for the depositor, he

made an entry in the pass book, and, before beginning on the next pile, he seized a small memorandum block, wrote a few words upon it, and handed the slip out to the reporter.

"At cashier's window now. Gray side-whiskers. Watch him."

Mr. Bonacum's window was the last in the long row, and next to it began the line of private offices, of which Mr. Bonacum's was the first. The cashier met at his window all those whose business was of an ordinary character, but those who desired to see him in private were allowed to repair to the office.

The reporter pulled his hat down low over his eyes, in the hope that he would not be recognized by the cashier if observed, and slouched carelessly over toward his window. He drew a package of papers from his pocket, and began to look them over, as if in search of a lost document, edging nearer and nearer, that he might hear the conversation between the individual with the gray side-whiskers and Mr. Bonacum.

"My name is Winston, Mr. Bonacum. You may not recognize me. I gave you a letter of introduction from—"

"Yes, I remember you, Mr. Winston."

"I made a little deposit with you, and turned in a draft for collection on the Cotton Exchange Bank of New Orleans. It was for \$5000. Now, I want to arrange if I can to draw against that amount, as I need several thousand dollars to put through a deal I have in hand here. Would it be asking too much if you would kindly telegraph to the Cotton Exchange people—I have done business with them for twenty years—and ask them whether the draft I have deposited with you is good?"

"It is somewhat irregular," said Mr. Bonacum, slowly.

"Perhaps you had better wire Mr. Carter, the president. He is an old friend of mine, and can identify me if you ask for a description."

"Very well," said the cashier, "I will query them as to the status of the draft."

"And you will do it this morning, will you?—they close at noon there on Saturdays."

"Right away," answered Mr. Bonacum, touching a bell. "Ring the telegraph call, please," he said to the young woman who responded.

Mr. Winston bowed his thanks and withdrew from the window. Dick Hazen followed him to the street, and saw him take a stand on the edge of the sidewalk, where he could watch the doorway of the bank.

Five minutes passed, and then a telegraph boy appeared. The man with the gray whiskers stepped up to him, as he was about to enter.

"You are slow," said he. "I rang for you ten minutes ago. Have you any blanks with you?"

"I came as soon as I got the notice," answered the boy, producing some yellow slips.

The man wrote a message and handed it to the boy, together with a dollar. "Keep the change," said he. "My address is here at the bank, if there should be any answer."

"But there won't be any answer," said Dick Hazen to himself. "That message is only intended to get you out of the way, my boy."

The general outline of the plan was now becoming clear to him. He was not surprised, therefore, to see the gray-whiskered man walk a couple of hundred feet away and throw open the door of a carriage which stood by the curbstone; and it fitted exactly with the reporter's idea of the next step, that a young man wearing the dress of a telegraph messenger jumped out.

Dick did not hear what was said, but he could guess at it pretty well. Presently the youth walked into the bank, with the businesslike air of one who has been sent for. The reporter leaned carelessly against a mail box, and rolled a cigarette. Out came the boy again.

"He has the message in his pocket and will presently turn it over to his chief, Mr. Winston," said Dick. "Truly our friend in the gray whiskers is very much in the telegraph business. No wonder he has receiving blanks in his pocket. There goes the carriage; and now everything is safe for an hour. That gives me plenty of time to inform Sylvester, and to hunt up Tommy Flint. This shall be his capture, to square accounts for that scoop on Bonacum's firm-fam."

He laughed softly to himself, as he thought of the discomfiture of the cashier on the former occasion, which was now likely to be intensified by the impending revelation.

"Thank heaven, I am not vindictive," said he. "I will deal gently with the old chap."

He reentered the bank and handed Graves a note which the latter read with great eagerness, and the next depositor in the line noticed that the young man's hands trembled a little, as he counted the money. "Keep one eye on Bonacum until I get back," said the note in conclusion; and it is not to be wondered at that Sylvester Graves's cash was \$8.75 out of balance that afternoon.

It was a little after 11 o'clock when the reporter appeared again at the bank. He was accompanied by a stout, sandy-haired man, wearing a broad felt hat, whom he addressed as Tommy, and who was, in fact, no less a person than Thomas Flint, one of the city's best-known detectives.

There are two entrances to the Gallatin National, and the reporter and his companion took a position between the two, leaning against a shelf desk which was provided for the use of the bank's customers. Dick took up a pen and began to figure on a piece of paper, while Mr. Flint looked over his shoulder and seemed much interested.

"You watch the main entrance, and I will keep an eye on the side door," said the reporter. "Look out for a messenger boy a little taller than ordinary."

Twenty minutes passed, and then Tom Flint said quietly: "Here's your boy—he is making for the cashier's window."

"Pretty well faked, isn't he?" remarked Dick. "I should like to read the message he is delivering to Mr. Bonacum."

"It is easy to guess," answered the detective. "It says that funds are set aside to meet the draft, and that Mr. Winston is a wealthy man, with first-class credit in New Orleans."

"Duly signed by Mr. Winston's old friend, the president of the Cotton Exchange Bank," said Dick. "And now the chief conspirator may be expected any moment."

"Well, we are all ready for him," said Flint, grimly.

It lacked but a few minutes of the time for the closing

of the bank, when the gentleman with the gray whiskers came hurrying through the main entrance, and presented himself at the cashier's window. The reporter was close at his heels.

"I suppose there is not much chance that you have heard from New Orleans so soon," he began, "but I thought—"

"Yes," said Mr. Bonacum smilingly, "I have had a message, and the draft is secured. We will charge your account with the exchange—"

"Oh, that is all right," said Mr. Winston.

"And did you wish to draw against it this morning?"

"Yes, I have ventured a little deal here that I would like to make a cash payment of \$4500 on immediately."

"Just draw your check to cash, will you please, and present it at the third window to the right. I will be there in a moment and introduce you to the paying teller."

The man with the gray whiskers stepped to one side to write the check, and Dick Hazen made his way to Graves's window, which was just then empty of depositors.

"When you see Bonacum go over to the paying teller," said the reporter, in an undertone to Graves, "you close your wicket and follow him. Tom Flint is waiting to grab the man when he starts to take the money. The case against him is complete and perfect. But we don't want to ruin poor old Bonacum. Tell him to keep still and say nothing to anybody until he has seen me."

Graves nodded, and, observing out of the side of his eye that Mr. Bonacum was leaving his desk by the window, he closed his wicket and followed. By this time it was striking 12, and the porters were fastening the front doors of the bank.

"I am not too late, am I?" said Mr. Winston, presenting his check at the paying teller's window.

In response to a nod and a word from Mr. Bonacum, the teller began to count out the money.

The man with the gray whiskers reached out his hand, but turned suddenly, as he felt the firm grasp of the detective upon his shoulder.

"Quietly now," said the latter, in a soft, low voice. "No use making a row. Mr. Hazen, will you be so kind as to order a carriage?"

"There is one standing in front," said Dick. "Take your man along. I want to see Mr. Bonacum."

The cashier stood with blanched cheeks and wide-open eyes, staring at Tom Flint. Sylvester Graves was talking to him, but he was not listening. At the mention of the reporter's name, however, he started, and his face suddenly flushed.

"I can hardly understand you, Mr. Graves," said he. "The message came by telegraph, direct from the office. What does this reporter know about it?"

A moment later, however, Dick was closeted with the cashier in the latter's private office. Mr. Winston had been removed by the adroit Tom Flint, and the young men of the bank, all of them badly mystified, had scattered on the frown of the assistant cashier, and were at their various desks.

A few words from Dick told the story. "Now, Mr. Bonacum," said he, in conclusion, "I know you were not pleased at my handling of that other swindle in which this bank was unfortunately involved, and I am anxious to please you this time, if possible. Suppose I were to say in my report that the man was suspected from the first by the bank—Mr. Graves is part of the bank, you know—and was deliberately watched and reined at just the proper time. I need not draw you into the story very much, and, as I shall have a scoop on it, in all probability, if you will keep very still about it, the other boys are likely to follow my lead."

"I shall certainly keep still," said Mr. Bonacum, in some confusion. "I am much chagrined."

"Nothing to be chagrined about," interrupted the reporter. "It is a brand-new game, so the detectives tell me. You were unfortunate, that is all."

"It is not that so much," said the cashier. "What makes me feel worst of all is that I have been so prejudiced against you, and even talked to Mr. Graves—"

"Well," said Dick, rising, and holding out his hand, "there was no harm done, you see."

"Thank heaven for that!" said Mr. Bonacum warmly, and they shook hands.

PHILIP FIRMIN.

GRACE M'KINLEY, SCHOOLMA'AM.

[Success:] It is seldom that a young girl, who may have wealth and the highest social position, chooses the drudgery and irksome duties of a school-teacher. Such a unique specimen of fair American maidenhood is found in the orphan niece of President McKinley, Miss Grace McKinley. A year ago, last June, the President and Mrs. McKinley, with a party of friends—Cabinet officers and other prominent officials—went to that staid and distinguished seat of learning, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., to see Miss Grace take her degree of B.A. Few events in the official life of our present Executive have given him such genuine pleasure as this graduation. Miss Grace stood at the head of her class, while her record during the entire course had been one of praiseworthy endeavor. The President, to show his appreciation of her success, bestowed on his niece a beautiful diamond pin. The graduation dress, a dainty creation of white chiffon and lace, was Mrs. McKinley's gift. It was made at the White House, under the personal supervision of its gentle mistress.

It was after this great event that the President offered to adopt Miss Grace, formally, and thus make her the reigning belle of the nation—the social leader of the capital—the only young girl in the great Presidential mansion at Washington.

This was surely a tempting offer, but it did not swerve this beautiful and brilliant girl from a long-cherished aspiration. She wished to use her gifts in a fitting way—in one to which she had endeavored to train herself during her long and severe probation at Mt. Holyoke. She chose the arduous profession of a school-teacher, and this fall, on her own application, sustained by her record at college, she secured a position in the High School of Middletown, Ct. She began her duties in September.

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

Literary Obedience.

THE spick-and-span young officer who calmly takes command over veterans grown "gray in battle and victory" is sometimes an amusing person, particularly if a sense of his own importance is unduly developed.

Quite recently word was received in various South African camps that on such and such a morning every man in Officer —'s army must change his shirt.

The Imperial Light Horse, who formed part of the command, had only one shirt apiece, and that was on their backs. So a messenger was dispatched to explain. But the honorable and gallant officer, fresh from Sandhurst, knew his business:

"If the men of the Imperial Light Horse have not got a second shirt," said he, firmly, "let them change shirts with each other. My orders are imperative." —[Youth's Companion.]

Each Foeman Admired the Other.

"HOW you must hate Rhodes!" a burgher now on parole remarked to Christian Dewet, not long ago. "Not at all," the intrepid raider is credibly reported to have cried. "He tried to patch up matters as long as he could; but when things got to a head he sided with his own country, and I should have despised him if he had done otherwise. I, too, have sided with my country, and when it is all over I shall not mind shaking him by the hand." This anecdote was carried to Mr. Rhodes, who replied promptly:

"I think Dewet must be a very fine fellow." —[Kimberley Correspondence Glasgow Herald.]

An Informal Subaltern.

A CAPITAL story is told of an officer now on Lord Roberts's staff. This officer is noted for his ready wit and power of repartee. Early in his career he went to India, when he was ordered to proceed to South Africa. On his arrival there, he found that he was to be attached to the staff of the then commander-in-chief as aide-de-camp, and he learned, casually, that the chief's small military secretary was a man who thought no small beer of himself. A big function was held soon after the officer's arrival, and the secretary, with a due sense of his own importance, proceeded to exhibit his contempt for all subalterns. When the new aide-de-camp arrived the secretary gave him a supercilious stare, and then gingerly offered two fingers to shake.

Nothing daunted, the sub. looked at him for a moment, then said, quite genially:

"Oh, I say, major, hang it all, you know, the Governor gives me three!" —[London Free Lance.]

A Woman General.

GEN. AGEJA of Bungungbung, Laguna, is the only woman general in the insurgent army. Since the American occupation she has given up the revolutionary cause and is now general of an army of industrials, whom she commands as rigidly as her gallant Filipino soldiers, that she led so successfully against the Spaniards. Bungungbung is a small pueblo across the lake from Santa Cruz. It consists of about one hundred nipa houses, and not more than two hundred Filipinos live there and in all the barrios near by. The surrounding country is wild and mountainous. There is little cultivation and the entire population live by cutting down the extensive forests and manufacturing firewood for the Manila market. It was in the midst of those rough, rugged scenes that Gen. Ageja was born and reared. From her early childhood she showed great strength of mind and capacity for business. Her father was a sort of chief at that neck of the woods, and when her father passed in his checks, Ageja continued to act as president and control the output of wood that went yearly from the district.

When the Filipinos rebelled in 1896, Aguinaldo, appreciating the prestige of this wonderful woman, gave her a commission as general in the revolutionary army, and she soon organized all the different barrios into a perfect military organization of wood-choppers, apparently; bolomen, when there was a chance to do up a detachment of Spanish soldiers. In this manner she extended her jurisdiction beyond the confines of Bungungbung, and has held the prestige she gained in those days ever since. Today she controls the labor of 2000 natives who live far into the mountains, but who have a wonderful respect for Gen. Ageja. In the field she showed herself the mistress of the art of war, and did great damage to the Spanish troops stationed at different points in Laguna province. Since American occupation she claims to have devoted herself to industrial pursuits, and her 2000 followers are kept busy cutting wood and delivering it to the different contractors who supply the city.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of an interview with this enterprising and interesting Filipino lady at her home in Bungungbung. She welcomed him with the warmth characteristic of the Filipino character. The little woman did not look big enough to sway the brigade of bolomen, but there was about her an air of command that struck her visitor forcibly. All her servants seemed to work like clockwork, and her power to sway the big bolomen was well illustrated during the visit. She talked freely of the situation, and showed a disposition for peace, and throughout the conversation she always seemed to have an eye open for business, and was open for a contract for wood. She explained the method employed in dealing with the natives. She handles all the wood and collects the money from the contractors. The natives are paid their share, and the general is widely

known as most honest in her dealings with both contractors and natives, and possibly it has something to do with the wonderful influence she wields over her brigade of bolomen, for they all carry a great, big bolo strapped to them. The interview was broken into by the arrival of one of the lieutenants, who told her that he had them, and the "them" he referred to afterward proved to be a party of natives who had stolen a large quantity of wood from a casco that she had loaded the night before. —[Manila Freedom.]

He Needed to Hurry.

HERE is the latest story of a raw "recruit," which comes to us from one of our southern navy yards. The man was on duty and the officer of the day was late in making his round, having been detained in barracks. The corporal of the guard came four times, asking if the officer of the day had been along, the recruit always replying "No." At last he appeared, and the recruit with great promptness challenged: "Who comes there?" "Officer of the day." "Aha! Officer of the day, is it? Well, you'd better run to the corporal of the guard — quick; for he is going to give you hell!" —[Army and Navy Journal.]

Five Christmases on Battlefields.

TO HAVE spent no fewer than five Christmases on the battlefield is an experience which falls to the lot of but few members of the British army. Yet it is one through which Capt. Malcolm of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was recently invalided from the Cape, has actually passed. His impressions are to be embodied in an article which will appear in one of the December magazines, and later on he may write an appreciation of his friend, Capt. M. S. Wellby, of the Eighteenth Hussars, who was recently killed in South Africa, whither he hurried with his regiment a few days only after his return from his remarkable journey through Abyssinia. It was with this officer that Capt. Malcolm went on an expedition some years ago through Tibet to Peking, in the course of which many hardships were endured. Capt. Wellby's experiences in the territories of the Emperor Menelik are to be recorded in a posthumous work which is to be published before long. —[St. James's Gazette.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Saved by a Cat.

MRS. N. J. LLOYD and Mrs. Belle Buckner had a narrow escape from asphyxiation early yesterday morning, and the fact that they are still in the land of the living they attribute to the actions of a young kitten. The animal had evidently been affected by the gas, which escaped from a coal stove, and awoke Mrs. Lloyd by scratching her face. When Mrs. Lloyd arose she endeavored to awaken the other woman, but found she was overcome by the gas. Dr. A. J. McLaughlin was called, and it took him nearly an hour to resuscitate Mrs. Buckner. —[Minneapolis Times.]

Dog Ate Twenty Dollars.

EDWARD WHITMORE recently went from behind the counter in his lunchroom to talk to a friend at the other side of the room. He left his dog Toots behind the counter. When he returned five minutes later the dog was devouring sixty-five \$1 bills which had been left in the safe, the door of which was open. Mr. Whitmore rescued \$45. The rest the dog had torn to pieces, and part of the pieces had disappeared within the dog. —[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

The Dog Collected Bricks for the Family.

RESIDENTS of the Greenville section of Jersey City are mourning the death of "Brick Pete," a small mongrel dog, who got his name from his fondness for carrying bricks in his mouth. "Brick Pete" wandered into the house of Henry G. Herman, one day about ten years ago, and decided to stay. The next morning Mr. Herman found a small pile of bricks in his back yard, and was at a loss to understand how they got there. He threw them over the fence, but the following day they were back in the yard and a few more along with them. This time he moved them a block away. That afternoon he saw the dog trot toward the yard with a brick in his mouth. The operation was repeated until every brick was back in the yard again. Mr. Herman decided to make use of the dog's efforts, and constructed a brick path from his house to the sidewalk. The dog kept on collecting bricks, and it was not long before there were enough to build a house for the dog. By this time the dog had cleaned the neighborhood of all its loose bricks, and had to go foraging for them. Pete's death was ascribed to old age. It was said that he was 20 years old. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Caught a Baby Whale.

A BABY whale, two and a half feet in length, was washed ashore in the breakers a few miles south of the Cliff House last Sunday afternoon, and was immediately picked up by C. Baker, S. Roberts and George Whistler, who were walking on the beach. The little whale was lively and in sound condition, apparently, except for a slight bruise on the side of his head, and in half an hour the young men had him in a receptacle filled with salt water. The little fellow was brought to the city, and

thrived so well that yesterday, to the amazement of captors, he had grown to a length of nearly four feet. He is one of the blue species, and blows vigorously at the time he is thrashing around in his tank. Seeing men who looked upon the little whale yesterday as they had never seen so diminutive a specimen of a species before, but that he was nevertheless a whale. His tail is shapely and is already avoided by the men who have taken it upon themselves to calm the bryo leviathan to adult size. —[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Tit for Tat.

AT the corner of White and Center streets there is a tunnel work to run their exhaust. The water is warm. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning a small Italian boy and a yellow dog stood side by side, waiting for something. It was not the boy's dog, for as the yellow cur moved a little nearer to the brink of the basin the boy gave way to a sudden impulse and jumped into the water.

"See him swim! See him swim!" yelled the dancing about in glee. "Look at him; he can't get bottom. He'll get drowned."

A number of Italian laborers gathered about the basin and watched the frantic efforts of the dog to get a hold.

Just behind the crowd stood a man who had seen the dog's fall. It was more than he could stand, grasped the boy by the arms, held him wriggling instant, and then dropped him into the water in company with the dog.

Instantly the Italians showed evidence of alarm, crowded about the man and made angry gestures, the man was not disturbed.

"Oh, let him alone!" he exclaimed. "The water is warm and the bath will do him good."

"Fivea feeta de wat," exclaimed the Italian.

"What!" yelled the man. "Five feet of water?"

The boy will be drowned. Somebody get a boat, a rope, quick."

Now, ropes and boathooks do not lie around the street. The crooks in that vicinity would steal even from a load of scrap iron to a toothpick. Meanwhile the boy and the dog were floundering around together in the water, but the dog could swim, while the boy could not.

There was no help for it. The stranger threw his coat and slid down into nearly five feet of dirty water. A group of factory girls who had gathered about the basin began to scream.

"Oh!" shrieked one, "he will be drowned soon." "Who?" asked another. "The man or the boy?"

"The dog," said the first one.

"Shut up, Liz," broke in another. "It will be all good."

Then the boy was lifted, sputtering to the surface where he was seized by eager hands. As soon as his bearings he set off for home on a run. The man followed him to shore in a moment, and stood shivering self dry, when the dripping man climbed out. A word the man put on his coat and walked away, the Italians laughing and jeering at him as he went.

The little yellow dog hesitated a moment, and trotted along in a matter-of-fact way at the head of the rescuer, who did not give him a look. —[New York correspondence Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A Canine Bridge Tender.

PEOPLE who use the Wells-street bridge every day are wondering what has become of "Tender." It is a small yellow cur dog. He made his appearance six months ago and immediately took charge of the swing bridge over the North Branch at Wells-street. When the bridge was in use he sat quietly in the middle near the official bridge-tender, and paid no attention to the procession of vehicles running north and south either side of him.

As soon, however, as a steamboat blew its whistle the bridge or a schooner hove into sight and the dog's bell was rung, "Tender" went into action. He first to the north side of the bridge and barked loudly at the approaching vehicles, as if to stop them. He dashed back to the other end and did his best to scare people and wagons alike off the bridge, displaying much vigor and determination as if the entire responsibility rested with him.

When the chains were finally drawn at each end the bridge had begun to turn, he seemed to feel the work was done. He would run then to the center of the swinging bridge, and, wagging his tail violently, he would sit at the bridge-tender, as if to give notice that everything was all right and it was safe to go ahead.

People who use the bridge regularly had got used to "Tender," and when they failed to hear the dog's accustomed to govern themselves by his actions. The wondering what has become of the clever little dog. —[Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. King's Noddy Old Hen.

MRS. R. KING is the owner of a courageous and noble old hen, of nondescript breed, that she has traded for a whole flock of blooded poultry. It is only hen in Oregon, perhaps in the United States, ever fought and killed a hawk. The battle occurred days ago, when a chicken hawk swooped down upon a band of baby fowls of which the old hen was the mother. The hen didn't squawk and run, calling upon her to follow her, but with a fierce and well-directed peck she hit the hawk beneath the hawk's left wing. It was a plexus blow and a clean knockout. The hawk was seized and dazed. It feebly arose, flew aimlessly to a clothesline and dropped into the garden, where it was found by Mrs. King's poultry. That hen will be queen of Mrs. King's poultry on Wild Horse Creek as long as she survives. —[Leader.]

December 9, 1900.]

CALIFORNIA'S NEW WONDER

By a Special Contributor

THE State of California has suddenly become the possession of a woodland region, which point of scientific value and accuracy totally eclipses all other features of a similar section.

There probably exists no natural region more universally and distinctly its native Sequoia or giant redwood for fame of the several districts hitherto passed to be the exclusive home of the big tree in the light of the wonders revealed recently brought into public notice.

The region in question, though situated miles from San Francisco, is singularly well known for an event of a most calamitous nature, which has remained undiscovered to science and generally for an indefinite period. The fierce ravages Central California in the autumn of 1892, remembered as constituting one of the greatest conflagrations represented an immense area of the lower slopes of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The fires had spent themselves in consuming the lower limit of the belt of the great Sequoia. In the meantime, the region beyond the inner limit of the belt is a wilderness region vaguely known as the Big



crater-like district covering an area of ninety-six square miles. So dense was the forest within this territory that no one, aside from the timber prospectors whose companies had penetrated the tract, had penetrated the forest to determine the actual character of the timber. Some months following the great timber fire, an enterprising artist and landscape painter, Mr. Hill, had long been the portrayal of the devastated belt previous to the fire, determined to explore the Big Basin in person. During the summer of this year, accompanied by a staff of expert woodsmen, he made an expedition into the new region. From the denseness of the timber and absence of trail, rendered progress exceedingly slow. However, he had penetrated the wood only for a short distance, when trees of an immense height and diameter, their size steadily increasing as he advanced. While the discovery of such superlatives in itself ample compensation for the first, a limited distance was covered on that day, but recently that Mr. Hill succeeded in penetrating into the very heart of this primeval forest. And a veritable wonderland it has indeed, its forest of mammoth redwoods far surpassing any of a similar nature the State has previously exhibited. The particular variety of redwood in the Big Basin is known as Sequoia sempervirens, from the Sequoia gigantea mainly in its height and symmetrical proportions. The larger trees of the new section range from 250 to 350 feet, with a girth of from 24 to 36 feet. The specimen furnishing the latter measurement is at least thirty-five feet between any two main stems. A comprehensive idea as to the size of these redwoods will be had from the single tree recently cut 68,000 shakes. The shavings of these shakes sold for \$250 will convey a fair idea of the intrinsic value of such a tree. It is not infrequently a complete circle of young

CALIFORNIA'S NEW WONDERLAND.

By a Special Contributor.

THE State of California has suddenly awakened to the possession of a woodland region, which, from a standpoint of scientific value and scenic magnificence, totally eclipses all other features of a like nature peculiar to this section.

There probably exists no natural resource for which the State is more universally and distinctly celebrated than the native Sequoia or giant redwood forests. But the discovery of the several districts hitherto popularly supposed to be the exclusive home of the big tree has rapidly gained in the light of the wonders revealed in the locality recently brought into public notice.

The region in question, though situated only thirty-seven miles from San Francisco, is singularly inaccessible, and has for an event of a most calamitous character, might have remained undiscovered to science and the world generally for an indefinite period. The fierce forest fires that ravaged Central California in the autumn of 1899 will be remembered as constituting one of the gravest disasters ever experienced in the extreme West. The track of the great conflagration represented an immense girdle, encircling the lower slopes of the Santa Cruz Mountains. When the fire had spent themselves it was estimated that the timber to the value of millions of dollars had been consumed, among which had been many superb specimens of the great Sequoia. In the heart of the mountain beyond the inner limit of the belt laid waste was a new region vaguely known as the Big Basin—an ex-

encountered, any one of which will measure ten feet in diameter, while in the center is the decaying stump of the parent tree from which the young brood of giants sprang. Again, there will be indications of where such a circle had previously grown, the space being now monopolized by a single huge specimen, with the others of the original nursery dwarfed and crowded to one side—a striking example of the "survival of the fittest."

Prof. W. R. Dudley, the well-known botanist of Stanford University, who accompanied the last expedition into the heart of the forest, pronounces it to be the oldest in existence, estimating the age of some of the larger trees at 3000 years. In support of this theory, Prof. Dudley has demonstrated that the geological formation of the Big Basin is pliocene in character, showing that this particular region, like others where the giant Sequoia abounds, existed in its present state prior to the glacial epoch.

In addition to the Sequoia, various other rare species of timber contribute to the interest of the grove, one of the most notable being the chestnut oak. The outer bark of this tree is frequently covered entirely with a beautiful fern moss from three to five inches in depth, while the wide-spreading branches overhead are festooned with a much longer variety, pale green in color.

Everywhere throughout this majestic woodland, the most beautiful ferns abound, some of the larger varieties growing to a height of ten feet or more. Another unique feature is the wonderful carpet of compressed leaves that spreads about trees and shrubs, to the average depth of a foot, through the entire area of the great forest. So fine is the texture of this natural fabric that it acts as a perfect filter to the rains descending thereon, imparting a perpetual crystalline clearness to the numerous streams traversing the district. These mountain waterways contribute largely to the scenic beauties of the region, several of them abounding in falls and cascades of great

CARMEN SYLVA AS A CHILD.

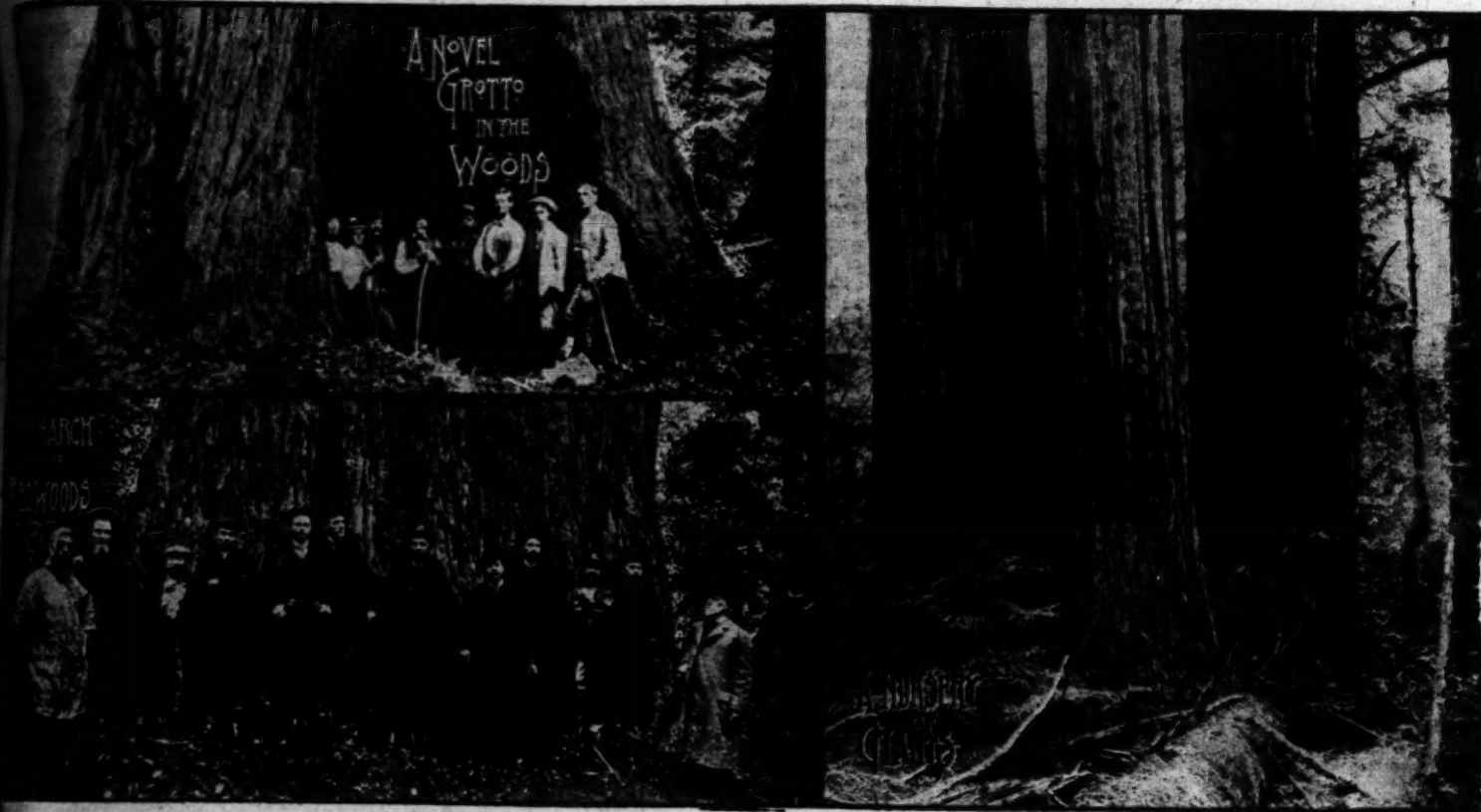
ROMANIA'S STORY-TELLING QUEEN WAS IMAGINATIVE AND FULL OF ENERGY.

The surroundings, work and personality of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania—known to the world of letters as Carmen Sylva—are the subject matter of an article in the December Woman's Home Companion entitled "The Queen Who Writes Fairy Tales." The author, George T. B. Davis, thus writes of the childhood of the Queen-mother:

"Her father was a man of deep learning, author of a notable philosophical work, and entertained the leading scholars of his time at his castle on the Rhine. Here she was born, in 1843, on the 29th of December, missing by only four days being a 'Christmas child.' As a child Elizabeth was a prodigy, at least in the great imagination and overflowing energy she possessed. Such a bundle of nervous energy was she that when, at the age of 3, her portrait was being painted it was almost impossible to make her sit quietly. Pleading and threats were alike unavailing. Finally the child herself made up her mind to sit perfectly still. She succeeded for two or three minutes, but the strain upon her nervous system was too great, and she fell fainting from her stool.

"Once she was taken with her mother to visit the German Empress. The child wandered about the room fondling cushions, sofa pillows and bolsters, pretending they were her children, and finally went up to the Empress, took hold of her feet, which were resting on a footstool, placed them roughly on the floor, clasping the stool to her breast, and exclaimed, 'You must not stand on my child!'

"At 9 years of age Elizabeth wrote verses; at 12 she attempted to write a novel; at 14 she arranged dramas and tragedies in her imagination; at 15 she studied three



crater-like district covering an area of something like sixty-six square miles. So dense was the vegetation within this territory that no one, aside perhaps from the timber prospectors whose companies long since acquired possession of the tract, had penetrated it sufficiently to determine the actual character of the forest. Months following the great timber fires, however, A. J. Hill, an enterprising artist and landscape photographer, had long been the portrayal of the giant trees in the devastated belt previous to their destruction. Determined to explore the Big Basin in quest of new wonders, during the summer of this year Mr. Hill, accompanied by a staff of expert woodsmen, started on the expedition into the new region. From the outset, the thickness of the timber and absence of any definite road rendered progress exceedingly slow. The party, however, had penetrated the wood only for a short distance when trees of an immense height and girth were encountered, their size steadily increasing as the advance continued. While the discovery of such superb specimens was in itself ample compensation for the first expedition, the limited distance was covered on that occasion, and it was not until recently that Mr. Hill succeeded in leading an expedition into the very heart of this primeval wonderland. And a veritable wonderland it has indeed proved to be. The forest of mammoth redwoods far surpassing any other of a similar nature the State has previously had to boast. The particular variety of redwood abounding in the Big Basin is known as Sequoia sempervirens, and is of larger and more symmetrical proportions. The larger trees of the new section range in height from 300 to 350 feet, with a girth of from 24 to 107 feet. Specimens furnishing the latter measurement is truly a subject, its colossal trunk possessing a diameter of at least thirty-five feet between any two points at its base. A comprehensive idea as to the immensity of these redwoods will be had from the fact that the tree recently cut 68,000 shakes. The further fact that these shakes sold for \$2.75 will convey some notion of the intrinsic value of such a tree. Infrequently a complete circle of young redwoods is

volume and magnificence. The most notable of these presents a turbulent avalanche of foam one hundred feet in height, succeeded by a series of plunging cataracts but little less precipitous in their descent. About the center of the Big Basin its various water-courses converge into a series of deep sylvan pools of exceptional transparency. Speckled trout of unusual size and abundance frequent these waters, while the forest round about harbors every variety of game indigenous to the mountain districts of the state.

The new redwood district when reached by campers presents a singularly inviting aspect, by reason of spacious hollows frequently occurring in the big tree trunks, which obviate the necessity of providing tents for the trip. At one point on the outskirts of the forest, there lies the trunk of a mammoth Sequoia eighty feet long, through which extends a hollow so large that a mounted person can ride through it from one end to the other without the slightest inconvenience. Notwithstanding the fame it is so rapidly acquiring, comparatively few visitors have as yet ventured into the heart of the Big Basin district, the distance from the railroad to its nearest margin representing a dozen miles of country, in itself exceedingly difficult to traverse. Since the development of the wonders of the great forest, however, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has signified an intention to extend its lines to a point from which access will be less difficult for visitors.

Meanwhile grave fears are entertained that the lumber companies, recognizing the immense commercial value of the timber, will encroach on the natural wonders of the Big Basin. To prevent such a misfortune, various scientific organizations have taken up the subject with a view of inducing either the government or the State to convert the region into a natural park. It is to be earnestly hoped that some such protective measures may be speedily brought about, time insuring the permanent preservation of this beautiful pristine wonderland.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

newspapers daily, and took a keen interest in politics. During her youth her chief pleasures were roaming alone through the great forest surrounding the ancestral castle—and stories are still told of her daring deeds in those earlier days on the Rhine—and listening to fairy tales; or, as she grew older, weaving the tales from her own rich imagination and relating them, with eyes all aglow, to eager troupes of children."

HOLIDAY HINTS FOR MEN.

[Marie Sias in Woman's Home Companion:] When I accompany a man on a holiday shopping tour I first make him tell me who are to be remembered, and if there are married women among them I guide that man straight to the linen counter the very first thing. It is easier to find a needle in a haystack than to find a sane woman who has more nice linen than she wants, and linen is such a nice gift! This year the art linens are simply irresistible, and I hope I'll have an opportunity to buy stacks of them. They have never before been made so especially for the holiday trade, and they must not be overlooked by those who love to give something pretty yet useful, and something less common than books and handkerchiefs. . . . The newest things among the art linens are the embroidered pillow tops and lambrequins, and they do make lovely gifts, dear Mr. Man—gifts that will make somebody remember you with gratitude for ever and ever so long afterward.

The lines of fancy-leather goods are unusually fine this season, and this is a department to which it is nearly always safe to conduct the man in search of Christmas gifts, for really good leather is sure to be prized by the artistic. The new shades of leather pocketbooks and belts are exceedingly pretty, and then there is the chateleine bag. Any woman who does not already own one of these handy contrivances, which has been steadily growing in popularity, is very sure to silently covet one for Christmas.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME.

SOMETHING ABOUT FLASH-LIGHT WORK IN THE DAY TIME.

By a Special Contributor.

DRIP, drip, drip, patter, patter, pour! "Why what is that?" Awakening with a start, the tourist just from the East looked out in dismay. And this is the boasted Land of Sunshine, where there has been no rain for three years. That old proverb declaring that "It never rains but it pours" must surely have originated with a long-ago resident of California. Instead of a golden flood of sunlight pouring through the curtains of her window, about which the red and white roses were climbing, a faint light was stealing in from a world grown old and gray in a single night. The beautiful blue sky of which the poets sing was overcast with heavy clouds, from which the rain was falling, not in drops, but in streams, which were rapidly converting the gutters into raging torrents and depressions at the crossings into temporary lakes.



MY LADY'S BOUDOIR.

Alas, for the day's outing in the San Gabriel Valley, and the pictures which were to have been secured of the Mission! It was really too bad. Her hostess, a native Californian, who knew too well what another rainless winter might mean in the southern part of her beloved State, and whose heart had ached for the hapless ranchers during the past years of drought, opened the door a few moments later. Her face was beaming as she called out a merry good morning to her friend, kissing her first on one cheek then on the other, Mexican fashion, and offering a rose just pulled from the vine, heavy with moisture and fragrance. "Is it not glorious?" cried the native, but catching a full view at that moment of the forlorn face, which had not lightened up even at sight of her favorite rose, she remembered for the first time the day's plans and realized the great disappointment it must be to her friend to have all those "best-laid plans gang aglee."

She at once sobered down and remained in deep thought all during breakfast, something unusual for the chatter-box of the family. "Why so sad?" teased the big brother, but for once she allowed the challenge to pass unheeded and finished the meal in silence. As she rose from the table, however, a light broke over her face which became all smiles and dimples in a minute as she hastened to acquaint the tourist with her scheme. Though outdoor photography was an impossibility, yet their cameras need not be idle. They would have a day of photography at home.

Getting out their cameras they set the largest one up in the room possessing the best light, and spent the morning in taking portraits of each other and the several members of the family whom they could induce to sit for them, arrayed in all sorts of costumes, from bathing suits to ball gowns.

Some of the results were fearful and wonderful to behold, while a few were considered quite satisfactory.

Their attention was then turned to photographing the various rooms, some of these efforts resulting in pictures of the most startling character. In a wild endeavor to get the whole room in one picture the perspective was entirely lost, while the angles formed by lines of ceiling

and floor converged in a distracting manner. In one photograph the entire center of the plate was taken up by a huge easy chair, which dwarfed everything else in the room, while in another there appeared a large blank foreground, with a varied assortment of chairs and bric-a-brac in the shadow, the details of each being indistinguishable.

They even tried to get photographs of the fox terrier and a family of kittens, but the former acted as though hung on springs, with rubber feet. Never for an instant quiet, he jumped from one to the other, and finally catching up the dark cloth he started for the door, nearly overturning the camera in his flight. It was then decided that a fox terrier was not a good subject for dark-day photography, so he was banished from the room, and the attention of the artists turned to the felines. All the electricity in the atmosphere, however, seemed centered in the three tiny bodies. They insisted upon playing with the tassels on the table cover, with the fringe of the curtains, and with each other, until the girls gave up in despair.

The plates were taken down to the Camera Club rooms next morning, a vacant dark room found, and development begun. For the next hour or so other workers passing their door heard characteristic feminine remarks from time to time, such as "How in the world did that happen? I know I removed the slide, but there is positively not a thing on this plate." "This plate is away over-exposed. Why did we not bring some bromide? It is getting perfectly black." O dear! How could you ever have made me look like that?" "This portrait is a perfect freak. I am going to smash it right now," etc., etc. From which it might be inferred that all the pictures were not entirely satisfactory. All of the negatives left on the drying rack, however, were very good, and the various club members, congratulating them on their success, were kept in ignorance of the broken plates safely hidden away in the waste-paper basket.

All photographers know that to make a good photograph of an interior is a difficult task. Given the most artistically-furnished rooms in the world, if the light is poor or comes from windows which must face the camera, the result is unsatisfactory. Every room has rooms or portions of rooms which would make very pleasing photographs could the lighting be controlled. Much may be done in this regard by flash lights taken at night, but even these, with drawn curtains, are often disappointing. The flash, taken in conjunction with daylight, will give a picture with none of the harsh shadows and unnatural effects often found in a night photograph. The accompanying illustration, taken from a day flash light made by a member of the Camera Club, will show what can be done in this line. The shades were left up, the result being a natural lighting of the room, with bright daylight without and the building on the opposite side of the street showing plainly. Had our amateurs known of this



DAY FLASH LIGHT. BY C. C. PIERCE.

method the many failures made that dark, rainy day might have been avoided.

In portraiture also the day flash is of the greatest aid. The light coming from a window often causes dense shadows which contrast unpleasantly with the bright light on the other side of the face. These shadows can be readily softened by making of the lighted side, the dark side in the photograph, the flash lighting up what would otherwise be in shadow from the light coming through the window. A very comprehensive and beautifully illustrated article, dealing with day flash lights, which appeared in the January number of the Photographic Times, contains so many valuable suggestions along this line, that I give a few extracts herewith. The author says:

"Personally, I work most of the time in an ordinary room, low-ceiled, and lighted by two windows, some distance apart. In this manner I was drawn to utilize magnesium light in combination with daylight. Thus you more easily obtain a series of effects which, to be obtained in a studio, would require sets of curtains and very complicated maneuvering. Some of the effects are found practically impossible by the use of daylight alone.

"A practice of the method consists in placing first the subject to be photographed in a very diffused light, which

leaves it toneless and accentless, the large white light coming from the magnesium lighting. With a little practice you will be enabled to thus place the light on a fixed subject as easily as with the hand and eye. The place desired, on top of the head, at one side or beneath. The use of the magnesium flash equalizes the effect because the power of action of this light increases very rapidly with the distance. Besides its power to close in the lamp by surrounding it with paper, placing it under a shade or in a box having a single opening. You can also make the rays pass by two openings, obtaining thus a bundle of rays lighting a very small. And sometimes also I use two lamps at the same time, using always a diffused light. I am former to produce the effect and the latter to soften it, so that the action of the second lamp may be subordinate to that of the first I find it sufficient to place a second lamp further away. In this way in an ordinary room I can make very short poses and catch many attitudes, still obtaining a soft effect without violent contrasts.

"One of the delicate sides of this procedure is the estimate of the time it takes for posing in daylight and for a flash. Generally the shorter the exposure the more light is the stronger the effect of the flash will be, must therefore imagine beforehand the effect you wish to obtain. This understood, I will explain how I operate. The subject being placed in the studio or room, I just the curtains so as to light the subject with a light as though I wished to obtain a flat and toneless picture. I look then at the ground glass and estimate the normal time for a pose for an ordinary photograph.

"I pose a subject to obtain a night effect about sixths of the normal time and for a soft day effect three-fourths of the normal time.

"These calculations are not at all definite. It is a question of practice. If I want to obtain a medium pose one-half the normal time.

"I always set the flash off at the end of exposure, close immediately for fear of a sudden move of the subject surprised by the flash. This is, however, not much feared, as since the operation takes place in day light the flash has only a small effect on the model's eye.

"The use of flash light as dominant rays in the subject offers also a great advantage. Its use enables the photographer to give the dominant rays any desired direction, ever the position of the windows in a room may be dominant rays can be made to come from the right back. It can be made to come from below.

"The intervention of flash light can also enable the photographer to vary the lighting of the figure without moving the subject.

"In all the given suppositions the flash light is used over the daylight. It is the former which produces the large white and the other principal contrasts. The

pull down the shades, should the camera be placed in such a position that only those portions of the room in which the light will brighten the too dark shadow. The use of the magnesium flash is recommended that which can be operated without chemicals. I would just here beg of the ambitious photographer to take a picture of the whole room, and the entire end of the room all taken as an advertisement of a business store is to be shown, or if a picture is desired, the wide-angle lens is used, but if a picture is the object, place, with, perhaps, a single figure suitably corner with graceful draperies and arranged pillows, or a single musical instrument, a violin, with a sheet of music, a dainty handkerchief or half-opened book, a study, possessing a personal character, which extensive parlors, thickly set with furniture, could never lay claim. HE

MISSISSIPPI'S GREAT

AN INTERESTING PREHISTORIC ORIGIN OF WHICH IS A MYSTERY.

[New Orleans Picayune.] One of the most interesting features of the State of Mississippi is the "Wall." It has long been a problem to the people of this State. Some time ago Thomas Watson of Hattiesburg, a pencil drawing of an immense wall, the southeastern portion of Claiborne county, that the stone might be utilized in the building of a new State Capitol. In a letter which accompanied the drawing, Watson stated that these stones piled up in an area of four miles square. Each stone was three feet wide and two feet high, and together with an excellent quality of brick, shows how they came there. The stones, for thousands of years. The building, Watson thinks, were some prehistoric race. Watson's structure is supposed to be the great "Chinese Wall," which, according to the southern part of Mississippi, is traceable through Copiah. It is supposed to accommodate two or three wagons at a time, and is the wonder of the world.

"Mention of this remarkable exhibit," the Courier, "has elicited no little comment. A letter to Mr. Watson from the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Mo., dated Dec. 1, 1900, in which the latter is mentioned the matter. Mr. Watson, he says, 'has given the subject more than a year's thought, and has been thoroughly convinced that the Courier is indebted to him for the information.'"

"He calls it the 'Brandywine Stone Wall,' a wonderful and massive structure of masonry done in stone, which has withstood the test of time for perhaps many thousands of years, and is a relic of a prehistoric civilization. The art of building not inferior to that of the present day. These stone buildings, buried in the earth in the southeastern corner, and lying against the Co. on the slopes overlooking the valley of the Mississippi from the west side.

"These walls run from northeast to southwest, built of white or grayish-white stone, ranging from two to three tons, measure three feet in length and three feet wide by three blocks or slabs are laid in a very regular and as perfectly as brickwork, and are very close.

"At one place the wall is exposed by a road away to a width of sixty feet; this exposure has the appearance of a wall.

"At another place the stone has been quarried to a depth of three layers of stone, a width of twenty-four feet, or depth of twenty-five blocks, or 150 feet. This wall is indicated by the croppings in the field.

"At another place about five hundred yards from the wall just mentioned is a wall jutting out for a distance of nearly two thousand feet. This wall is exposed in a great many places for miles.

"The sides and angles of the blocks of stone are perfectly horizontal and without the irregularities of the earth's surface. The stones are perfectly straight, and each block is perfectly horizontal in position, and the stones are smoothly dressed on the edges and ends, and are rough, showing a broken surface to a level plane, but not dressed. They are put together by the cement that it is a fact that they are broken up.

"A personal inspection of these great structures, partly buried in the earth would relieve the most skeptical of all doubt of it not being the work of man.

"All that is above mentioned in connection with the existence of underground caverns, about which the theory of the existence of a city in that locality.

"The information above given is from the hands of those who have visited the same in recent years, and is the theory advanced by Mr. Watson, who is working for the scientist here."

tion, the large white regular lighting. With a little glass to thus place the light on the with the hand and at the of the head, at one side or the medium flash equalizes natural over of action of this flash at the distance. Besides it is surrounding it with paper, in a box having a single the rays pass by two separate bundle of rays lighting a regular also I use two lamps at a diffused light. I use the and the latter to soften it. the second lamp may be I find it sufficient to move in this way in an ordinary at points and catch unstable soft effect without violent

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put down the shade, should the camera face the window. the place the instrument is such a position as to take the portion of the room in which no window ap- appear. Hence only for the lighted portions and the flash will brighten the too dark shadows. In taking these flash lights it is recommended that the quickest plates can be operated without chemical fog, be used.

I would just here beg of the ambitious amateur not to endeavor to take a picture of the whole room, using a wide-angle lens and getting in both sides, several corners, and the entire end of the room all in one photograph. It is to be shown, or if a photograph of a large group is desired, the wide-angle lens is of course a necessity, but if a picture is the object, the cheerful fire- place, with, perhaps, a single figure suitably posed, a cosy room with graceful draperies and array of carefully chosen pictures, or a single musical instrument, harp, lute, or violin, with a sheet of music, a beautiful rose, a study headpiece or half-opened fan, will be found to be a study in itself, possessing a personality and charm to which extensive parlors, thickly set with the richest of furniture, could never lay claim. HELEN L. DAVIE.

MISSISSIPPI'S GREAT WALL

INTERESTING PREHISTORIC WORK THE ORIGIN OF WHICH IS A MYSTERY.

[New Orleans Picayune:] One of the scientific puzzles of the State of Mississippi is the "Brandywine Stone Wall." It has long been a problem that is yet unsolved. Some time ago Thomas Watson of Haskinsburg sent Gov. McRae a pencil drawing of an immense pile of stone in the southeastern portion of Claiborne county, suggesting that the stone might be utilized in building the new levee. In a letter which accompanied the drawing Mr. Watson stated that these stones piled high on each other were some of four miles square. Each stone is six feet long, two feet wide and two feet thick, and they are together with an excellent quality of cement. No one knows how they came there. They may have been there thousands of years. The builders, the Jacksonians, were some prehistoric race—it could not be known. This structure is supposed to be a continuation of the great "Chinese Wall," which seems to begin below the Gulf of Mexico in the southern part of Florida county, and is traceable through Copiah. It is broad enough to accommodate two or three wagons abreast, and is one of the wonders of the world.

"This is a remarkable exhibit," says the Haskinsburgian, "has elicited no little comment—in fact, has brought a letter to Mr. Watson from the warden of the Mississippi Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., and also to Dr. T. B. Birdsong from another distinguished scholar. It is known that the latter some years ago investigated the matter. Mr. Watson, however," says the Haskinsburgian, "has given the subject more patient thought and has seen the ground more thoroughly than any one else. He is like the Courier is indebted for the following

to call it the 'Brandywine Stone Wall,' and says that the wall is a massive structure or parts of structure made of stone, which has withstood the ravages of time for perhaps many thousands of years, still stands as a relic of a prehistoric civilization and a knowledge of the art of building not inferior in many respects to the present day. These stone buildings lie, for the most part, in the earth in the southeastern portion of Claiborne county, and lying against the Copiah county line, the wall overlooks the valley of the Brandywine from the west side.

The walls run from northeast to southwest. They are made of white or grayish-white stone of immense size, ranging from two to three tons, measuring from six to eight feet in length and three feet wide by two feet thick. The blocks or slabs are laid in a very fine quality of cement and as perfectly as brickwork. The joints are very close.

One place the wall is exposed by the earth being away to a width of sixty feet and a length of about one mile; this exposure has the appearance of a brick wall.

Another place the stone has been quarried for domestic use to a depth of three layers of slabs, which is six feet thick of twenty-four feet, or eight blocks, and a layer of twenty-five blocks, or 150 feet. The length of the wall indicated by the croppings is about one thousand feet.

Another place about five hundred yards away from the last mentioned is a wall jutting from under a hill to a distance of nearly two thousand feet. This wall is exposed in a great many places over an area of several miles.

The size and angles of the blocks of stones are so perfect that they resemble pressed brick. The tops of these blocks are perfectly horizontal and without regard to the unevenness of the earth's surface. The seams between the blocks are perfectly straight, and each block of stone is perfectly horizontal in position, and these blocks are firmly ground on the edges and ends, while the broad faces are rough, showing a broken surface brought about by a level plane, but not dressed. They are held together by the cement that it is with great difficulty that they are broken up.

A personal inspection of these great structures as they are buried in the earth would relieve the minds of the most skeptical of all doubt of it not being the work of man.

It is that is above mentioned in connection with the ancient carvings-in of the earth's crust, which represent the existence of underground caverns, abundant evidence to bear out the theory of the existence of a great city in that locality.

The information above given is vouched for by other persons who have visited the scene in recent years, and is the theory advanced by Mr. Watson. Truly, it is a work for the scientist here.

PROVERBS OF JEWS.

WIT IN THEIR WISDOM AND JEWS OFTEN THE BUTT OF IT.

From Jewish Comment.

THERE is not a people, whether civilized or savage, that does not possess its stock of proverbs in which the wisdom of practical life is expressed. Naturally, many of the sententious maxims of the various nations must coincide in meaning, whatever their mode of expression. This is particularly true of the saws of the nations of Europe, where community of ideas and similarity of customs have led to identical experiences. Besides, the constant interchange of their oral and written literatures has caused a continuous influx of foreign elements into the native proverbs, so that it is frequently difficult to ascertain the original home of this or that aphorism. The difficulty is still greater, when the adage is transmuted by means of a homely garb and is given the appearance of spontaneous growth.

The Jewish proverbs are subject to the same laws, and consequently, reflect the philosophy of the European nations, more particularly those among whom they live or have lived. The average popular morals of the Jews, as they betray themselves in these maxims, are neither better nor worse than those of the Germans, Russians, Poles, and they may as well be studied from the large collections of the German folklorists as from the slim lists of the Jewish writers on the subject. About the middle of the century Duke made an anthology of rabbinical saws perpetrated in the Jewish writings, and Tensler expatiated at greater length on those current among the Jews of Germany. In these writers and in the selections of more modern times there is, after the reduction of the elements common to all the other nations, a certain residuum which is distinctly Jewish—that is, which is the outgrowth of special characteristics and in its entirety cannot easily be reproduced elsewhere.

It is that part of the Jewish aphoristic wisdom in which is reflected the Jew's conception of religion and relation of man to man, his view on married life and his treatment of women and children, his love of learning and pride of work, but also his practical sense and admiration of wealth. There are also many adages which tell of centuries of suffering, and almost the largest single division treats most especially with the blind alley of Jewish poverty. We find here the same themes that form the stock in trade of Judaeo-German literature, and even as these a pungent wit pervades the tragedy of life and heightens the dismal feeling superinduced by the self-abnegation and self-depreciation that runs through the mind of the humble Jew. It is with this aspect of his proverbs, as it manifests itself in the collected saws of the Russian and Galician Jew, that we shall try to get acquainted now.

God's justice is frequently proclaimed, and man's relations to Him are to be gauged by his actions to his fellow-men. "He who has no shame before men has no fear before God," yet "God punishes him whom he loves;" and with patent sarcasm, which freely mingles with his pious devotion, the Jew exclaims, "God will help, wish to God, God would help until God helps." In the meantime good will to all men is the current key to heaven, and "Acts of kindness are dearer in the eyes of God than almsgiving." Many precepts enjoin strict honesty, for "Better a pain in the heart than a shame in the face," yet recognizing the general duplicity of man, we are not to trust implicitly to appearances, but "Trust me like a rabbit and watch me like a thief."

Somehow the rabbi does not fare well in public opinion, which credits him with a greater number of follies than is allotted to common mortals: "You may be able to stand a rabbit's eating and a horse's drinking, but it is not possible to tolerate a rabbi's drinking and a horse's eating." It is not only the rabbi, but the Jew in general of whom the Jew has no high opinion, for even "Moses could not get along with the Jews," and "A good Jew prefers to take rather than give;" "with a Jew it is good to eat shalot, but not from the same dish," and "A Jewish evil eye is worse than Christian magic." In general, the Christian is to be preferred for all ordinary purposes of life; "Better in the hands of the Gentile than in the mouth of the Jew." "It is best to live among Christians and die among Jews."

Just as English fairy tales may begin with the words "Once upon a time there lived a king," so Jewish nursery stories commence with the sentence, "Once upon a time there lived a rabbi and his wife;" hence the proverb says, "A rabbi without a rabbi's wife is but half a story." This adage expresses the fundamental principle of the marital relations, on which the whole Jewish life is based. Indeed, "a house without a housewife is a wagon without wheels," and though marriage does not always lead to happiness, "it is better to be a young widow than an old maid;" but the Jewish old maids are rare, for "A Jewish girl is never left." No wonder, then, that with the promise to marry again as soon as the wife is dead or has been divorced, divorce should be a frequent occurrence, though they are by no means looked upon with favor; hence, "better 'tis to tear the paper (of betrothal) than the parchment (of marriage)." Yet when man and wife cannot agree, "it is better for four to be happy than for two to be miserable," and thus the loophole for divorces is left wide open.

Of his wife the Jew has a high opinion, for "A wife puts one on his legs and pulls one down," and "A wife makes of her husband what she will," though he is conscious of her defects, of which talkativeness is the most detected. Nor does he relish a desire for learning in a woman, since "A chicken that crows, a Gentile that speaks Yiddish and a Jewess that studies the law are a bad lot." He loves his children tenderly, and prefers to let them during his lifetime, which is enunciated in the form, "It is better to give your child with a warm hand than with a cold hand," hence the frequency of dowries.

But dowries are a heavy task on a poor father, especially if his daughter is not comely, for "A pretty face is half dowry," so her advent is not hailed with joy; indeed, "Seven sons prepare a chair for you in heaven, seven daughters prepare a seat for you in hell." This is the more painful to him, since "A son after death, a daughter during life," i.e., the son will say kadiash after the parents, which may be the only obligation he will bear to his progenitors, while the daughter shows her affection as long as her parents live. He educates his children gently, for "A good boy needs no blows, a bad boy is not helped by them;" yet too much lenience is not good for them, and "It is better for children to weep than for parents."

Though he values learning highly, knowing that "A well-instructed Jew will always be able to help himself," he values work even higher; "An artisan does not die of hunger," "Handicraft is the best coat of mail against poverty," "A humble handicraft is also a handicraft," are some of the many maxims of this kind. If with all that he admires wealth, it is only because this is the only avenue for his ambition, and yet "Jewish wealth is like March snow." In fact, nothing is permanent with the Jew but his poverty, and he takes especial delight to be merry at his own want, though his heart be heavy. "Three men," he says, "sing from sorrow—a Chazan, a beggar and a Badchen," or else, "When does a Jew sing? When he is hungry." Nor can a Jew well be rich, for "A Jew has only money to lose and time to be sick." And when in sickness he allows himself the luxury of a chicken, the chicken is equally afflicted, since "When a poor man eats a chicken he is sick or the chicken." Yet poor people are not only cheerful, but generous; "Poor people have good hearts," and "God rejoices when one beggar scratches another." A beggar's joys are few; "A beggar is happy when he has lost and found again." He is long suffering, but "When does a beggar complain? When he has two weddings in one day," for he loses his chance of eating at one of them.

The Jew's Rabelaisian humor finds vent in many sayings similar to the last. "Barefoot a whole year and in socks on Tiabe-be-sh" is an ironical illustration of a poor man who, to show his sorrow at the fall of the temple, dons his socks on that holiday which he could not afford to wear during the rest of the year. "When one is angry at the Chazan he does not make the responses of 'amen,'" is a good pendant to spitting one's face by cutting off the nose. An English proverb says that every dog has his day, but the Jewish adage is more explicit, and informs us of the precise time the dog has his day, "When has a dog his holiday? When he has broken his leg." Somewhat drastic is the following illustration of the ubiquity and universality of the Talmud: "In the holy Gemara you may find everything, even a shriveled-up bed-bug." Those who have ever seen a Russian cheder will fully appreciate the truth of the statement. "Death," says another adage, "is the only gratis thing, and yet it costs your life." Of death the Jew makes as light as he jests with religion. "It is never too late to die," and "the angel of death cares not whether the dead man has his shroud." Though filial affection, love to children and wife are frequently commented upon, the more romantic love has but one representative, and even that smacks of utilitarianism, born of bitter experience, "Love is sweet, but it tastes better with bread."

Humility is encouraged and pride meets with stern reproach. "Pride sleeps on a dunghill," but "the greater the gentleman the smaller he feels." Of family pride, so common among the Jews, the proverb says, "A genealogy in the cemetery and tribulations at home," or "pearls on your neck and stones in your heart." Independence is regarded as the highest good, "Better our own porridge than somebody else's roast meat," and one is warned of needless humbleness, "If you stoop too low they will step on your head."

It must be noted that the proverb plays a most important part in the every-day life of the Jew and is more frequently made use of as an illustration by the raconteur than is the case with the nations whose languages are more generally used for literary purposes. Whole conversations and stories are often a string of maxims in their proper sequence.

DUST FAR FROM SHORE.

TWENTY-FOUR BARRELS SWEEP FROM THE DECK OF A SHIP IN ONE VOYAGE.

[London Shipping World:] A "dusty" ocean highway sounds almost incredible. Yet those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are not swept at nightfall an enormous quantity of dust will quickly collect. Of course, on the modern "liner" the burning of hundreds of tons of coal every twenty-four hours and the myriads of footfalls daily would account for a considerable accumulation of dust, but on a "wind-jammer," manned with a dozen hands or less, no such dust-producing agencies are at work. And yet the records of sailing ships show that they collect more sea dust than does a steamer, which is probably accounted for by the fact that while the dust-laden smoke blows clear of the steamer, the large area of canvas spread by the sailor acts as a dust collector.

To quote an instance in support of this contention, we may mention that no less than twenty-four and a half barrels of fine dust were swept from the decks of an American sailing ship during a ninety-seven-day voyage from New York to San Francisco. The captain of this vessel, a man of scientific tastes, made careful observations on the mystery of sea dust, but beyond the wear and tear of the sails and rigging, a quite negligible factor, he could assign absolutely no perceptible cause for the formation of dust on board his ship. It has been asserted that the dust which falls on the decks of vessels emanates from the interstellar space. This sounds both scientific and plausible, but it is at variance with certain known facts. Bits of leather, cork, wood and vegetable fiber are almost always present in sea dust.

Of the fact of the steady and constant deposition of dust on the decks of vessels while at sea there is no possible room for doubt, but, so far, all attempts to solve the mystery of its origin have failed.

diffused state, to give good flash light and daylight, principal role to the latter, and to attenuate certain flash light in conjunction with the photographer, and to possess of no regular, often desirable to reverse, for example, in photographing the background, leaving with but a touch of light to be attractive.

wished that we might family sitting-room, with windows and the bright, a hominess obtained in—light a room can be photograph of the light, whether coming it is no longer necessary

TO GRAYBACK'S TOP.

A TRIP UP SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

GRAYBACK, the highest mountain peak in Southern California and part of the San Bernardino Range, stretches cold, bleak walls toward the gates of heaven, as if beseeching the warmth that lies within. Gray crated and almost untimbered, this great peak is distinguishable from all others, and looms like a sentinel, or protesting monarch, above the lesser green-coated mountains.

Viewed from the heights, far above our little cabin in Bear Valley, the mysterious grandeur of the mountain, exercised a magnetic fascination that was irresistible, and a trip to the summit was planned.

One morning, at early dawn, when fluttering lights came softly creeping over the mountain's crest, giving a golden

jacket, a comb, and a towel, the only toilet articles considered necessary for a jaunt in the wilderness.

A stout, comfortable costume adds greatly to the delights of a trip of this kind. No trailing skirts, ribbons, curl-papers or patent-leather shoes are permissible, and abbreviated skirts, black shirt waist, stout shoes and blue sunbonnet, quite fill the bill.

Man enjoys a perfection of rustic ease, when arrayed in stout breeches, leather leggings, negligee shirt, broad-brimmed hat, and heavy-linen hunting coat. The pistol belt and the rifle are considered necessary adjuncts, though in our case they were left behind.

Under a battery of smiles from non-admiring relatives, we sadly spoke our adieus. Judging from facial contortions of people whom we passed, the general appearance of the double outfit must have been picturesquely ludicrous. Exalted and uplifted by Nature's perfect splendor, Vanity's arrows lost their power to wound. Melodious woodland voices rang in our ears. Intermingled with forest voices, and enveloping us in fragrant meshes were the intoxicating odors of pine tree, fern and wild flowers. From a voluptuous carpet of sighing ferns and glittering grasses, stately lilies bowed their golden heads, wafting fragrant greetings from their sun-tipped petals. Zephyrus,

perus occidentalis, Libocedrus decurrens, or cedar of Lebanon; Pinus contorta, or big cone pine; Pinus albicaulis, white pine; Pinus Lambertiana, or sugar pine; Pinus Monophylla, or nut pine; Pinus Murrayana, or two-needle pine; Pinus ponderosa, or yellow pine; Pinus jeffreyi, black pine, besides live oaks, black oaks, ash, alder, etc.

We crossed the Santa Ana River and Barren

where the wily trout frolicked in cool, crystal

Occasionally we passed through beautiful meadows, the

istic gardens of emerald green, on whose fern-clad

nestled glittering springs, which, in their cool and

less purity, seemed like pearls dropped from the

of dawn.

A Deserted Fish Pond.

About twelve miles from Bear Valley is a most

esting spot. Clinging to the mountain side is a

dated log cabin that stands as sentinel above an

fish pond. Between the crumbling walls, with their

canny hangings of spider webs, lurks an atmosphere

misfortune, chilled by the fury of life's tempest.

years ago, in his mountain ramblings, Capt. Jones

covered this natural reservoir, and immediately

the idea of utilizing this provision of nature for a

pond. Several friends became enthusiastic in the

tion of his scheme, and eventually a fish stock

was organized, with a capital of \$15,000. The cable

built, and a ditch six miles in length was dug to

water from the Santa Ana River. The reservoir

filled and abundantly stocked with fish, and for some

the industry flourished, and the enterprise was a

success, several hundred trout being sent to market

time. Interested parties made serious complaint

the company for monopolizing the river water. Court

ceedings were begun, and eventually the trout pond

abandoned. The picturesque lake, with its forest

walls became dry, and the piscatorial occupants

up their tails, while a relentless sun and cold, moon

moon gazed down upon their discomfiture.

During the entire trip were evidences of devastation

caused by thousands of sheep that, a few years

roamed unrestrained over the mountains. A labyrinth

sheep paths zig-zagged up every slope, while every

of growth, including young trees, has become a

their voracious instincts.

The Buzz of the Rattlesnake.

While crossing the rocky bed of a cañon we were

tied by the shrill buzz of a rattlesnake. Following

sound we found the wrathful denizen of rotten logs

us with vindictive rage from his covering of

brush. Every curve was the embodiment of

wrath. As he coiled and uncoiled the shining curves

full of a weird grace and beauty, that fascinated and

repelled. When we started toward him, armed with

and stones, he gave full vent to his indignant feelings

prolonged and violent rattlings, and darted into a

As he advanced into the depths the sounds grew

fainter, until distance swallowed them up.

From the city of trees farther up the mountain came

crash of a falling monarch. Worn and depressed by

and ravaging elements, the noble frame, so full of

was not invincible to adversity, and through the agency

superior powers was dashed ignominiously to earth

crumble and decay.

Lunch was enjoyed at the head of a beautiful

under a fragrant canopy of pine-tree branches. In

trunk of this tree some thoughtful person had nailed

notice, "Last water. None at Dry Lake." This was

was opportune, as the remainder of the trip was

It would be impossible to return to this spot

noon the next day, and with no water in the

there was danger of a water famine, in which both

and beast might suffer. It was either proceed with

trip or return home. Objecting to the latter course,

obstacles were ignored. Canteens were filled, and

journey resumed. What absurd, contrary creatures

are! Now that the crystal liquid was scarce thing

incessant demands. It is difficult to economize on

water, and the necessity was not enjoyed.

For a mile and a half we plodded up a narrow

gulch, a sort of alleyway leading from the meadow

Dry Lake. The sun seemed to concentrate its burning

upon the cañon walls and glance in hot waves from

granite boulders.

This cañon is an ideal home for rattlesnakes, and

withstanding the altitude of 9000 feet, one almost

to hear the shrill rattle or see an old fellow teasing

the rocks.

Dry Lake was entirely empty, and every hillside

that two years ago furnished such abundance of

was unresponsive. We crossed the lake bed, took a

full breath as we looked into the heights, and began

final climb. No one having been over the route since

year, rains and snows had obliterated all indications

trail, and we pushed on as best we could without

The mules did bravely, clinging to and sliding

over slippery rocks, showing the patience and

ance for which they are noted.

The entire surface of this great mountain has

clothed by the movements of an ancient glacier, as

journey toward the sea it deposited illimitable

of colling boulders. The terminal moraine at an

tion of 10,000 feet, was reached after a successful

efforts.

Ravages of the Fire.

Last year fire destroyed several acres of forest

place. As usual, the fire originated through the

ness of campers, the majority of whom seem to

nature has spent hundreds of years in erecting monu-

beauties for their especial benefit. There is all the

ence in the world in campers. Some enter the

wilds with an intense love of nature, and a deter-

tion to protect as nearly as possible all beautiful

Others go laden with guns and fishing tackle, while

go to have a high old time, regular high jinks, and

pursuit they are totally blind to nature's grandeur.

destruction of a great tree is of no more consequence

than is the crunching of a pine needle. It has been noticeable that upon these people invariably look about them, against which to prop their

and some run up the sides of the mountains of time succumb to the onslaught of young trees are ruthlessly cut down. As the ground is usually stony, the timber and cones that are more salt than green wood.

At the terminal moraines great trees are found and distorted, stretching unmanly. Their aspect is threatening and full. At the edge of this blackened area

the first time Nature was found to

near of grass could be seen, and the

contemplative inspection, let out walls of

Quantities of fir needles were

before the beasts, and these they

erolish. A short distance up the slope

from the cool and bounteous depth of

drift was extracted. After the

drift was extracted, and a few hours of

the ground, and a few hours of

most realized. Mother Earth is

when one is weary after a long

brings the throbbing head and aching

The Coming of Night.

While daylight lingered, up to the

night, a little chipmunk darted up

any guardian tree. Indomitable

movement, grace and intelligence,

their forms in his tiny body.

The pine-tree bark contained some

his palate, and while boldly sitting

ery, he gazed about him with bright

his supper, he held communion

under that occupied an upper branch.

before, for after a chirping

something that seemed much like

quickly circle the trunk, the

and the versa. At dark the game

no more.

The night was sublime in its

effluence with a wild

foliage of a stately old pine

branches above my primitive

beautiful sky, studded with

last the camp was wrapt in

a o'clock, and I found the

After eating a light lunch,

and content and started on

higher. The world was

the mountain's crest a star

the moon we struggled. What

rocks, that indicated secure

posed as headlong as they

anally seemed as though the

for the greater our efforts,

stretch the snowy peak with

Adversity, affliction and calamity

in nature, by the struggling

mit. They are the species

growing on moraines or

summit peaks, a

from 10,000 to 15,000 feet.

The winds

form a combination to

persevering endeavors to

they are overcome by

is creeping, crouching

mountain of rock. It is

Summit Reached.

At our left, just below the summit,

glacial nest or starting

glaciers were bruised,

as well as the

at last we managed to

scramble over

then, what marvelous

scenes of

we were at an elevation

of 11,300 feet,

the topmost

pinacle of the earth,

to view us. Names

of rugged mountains

chains as far as

eye could reach

were shrouded

by a purple mist.

In deep

shadows

from the heights

shadows

phantom forms

in cañon depths

of fog nestled

between mountain

reaching in their

cradles. Far, far

below lay

dreaming. Valleys

were dotted

with towns,

all huddled

and wrapt

in stillness

was intense,

broken only

by the

of wings,

as a bird

passed by

in rapid

flight.

Amara, clothed in

gorgeous

raiment of

gold, illumined

the eastern

sky. The

sun rose

from the

depths,

and, suffusing

a sleeping

world with

glorious

clouds were

transformed

into

fantastic

walls and

glittering

domes. To

San Jacinto,

which is

supposed to

be a

vertical

wall in the

United

States. To

Colorado

River, winding

its sinuous

way

to the

Pacific

Ocean was

dimly

visible in

the north

A FILIPINO ELECTION.

FIRST EXPERIMENT IN SELF-GOVERNMENT AFTER AMERICAN FASHION.

BY MAJ. JOHN GREEN BALLANCE,
Thirteenth United States Infantry, Civil Governor of North-
western Luzon.

VIGAN (Island of Luzon, P. I.), Oct. 1.—When it became evident that the Filipino method of electing local officers was not going to be a success under the United States army administration, this city was selected as the place for the experiment of an American election. Vigan is the capital of South Ilocos, about two hundred and fifty miles north of Manila, and although not the largest, is probably the richest and best-built city in Northern Luzon. It is an important seaport, with a large export trade in tobacco, hemp, sugar, indigo and other products. The Bureau of Information gives its population at nearly twenty thousand. It is the seat of the bishopric of New Segovia, has a college for men, and a seminary for girls; has been designated as a permanent military post, and is the headquarters of Gen. Young, the district commander. On these considerations, the officer under whose supervision municipal governments were being organized in the district, decided that Vigan was the most favorable place to try the first experimental election.

Since the American authorities assumed control, the previous elections had been conducted according to the method of the former government—by viva-voce vote of the residents. This had its defects. Enthusiasm was rampant at the election. Town officials were duly chosen and took the oath of fealty to the United States, and straightway began to further the interests of the insurgents in various ways. In the innocence of their hearts the American supposed that an oath meant something to the Filipinos. So it does when backed by fear of death, and most of the newly-elected officials had long before bound themselves by the blood oath of the Katipunan Society, the secret

Finally, however, an election board, composed of three excellent representative men, was chosen. The duty of the board consisted in inquiring into the qualification of the electors, registering and administering the oath of allegiance to such as were found qualified, making an alphabetical list of those found qualified, listening to and deciding on complaints of the registry list, holding the election, and making a due return of the same.

Qualifications for Suffrage.

To entitle him to vote an elector must either, first, have held municipal executive office previous to August, 1898; or, second, have paid annually 30 pesos of taxes; third, be able to read, write and speak English or Spanish. Every voter was required to be a male person of 23 years of age, legal resident of the city for six months and free from allegiance to any foreign power. As Spanish was the written language of the country, it would seem that a city with the advantages of Vigan would have a large number of electors possessing the foregoing qualifications. When the election board had finished its work it was found, to the amazement of all, that out of a stated population of near 20,000, Vigan had registered only 237 voters. There were a few who could have qualified and did not, but there were probably not over 260 men in the entire city who possessed the prescribed qualifications.

The election was held on July 4, so that the Filipinos might have hereafter a double celebration in a single day. Two hundred and seven votes were cast. The ballot was as secret as possible, each voter handing his folded vote, written out by himself, to the president of the board, who placed it in a locked ballot box. The writing out of the ballots was necessary, as no printing press was available. Every step in the voting was supervised by an army officer, and this satisfied the natives that they had had a really fair election. In former times, they had simply gone through the form of an election, by being permitted to cast a vote for the person whom the officials decided beforehand was to be elected.

An Alcalde, Lieutenant-Alcalde, Treasurer and Attorney and eighteen members of the Council were chosen. It is very hazardous to venture a positive opinion on a Filipino's allegiance or sincerity, but the men chosen seem as a body

the people by his first name, Emilio, and many an ant of his surname. The two leading candidates mentioned, had each the same given, middle and last name, which rightfully belonged to them, but besides the various honorary and family appellations. One of the received votes under nine different names, the elector writing down the name with which he was familiar, imagining in his simplicity, that the board would know for whom he intended the vote. The circumstances it was an impossibility to determine which of the two should have the benefit of some of the votes.

Owing to the scarcity of troops in Northwestern Luzon and the feeling of insecurity among the people, it has yet been deemed advisable to hold elections in the towns, but the system will gradually be extended as the arrival of more troops, or the passing of time, gives the people a feeling of confidence and security.

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FLORIDA'S BLUSHING TREE.

THE SECRET OF ITS FOLIAGE CHANGING WHEN RAIN FALLS.

[Denver Evening Post:] "Among the many wonders that strange swamps there is nothing more common than the blushing tree," said Albert F. Dewey of Gorda, Fla., who has recently passed a month in the glades of Florida.

"The blushing tree," continued Mr. Dewey, "is by means common. It is found only in the densest thickets, those interminable marishes, whose insurmountable nature is a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who know it because it actually blushes when the rain falls upon it. This phenomenon is apparently incomprehensible. It never fails to astound those who see it for the first time. The mysterious and beautiful glow of color which it assumes in a rainstorm baffles description. The Seminoles Indians, who once ruled the glades, have always known of the tree, and in their mysterious tongue, now fast disappearing, have words which mean 'the maiden tree which reddens at the coming of a lover, the rain'."

"In company with a taciturn Indian guide I journeyed forty miles to see this marvelous bit of vegetable life. I could scarcely believe the story he told me, yet when at length I overcame incredulity, and we went forth in the morning in a small canoe. We spent nearly three days paddling and poing our way over the winding water. In the afternoon of the third day I began to wonder if I had only been deceiving me for the sake of the tale, and his pay as guide, when he gave a grant of satisfaction and pointed to the right.

"Distrustfully I followed him ashore and through the underbrush. Beneath great cypress trees, heavy with gray hanging moss, and past immense bay trees we went our way inland. Eagerly he led the way until near the edge of a little open space he stopped and with a pride pointed toward the center. Gracefully a tree of broad, banana-like leaves, reared itself aloft. Its spreading branches hung down, slightly waving in the breeze. Its emerald-hued foliage was the most beautiful I had ever beheld. It rose to a height of twenty feet, its thick, substantial trunk indicated many years of existence. This, the old Seminole informed me, was the blushing tree."

"I told him to prepare to camp here until it rained, a garden of time. We unrolled our blankets, stretched our mosquito bars, without which one cannot sleep in the glades, cooked supper, and rolled up in our blankets the night. That night, the day following and the night passed without rain.

"I began to think it would never rain, when about a cloud darkened the sky overhead. I put a rubber poncho over my shoulders and fixed my eyes on the green tree a dozen yards away. It was covered with a greenish insect, the size of a large wood tick, which intensified its color. The rain began to fall in torrents, its custom in that region. Beside me, grinning contentedly with a pipe in his mouth, stood the Seminole.

"As the cool water drenched the tree, I was amazed to see a changing of color. Gradually, yet unmistakably, the green hue was giving away to pink. The Indian told the truth. The tree was blushing at the rain.

"In a few minutes the green had faded from the tree. Only in a few, half-hidden spots beneath broad leaves and on its trunk was there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree was as pink as the cheek of a healthy girl.

"After an hour or more the shower passed over and watched with no less interest the wonderful tree and its familiar green once more. As it was changing to emerald I suddenly realized the secret of the phenomenon. The tiny insects and not the tree itself changed color. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright, warm sunshine they grow green, the tree on which they live, but when a chilly rain falls upon them they contract their little bodies and become a pretty pink in color. Millions of them change the tint of the tree. They are found only on one species of tree, which grows in certain parts of the Everglades."

A GIRL'S BEST COUNSELOR IS HER FATHER.

"Trust your father's judgment of your man," rather than your own at first," writes Helen Watson Moody to girls, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "The gay, witty, responsive young man who will probably most attract you, will not be the one who is likely to have his serious consideration and respect. Over your man friends with your father, and one of healthy, unemotional, sane 'man-standards' he will be up for you. I really think if a girl could have her father as a counselor in her love affairs, it would better be than any one else. A man's mind is a great trust to a somewhat diffident intellect of a girl in her first love experiences."



THE ELECTORS PREPARING THEIR BALLOTS.

organization of the insurgents, which by a judicious policy of throat-cutting has firmly implanted in the minds of its followers the conviction that violation of its oath is not conducive to longevity. Treachery to the Americans meant a short term in prison; treachery to the Katipunan meant a knife thrust in the dark or an abduction with highly unpleasant consequences. The choice was obvious to the Filipino mind, particularly after a few object lessons in the shape of dead or missing town officials who had failed to accede to the demands of the insurgents.

Local Officials Served Both Sides.

Thus it came about that most of the towns had a dual government, the head of each being in many cases the same person. One was the de jure open government upheld by the American troops and the other the de facto government, secretly maintained by the insurgents. Owing to the apparent poverty of some towns the American authorities found it exceedingly difficult for their agents to collect the few dollars needed to pay the pittance due the police (the salary of which in one town was only 50 cents a man per month,) whereas money was easily raised by the same agents for the insurgents.

These dual governments could not go on uninterrupted forever. It was finally decided to inaugurate new municipal governments in Northern Luzon, based on the American system, but with suffrage so restricted that intelligent and loyal men might be chosen. This could be accomplished only by preventing the densely ignorant and vicious from voting.

Difficulties were encountered from the first. Many of the more influential men of the city seemed to favor the new scheme, and admitted that it promised better results than the old method, but all united in seeking every excuse for delay. They were afraid of the Katipunan Society's vengeance upon any who took up with American ways. Finally a number of the prominent citizens agreed to do their part in the election if the authorities would promise them the protection of the American garrison. At the first step, however, there was more trouble. Nobody wanted to serve on the election board. This service, they felt, would mark them as leaders in the American movement—and the Katipunan would do the rest. Some of the excuses offered were child-like. One man of wealth, who had probably a dozen servants in his house, gave as his excuse for not serving that he had a sick mother at home, and that if he served on the board and wasn't around to give her medicine regularly his poor old mother would die.

to be a superior class of loyal officials. The inauguration ceremonies, which were elaborate, were accompanied by the inevitable Filipino banquet, followed by a dance, the music for which was furnished, to the vast astonishment and admiration of the natives, by a phonograph.

The Alcalde, in his inaugural address, surprised his incredulous constituents by stating that he intended to administer the affairs of the city honestly. Under Spanish rule the standard of excellence in an Alcalde was graded according to the amount he exacted from the people. He was not allowed, by law, to receive any compensation for his services, which at times were very onerous, and if elected or appointed he was obliged to serve. Under these circumstances, it should not be a matter of astonishment that he compensated himself illegally. The position of Alcalde of an important city like Vigan was sought for, and an ambitious, energetic man was willing to pay to the Civil Governor a bribe of at least \$5000 for the honor of being elected (7) Alcalde. There never was any uncertainty as to who would be elected under these circumstances.

Since the election Vigan gives evidence of a newly-awakened prosperity, and when Americans bring new and better methods of agriculture and machinery, improve the harbor, and build an electric railway, the water power for which is close by, it will grow into a large and rich city.

Opposing Candidates of Identical Name.

So successful was the election experiment at Vigan that it was followed up with similar elections at San Fernando and Laoag, both of which have been designated as permanent posts. The results were encouraging on the whole. There were lively times and a highly-complicated mix-up at Laoag. Two hundred and forty-six citizens qualified as voters. One hundred and ninety-four of them ran for office; most of them for member of the Council. As a Councilman gets no pay or allowances it would seem that some strong fascination must inhere in the office. Every candidate got at least one vote. It didn't take much more than that to elect. The election board had the time of its life trying to determine which of the two leading candidates for Alcalde was elected. They had identically the same name. Officially they were designated as first and second, but this was rather too fine a distinction for some of the voters, and it will never be known certainly which was the people's choice.

It is the custom of the country to speak of a man by his first name, and very often the rest of his name is not known. For example, Aguinaldo is generally known to

THE FIESTA C

UNIQUE CELEBRATION

THE ITALIAN

By a Special Co

AFTER election comes festal days, districts or town celebrations, parades, fiestas, making days. Some call others by another, but it all amounts to more business, more pleasure, more publicity, notice of the town, more publicity, necessarily more evil. It all depends.

England observes, perhaps, more holidays than any other country, orderly country. The French people inordinate degree, yet their week of for its genuine fun, wholly unalloyed unnecessary crudeness. It is a remembered by those who have experienced New Orleans, with her many of likewise an example of what a city like. Then there is the carnival, beautiful and dainty of all, the Our former fiestas more resembled other foreign festivals. Flowers a festival; so were they of ours.

Besides the places mentioned where the festival is more characteristic than that of any of them. It is called "The Lilies of Nola."

This charming little town lies in the treacherous Vesuvius, ever through, ever joyous. Her years of all towns might follow. It is charmingly beautiful. The origin dates so far back in the misty past. The present generation believes the mists, that are still the feature of constructed entirely of flowers, and procession in honor of St. Paulinus of Nola. He it was who gave to the idea of the chime of church bells, holds her yearly fiesta.

The "lilies" or obelisks, which characteristic feature of the festival description. They vary in height, feet, are constructed in perfect artistic in decoration. These towers aloft through the streets, are reared Corinthian and Doric pillars, and flowers, emblems and ornamental frame of woodwork, upon which the structure. The first platform is a band; for it would be impossible to tread in perfect step and time.

Each lily is borne by forty stout men, they are called in Nola, who shoulders, and each group vies with its performance with its grand tower dance the tarantella, bowing and waltz the statuary or small boys fall up in the tower, there is always a two. Another year the stately towers others figures of a dance, and continue grand march.

The central place in the lily is reserved of the gild represented, for each lily different gild of the town—the business merchants, etc. Collections are made, in fact, at the close of the day, the men, are chosen by each gild to begin at once to solicit subscriptions, rivalry between the unions, each striving to be the most beautiful lily.

Many of the decorations are made in some instances the entire lily is gaily on account of its being light in color. A lily generally weighs about 100 lbs., the boys, and the golden sun \$50 to \$500. Sometimes the lily is one color. When entirely white, its appearance, most graceful and beautiful. However, the bright rainbow coloring and tinsel, pleases the crowd at the festa scene. Much thought is given of designs and to the manufacturer's frame is kept from year to year, but to the master of ceremonies. During the lily is firmly moored by means of ropes and balconies in front of the gild.

When ready for the parade, and processions of the porters, the ropes are uncoiled, and the gigliante, like a band, place in front of the lily, marking the tiers.

The wild cheering that greets the notifies the waiting crowds who have gathered in the public square that a lily is about to be paraded. In the center of the square there is a little float that is supposed to be a figure of St. Paulinus back from his year 400. There is a pathetic little patron saint and bishop. During the processions made by the Vandals many of the were captured and taken to Africa, where they were sold into slavery. The good bishop expended in redeeming from slavery the Nolan had nothing left to offer as ransom, and he appealed to him for help to free her

Emilio, and many are given, middle and ornate them, but besides they have different names, the names with which he was not simplicity, that the returning he intended the vote. Under impossibility to determine the benefit of some of the

troops in Northwestern Louisiana, condition of the country, and among the people, it has not to hold elections in other gradually be extended as some, or the placing of them confidence and security.

BLUSHING TREE.

Among the many wonders of the world is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree of Albert P. Dewey of Philadelphia, who passed a month in the East.

Mr. Dewey, "is by nature the blushing tree of the world," he said me, yet certainly, and we went forth to see it. We spent nearly three days in the blushing tree, and on the third day I began to wonder if it was the same tree that I had seen at the coming of the

Indian guide I journeyed with me, yet certainly, and we went forth to see it. We spent nearly three days in the blushing tree, and on the third day I began to wonder if it was the same tree that I had seen at the coming of the

camp here until it rained, and our blankets, stretched out, we could not sleep in the tent up in our blankets for day following and the next

ever said, when about noon, I put a rubber pencil in my eye on the ground and saw it was covered with a large wood tick, which began to fall in torrents, after which, grinning confidently and the

THE FIESTA OF NOLA.

UNIQUE CELEBRATION OBSERVED IN THE ITALIAN TOWN.

By a Special Contributor.

AFTER election comes fiesta. All prosperous countries, districts or towns held numerous celebrations, parades, fiestas, feast days or merry-making days. Some call them by one name, others by another, but it all amounts to the same thing, in more business, more pleasure, more wide-spread notice of the town, more publicity of the place; but not necessarily more evil. It all depends upon the management.

England observes, perhaps, more celebrations and legal holidays than any other country, yet it is a law-abiding, orderly country. The French people are fun-loving to an immense degree, yet their week of Mardi Gras is notable for its genuine fun, wholly unalloyed with great sin or unnecessary rudeness. It is a season always to be remembered by those who have experienced it.

New Orleans, with her many years of Mardi Gras, is herself an example of what a city may do and yet be civil. Then there is the carnival at Rome, and the most beautiful and dainty of all, the flower festival at Nice. The former fiestas more resembled this than any of the other foreign festivals. Flowers are the feature of their festival; as were they of ours.

Besides the places mentioned there is still another, where the festival is more characteristic and individual than that of any of them. It is the festival at Nola, called "The Lilies of Nola."

This charming little town lies in the very shadow of the towering Vesuvius, ever threatened, yet ever prosperous, ever joyous. Her years of festa stand as a model for all towns might follow. It is entirely orderly and amazingly beautiful. The origin of the festival at Nola goes so far back in the misty past that its history is lost. The present generation believes that the gorgeous pyramids, that are still the feature of the festa, were once constructed entirely of flowers, and carried in the annual procession in honor of St. Paulinus, the beloved bishop of Nola. He it was who gave to the world the heavenly tone of the chime of church bells, and in his honor Nola holds her yearly festa.

The "lilies" or obelisks, which constitute the especially characteristic feature of the festival, are almost beyond description. They vary in height from fifty to ninety feet, are constructed in perfect symmetry, and are most superb in decoration. These towering structures, borne aloft through the streets, are reared after models of Gothic, Corinthian and Doric pillars, and adorned with statues, flowers, emblems and ornamental friezes. There is first a base of woodwork, upon which the colossal lilies are constructed. The first platform is always reserved for the lord; for it would be impossible to carry these gigantic pyramids through the streets, excepting that the bearers used in perfect step and time.

Each lily is borne by forty stout men (facchini, or porters, they are called in Nola,) who bear them upon their shoulders, and each group vies with the others in the parade performed with its grand tower. One year they will dance the tarantella, bowing and weaving until you fear the statuary or small boys fall off; for, perched high up in the tower, there is always to be seen a small boy or two. Another year the stately towers go through some other figures of a dance, and conclude the parade with a grand march.

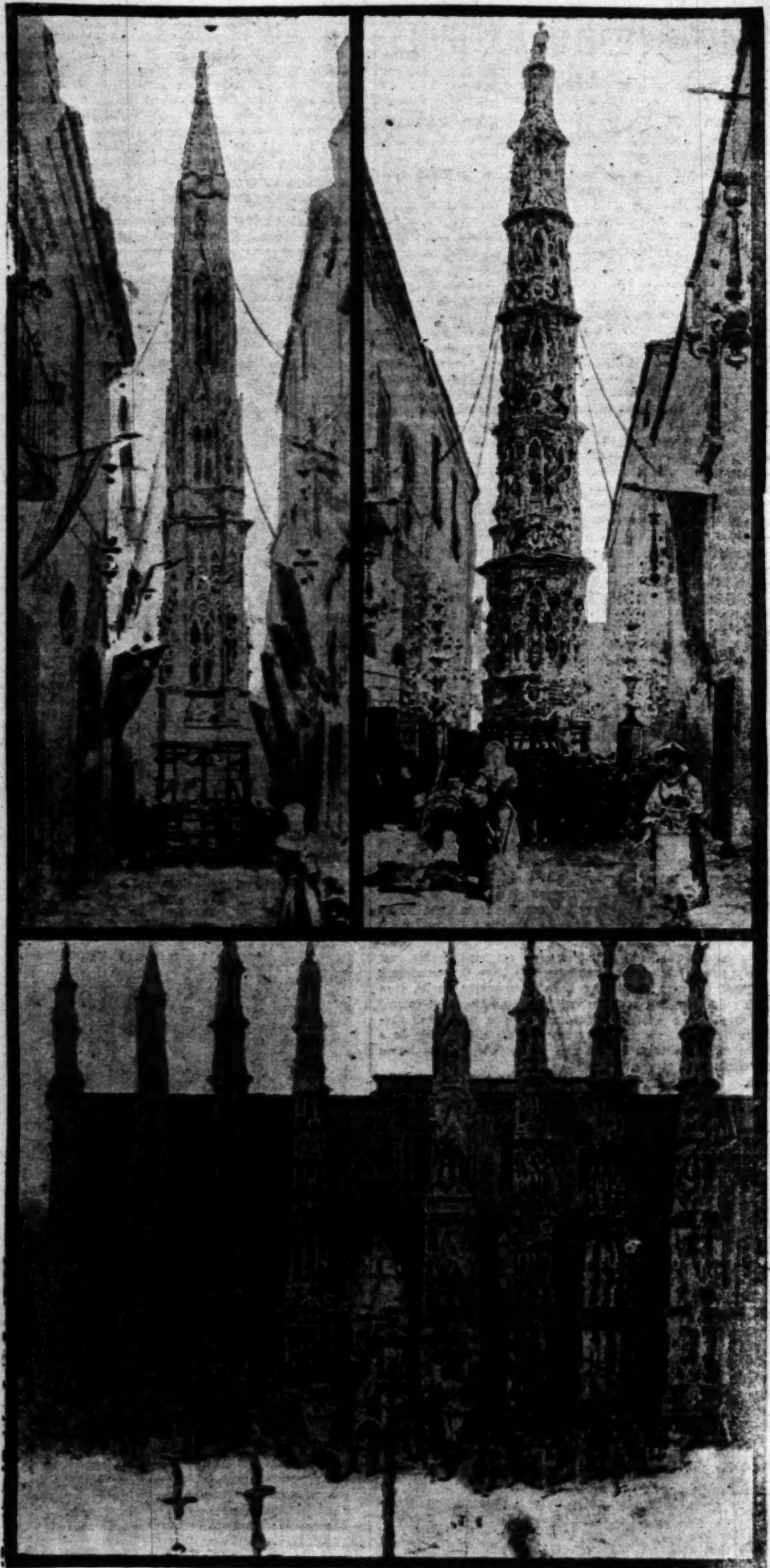
The central place in the lily is reserved for the goddess of the gild represented, for each lily is constructed by a different gild of the town—the bakers, grocers, tailors, the merchants, etc. Collections are made early in the year, in fact, at the close of the festa two giglianti, or the men, are chosen by each gild or trades union. They begin at once to solicit subscriptions, and as there is great rivalry between the unions, each striving to gain the prize, there is little trouble in collecting sufficient funds to construct a beautiful lily.

Many of the decorations are made of papier-mâché, and in some instances the entire lily is formed of it, principally on account of its being light in weight and adaptable. A lily generally weighs about three tons, including the boys, and the goddess. The cost varies from \$500 to \$500. Sometimes the lilies are decorated in white color. When entirely white there is a fragile appearance, most graceful and very pleasing in effect. However, the bright rainbow coloring, touched up with gold and tinsel, pleases the crowd and adds brilliancy to the festa scene. Much thought is given to the selection of designs and to the manufacture of the lily. The lily is kept from year to year, but the "dress" belongs to the master of ceremonies. During the process of dressing the lily is firmly moored by means of ropes to the trees and balconies in front of the giglianti's home.

When ready for the parade, and poised upon the shoulders of the porters, the ropes are cut loose by daring men who have climbed into the rigging for that purpose, and the giglianti, like a band director, takes his place in front of the lily, marking time for the forty carriers.

The wild cheering that greets the successful launching of the waiting crowds who have already assembled in the public square that a lily is approaching.

In the center of the square there is arranged a quaint little boat that is supposed to be a facsimile of the boat that brought St. Paulinus back from Africa, about the year 400. There is a pathetic little story told of the saint and bishop. During one of the many incursions made by the Vandals many of Nola's excellent men were captured and taken to Africa, where they were sold into bondage. The good bishop expended his entire fortune in redeeming from slavery the Nolan captives. When he had nothing left to offer as ransom, and a poor widow appealed to him for help to free her only son, he offered



THE LILIES OF NOLA.

to go himself in place of the son. The offer was accepted, and thus the bishop of Nola became a slave in the hot fields of Africa. He performed many miracles, and through that power was recognized by the Vandals and restored to his people, together with all the Nolan captives that yet remained in bondage. Seated upon the boat St. Paulinus reviews the procession of lilies and pronounces a benediction. Confetti and flower petals are used in profusion to pelt the good saint and give vent to an ebullition of feeling.

HARRY FORBES.

THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

[Haryet Holt Cahoon in Woman's Home Companion:] In the ethical code governing the behavior of the guest many points are contained. You may arrive a few days later than the invitation specifies, but you should not remain overtime. Even if you are coaxed to prolong your

stay, a ready tact should make it clear that your presence is required at home or elsewhere. The guest who is regretted and missed is the popular guest. The guest at whose departure every one draws a sigh of relief is the one who has made her hosts twice glad.

It is also a part of the ethical code that you should be on time at meals, not a minute late at one of them. No guest has a right to disregard the domestic schedule of events. Keep your things "picked up" and put in their proper places, and your room looking as well as your hostess usually keeps it. Put the pillow shams on the bed, and do not stick pins in the best satin pincushion. Use your own comb and brush, and when you leave do not carry away the silver manicure file nor the scissors by mistake, as some guests have a way of doing. Have your laundry work done outside if possible; if not permitted to do so, do not fail to remunerate the servants generously for the service.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

MRS. C. M., Los Angeles, writes: "I would like your advice about some additional furniture and finishing touches for my rooms which are: A parlor, 12x12 feet, with one south and one west window, a dining-room of the same size, with one west window, and two bedrooms, size 10x12 feet. The paper in the first room has pale blue and green flowers on a cream ground. The dining-room is much the same. The bedrooms are Naples yellow. I can change the woodwork in all of these rooms. It is drab at present. In the parlor the carpet is a black and yellow ingrain, the couch is upholstered in red velvet (I can change or remove it,) there is a walnut center table, wicker and cherry rockers and several oil paintings. I have a pair of bronze green portieres. Would you advise me to use them between parlor and dining-room? I have a black wrought-iron lamp with red paper shade. I have a number of potted plants and ferns; how shall I dispose of them? My bedroom set is mahogany, carpet dark red and cream. What sort of inexpensive curtains could I get for this room?"

In going over your parlor furnishings, you will admit that your colors are promiscuous and what you must do to render the room attractive is to endeavor to conform the various things to some one scheme of color or design. It will be very difficult to make your black and yellow carpet adapt itself to walls of pale blue, green and cream. The first step will be to paint your woodwork black. This will conform to the black in your carpet, then hang one or both of your green curtains in the doorway. This will conform to the green in your paper. If this archway is too narrow for two curtains, hang one and use the other as a cover for your couch. Put cushions of blue and of green in here, matching the coloring of your paper as nearly as possible. Next, put the yellow of your carpet into a lamp shade and do not have any red in the room. Use curtains of sheer white organdy, ruffled, at your windows and cover your walnut center table with a pretty piece of blue and green, or plain blue or plain green India silk. Turn up a broad hem of the silk on the right side and tack a handsome silk tassel at each corner. I have mentioned before that when these thin silk covers are used it is always best to cover the table first with a layer of Canton flannel. Carry the black woodwork on into your dining-room and use curtains of white dotted muslin, hung straight and full to sill, unruffled. To dispose plants and ferns advantageously, it is well to place them in front of this window curtains or fill a bare looking corner with their fresh beauty. I would use some of my potted plants also in my parlor. A very tall, flourishing plant never looks so well as when the jar which holds it is set on a low stool, about five or six inches off from floor. These can be easily and cheaply made by having a heavy square block of wood painted black and set upon castors. These little stands that roll about easily are invaluable for heavy palms. If you cannot afford to have the woodwork in your bedroom painted a fine ivory white, make it a dark red, matching your carpet. Curtains of cream-colored net would look well in this room. If you wish sash curtains hung underneath, and they are often desirable in a bedroom, make them of red and white flowered muslin or silkoline.

A House in Ohio.

M. C. says: "Would you advise me as to the furnishing of my library? My house is an old-fashioned one in Ohio, built when windows were not considered as important as they are now. This room has a south exposure, with a bay window, but it is a small one and the light is deficient. The room is 16x13, with ceiling 7 feet 8 inches. The windows in the bay come down to the baseboard. Now, if possible, I want to paint the woodwork black. I will use Austrian oak for furniture and oriental stuffs for furnishings. Can I do this without making the effect too dark? If so, what will be best for the walls and ceiling? In your answer to one letter in The Times, you advised 'jade' green for the walls, with a café au lait ceiling and black woodwork. I inquired for that shade of green, but the clerk at the store did not know what I meant. In another article you advise a 'cold green,' with dark-brown wood. What is a cold green? What would you advise for the bay window? I would also like some kind of hangings in the arch of the bay. Would oriental silk do hung in straight folds and pushed to each side? To me there is something so restful about these dark, rich, oriental colors, and I want to use as much of the stuff as I can without making the room too dark."

I will first explain for your benefit and for others who may also be at sea on the subject, that "jade" is that exquisite green with a white light in it that we see in the bracelets worn by all of the Chinese. Get some Chinaman to show you his green bracelet and you will readily perceive that this particular shade of green will work up with beautiful effect in walls. I think that any jeweler could show you the stone, as it is often set in rings, men's cuff buttons, etc. It is not a green which will absorb the light and would not make your room too dark. It is also a "cold green," by a cold color I always mean one in which there is no yellow or red light. I think you would not do better than use this for your library, with the black woodwork and café au lait ceiling. At the bay window use draperies of café au lait net with under sash curtains of brilliant yellow silk in thin quality. This treatment will throw all of the light possible into your room and will, with a plant in the foreground, make a beautiful window. I have seen some fascinating pieces of the heavy Austrian oak furniture upholstered with leather and intended for libraries. I can imagine a perfect room in which these are used with the Turkish and Persian rugs and hangings. Be sure to brighten all rich depths of color with a yellow cushion here and there (a Turkish one embroidered with gold threads would be especially effective,) and with a yellow shade for your light. You should also have an East

Indian chair in this room. If the other furniture seems heavy or dark it will lighten it and break up all heaviness. A Smooth Tan.

Mrs. L. M. G., Riverside: I send you address, as requested, by mail. I think your sample of inclosed paper a good tan. Matting goes beautifully with black woodwork, as witness their constant use in conjunction by the Japanese. If you paint and shellac your floor around rugs, have them a dark brown. White organdy curtaining gives, I think, the sheerest or most diaphanous effect of any of the window draperies. I am very fond of it. An Artistic Cottage.

Mrs. T. R. B.: Your hall with its green velvet carpet and orange silk at door and windows must be very pretty and cheery looking. I think you could not do better than

Navajo, serape, and fox skins you should be able to make a most artistic effect.

A Beautiful Music Room.

M. G. P.: Your letter arrived so late that I fear I cannot give you as much space or thought as I would like. If you are not pressed for time I will give you a more complete scheme in next Sunday's issue. Your ideas of music room are all good. Use the hardwood floor and instead of the Axminster carpeting in here and in the bedrooms there are three good colors for a music room; they are: A cool French gray with ivory-white paint, with garlands of white and yellow roses and green leaves. The pale creamy-yellow of the roses can be reproduced in silk or brocade hangings at the windows. There should also be a touch here and there in chair seats or covers of silver brocade. There should be mirrors and silver



AN EFFECTIVE HALL.



AN ARTISTIC DINING-ROOM.

have your walls a saffron yellow. That is a deep, strong orange, without the green which sometimes shows a little in orange. The ceiling and frieze should be more creamy in tone. You would get a charming effect if you made your parlor walls a very soft shade of Gobelin blue and let this open into a green dining-room. Your oriental portieres would look well with these colors and your Gobelin-blue tapestry curtains would look well in either room. For a frieze in your parlor you can find a paper used for side walls in tapestry pattern, then your ceiling can be a lighter shade of blue. This sort of frieze makes a room very rich and handsome. I advise using the side-wall paper because the borders are usually so large and glaring in design that all refinement and elegance is lost by their use. The green of your dining-room will go well with your oak furniture. Hang your curtains of Brussels net flat and slightly full against the glass. They are much prettier hung just to the sill. Especially is this so when there is a border running across the bottom. With your

crystal candelabra. Another good color is Gobelin with tapestry either paper or stuff paneled at the top of the plain blue wall. Blue rugs and blue velvet hangings over Arabian net. Another scheme is old-rose walls, frescoed panels of pink roses in urns. I would not ture upon figures with an ordinary fresco painting, many of them paint beautiful roses and fine foliage. Your art'st against strong colors and effects.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to the care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may have been clearly understood on any particular point, will privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to queries will be frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

[Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune:] A dreammaker, 3700 years old, was lately found in an ancient ruin. We'll bet two bits that the "findings" amounted to more than the charge for making.

December 9, 1900.]

Graph

Gave Them Each \$5000 for Being K

THROUGH a kindly word spoken by comrade, Maj. T. S. Clarkson: an as former postmasters of Omaha, richer than they were three weeks ago. The venerable hero, Majors, who lives in a humble little house, has endeavored to keep the whole of Omaha until it came from other lips did he part he played in the drama in real life. After coming to Omaha, Mr. Majors the grocery business for a short time to accept the position of stock clerk in the Enfield Martin, then postmaster. T. Majors faithfully and honorably for eight years, amounts of stamps and sums of money, authorities freely testify that Majors ment hundreds of dollars by his a in picking up misplaced stamps and a lot among the rubbish of the office after such a record, Mr. Majors was the enormous sum of 25 cents. Those laughed at the absurdity of the notice came out with glaring headlines and story, and Majors was discharged by the town. The case was called by some the grand jury, but that body refused of the matter, and the case was dropped. Majors his job.

It was in this hour of need that the sympathy and encouragement from the Clarkson overlastingly won the Omaha shortly after, blessing in his eyes and telling them to reward them.

From Omaha, Majors returned to his brothers. A month after he died and a month later the other property, a fortune netting \$50,000, a living brother.

Finding himself at the age of 70, and with a sum of money on hand, the demands of his modest himself in a position to make the years of sorrow come true. Telegrams at Buffalo to meet him in Omaha, and a few days ago, meeting both Majors together presented each with testimonial of his gratitude.

Mr. Majors then again took up his quarters which had been his home b

—[Omaha World-Herald.]

Consumption and the Hawaiians.

H. OFFLEY, the new chief of the master's office, talks interestingly of the Hawaiian Islands. The quartermaster played many of the natives in one k other and he became well acquainted with their habits.

"Consumption is rapidly killing off the natives," he said. "The disease seems to be a foothold with them. While the island climate, the natives are gradually being exterminated. A few years there will be but a small left."

"The Hawaiians drink a vile concoction the name of 'swipes.' It is made of beer, whisky and other stuff. If a native is at night, goes to bed and drinks the morning, he starts the day with time he takes a drink of water, a 'swipes,' he creates a new intoxication, and I believe its use is the ruin of the Hawaiians."—[Seattle Times.]

A Ghost on Shipboard.

The noble English ship Porrett Hall, San Francisco, which has arrived from Long Island City, had a black and manifested its presence by the refusal to strike.

Second Mate Todd, the son of a shipman, in the service of the White Star Line, was disposed to be superstitious of the Porrett Hall are eight apparent sailors, including old "Bill" Williams, Irishman of 63, so tough and well proportioned that he could beat him to the footropes yard.

On Cape Horn, the young second mate, which hung at the break of the bell of the middle watch. It was a lookout would then have sung from the rigging, the lights are burning bright and all is of the hands would have called the watch. The second mate pulled the lanyard of the bell. Again he gave the clapper a yank. There was nothing but silence. He inclined to believe in various forms of superstition, and, communicating to the able seaman at the wheel, requested him to ring the bell. The musical sound was then heard plainly.

That bell refused to ring whenever it was rung at night. A seaman always a lookout would then have sung from the rigging, the lights are burning bright and all is of the hands would have called the watch. The second mate pulled the lanyard of the bell. Again he gave the clapper a yank. There was nothing but silence. He inclined to believe in various forms of superstition, and, communicating to the able seaman at the wheel, requested him to ring the bell. The musical sound was then heard plainly.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Give Them Each \$5000 for Being Kind to Him.

THROUGH a kindly word spoken for an appreciative comrade, Maj. T. S. Clarkson and Euclid Martin, both former postmasters of Omaha, are each \$5000 richer than they were three weeks ago, which has just come to light. The venerable hero of the tale, Robert Majors, who lives in a humble little upstairs back room, has redoubled to keep the whole story a secret, and not until it came from other lips did he reveal a hint of the part he played in the drama in real life.

After coming to Omaha, Mr. Majors set himself up in the grocery business for a short time, but soon sold out to accept the position of stock clerk in the postoffice under Euclid Martin, then postmaster. This position he filled faithfully and honorably for eight years, handling large amounts of stamps and sums of money. The postal authorities freely testify that Majors saved the department hundreds of dollars by his zeal and watchfulness in picking up misplaced stamps and small pieces of money lost among the rubbish of the office. Two years ago, after such a record, Mr. Majors was accused of stealing the enormous sum of 25 cents. Those who knew him best laughed at the absurdity of the notion, but a local paper came out with glaring headlines and a highly-sensational story, and Majors was discharged by the postal authorities. The case was called by some one to the notice of the grand jury, but that body refused to take cognizance of the matter, and the case was dropped, although it cost him his job.

It was in this hour of need that the kindness and words of sympathy and encouragement from Euclid Martin and Clarkson everlastingly won the old man's heart. He thanked them shortly after, blessing his benefactors with his eyes and telling them heaven would surely reward them.

When Omaha, Majors returned to Huntsville to live with his brothers. A month after he arrived, the eldest brother, a month later the other followed. Their entire property, a fortune netting \$50,000, they left to the surviving brother.

During himself at the age of 75 years alone in the world and with a sum of money on his hands by far exceeding the demands of his modest needs, Majors saw himself in a position to make the dreams of his two years of sorrow come true. Telegraphing Maj. Clarkson and Euclid to meet him in Omaha, Mr. Majors came on and a few days ago, meeting both Maj. Clarkson and Mr. Martin, together presented each with a check for \$5,000 as a testimonial of his gratitude.

Mr. Majors then again took up his abode in the humble quarters which had been his home before he went South. —[Omaha World-Herald.]

Consumption and the Hawaiians.

W. R. OFFLEY, the new chief of the local quarantine office, talks interestingly of the life in the Hawaiian Islands. The quartermaster's department employed many of the natives in one kind of work and another and he became well acquainted with their character and habits.

"Consumption is rapidly killing off the native Hawaiians," he said. "The disease seems to have secured a firm hold with them. While the islands have a delightful climate, the natives are gradually fading away, and in a few years there will be but a small percentage of them left."

The Hawaiians drink a vile concoction which goes by the name of "swipes." It is made of rejected sugar, stale whisky and other stuff. If a man takes a drink of it at night, goes to bed and drinks a glass of water in the morning, he starts the day with a fresh "jag." Every time he takes a drink of water, after having imbibed "swipes," he creates a new intoxication. The stuff is horrible, and I believe its use is responsible for the low vitality of the Hawaiians." —[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]

Ghost on Shipboard.

A noble English ship Forest Hall, Capt. Scott, from San Francisco, which has arrived at Devco's Yard, Oakland City, had a black and woolly ghost which haunted its presence by the refusal of the ship's bell to ring.

First Mate Todd, the son of a ship's husband (watchman) in the service of the White Star Line, at San Francisco, was disposed to be superstitious. In the crew of the Forest Hall are eight apprentice boys and sixteen sailors, including old "Bill" Williams, a white-haired veteran of 65, so tough and well-preserved that no man can beat him to the footrope of the main skysail mast.

At Cape Horn, the young second mate approached the bell which hung at the break of the poop to strike eight o'clock of the middle watch. It was a dark night. The bell would then have rung from the fore's head. "The lights are burning bright and all is well, sir," while one of the hands would have called the watch below.

The second mate pulled the lanyard, but the bell did not strike. Again he gave the clapper a more vigorous push. There was nothing but silence. The young man, unable to believe in various forms of witchcraft, resorted in horror, and, communicating his failure and fears to the able seaman at the wheel, requested that courageous man to ring the bell. The musical sound of the clapper was then heard plainly.

That bell refused to ring whenever Todd pulled the lanyard at night. A seaman always struck the bell in the fore's place. The second mate said he believed the Forest Hall to be haunted, because on the previous voyage the wheel had kicked a sailor over the spokes and killed him upon the quarterdeck.

From the Horn to this side of the line the bell never

rang for Todd. At length Todd caught one of the apprentices tying some dark object to the clapper. It was a muffler of black wool, which had been cleverly and quickly attached and detached by some one of the boys or "White-headed Bill" whenever Mr. Todd was in charge of the deck. —[Rochester Herald.]

Married Themselves.

FOR the third time in the history of the marriage-license law in this country a "self-marriage" certificate was issued today.

The knot was tied in the presence of Clerk Charles A. Gehlbach and two witnesses. The contracting parties are Andrew J. Taylor, born on June 16, 1819, which makes him 81 years old, and Christina Eikes, born August 14, 1831, and consequently 69 years old. He was born in Fayette, county, resides at No. 13 East Robinson street, Allegheny, and is an upholsterer. She was born in Clarion county, and resided at Sprinkle's Mill, Jefferson county.

It was purely a matter of economy that they dispensed with the services of a minister. The groom appeared in the marriage-license office last week and stated his case to Mr. Gehlbach. He inquired particularly about the fee for performing marriage ceremonies. Mr. Gehlbach informed him that the legal fee is \$5. The old man said that was too much and he would consider the matter a while longer. This morning he made his second appearance and informed Mr. Gehlbach that he had consulted an attorney and learned that he and his intended bride could perform the ceremony by simply declaring themselves married in the presence of two witnesses. In this way it would cost but \$1.20, 60 cents for the regular license and 60 cents for the marriage certificate.

The old man performed his part of the ceremony and instructed his bride how to proceed. The certificate reads: "We hereby certify that on the 18th of October, 1900, we united ourselves in marriage, at Pittsburgh, in the county of Allegheny, having first obtained from the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of said county a declaration that he was satisfied that there was no existing legal impediment to our so doing."

[Signed] "A. J. TAYLOR."
"CHRISTINA EIKES."

"We, the undersigned, were present at the solemnization of the marriage of Andrew J. Taylor and Christina Eikes, as set forth in the foregoing certificate."

[Signed] "MRS. A. C. DINGER,"
"MAY BRADEN."

The bride signed the mark. She was twice married before. Death took both husbands. The groom wore a high silk hat and nice clothes becoming to his station in life, and the bride was also neatly dressed. He looks more like a retired capitalist than an upholsterer. Both were happy. —[Pittsburgh News.]

Fish Sleep—A Curious Problem.

THE sleeping of fishes, if they may properly be said to have such a habit, is as yet a puzzle. It is altogether probable that they do sleep, though never close their eyes, simply for the reason that they have no eyelids. Probably many fishes slumber while swimming in the water, reducing the exercise of their fins to an automatic minimum. But it would be a mistake to suppose that a fish does its sleeping at night necessarily. On the contrary, many species are nocturnal in habit, feeding in the nighttime. It is a very curious problem, this question of fish sleep, and for some time to come we are not likely to ascertain anything very definite on the subject. —[Cosmopolitan.]

Mountain Range Beneath the Pacific.

FROM a scientific standpoint one of the most interesting discoveries made by the government survey in the Pacific was that of a submarine mountain range about five hundred knots from Guam, which apparently connects with the one which extends from the coast of Japan to the Bonin Islands. In this range was found a single peak which came to within 498 feet of the surface, and a careful survey of it developed the fact that it closely resembles in outline the famous volcano Fujiyama, near Yokohama, Japan. To the north of this range, according to the report, the bed of the ocean slopes gradually to the eastward into the great Japanese deep, which for years held the record for ocean depths. —[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Old Mormon Exploring Party.

ONE of the most remarkable expeditions of antiquarian research which have set out for some time is composed of a party of Mormon students which left Graham county a few days ago for a three years' trip through Central and South America. In the party are twenty-four men from the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, Utah, including President Benjamin Cluff and two professors. Their object is to explore the country and its resources while searching for traces of the last survivors of the Nephites.

The Mormon theory on which the expedition is based, as advanced by the leaders of the party, is this: About 600 B. C., Lehi and his family, accompanied by Ishmael and his family, left Jerusalem and went in the wilderness.

After forty years of wandering they built boats and sailed toward the continent, landing where Chile now is. Nephi and Laman were two of Lehi's sons. Nephi was beautiful and obedient, Laman the reverse. Each had many followers, who married and intermarried until they numbered many thousands, and built many large cities in what is now the northern part of South and Central America, Mexico and Southern Arizona and New Mexico. The two factions waged wars for many years, accord-

ing to the Mormon theory, until eventually, about 400 A. D., the Nephites were entirely exterminated by the Lamanites. From the latter the American Indians are descended. Maroni, the last surviving Nephite, buried the records of his people, written on a brass plate, in the hill of "Cumorah," in the State of New York, and the angel Maroni revealed these plates to Joseph Smith. The translation of these constitutes the Book of Mormon.

The Prove expedition hopes to find in the ruins of Central and South American cities evidence that they were built by the descendants of Lehi, and thus give to the world proof that the Book of Mormon is what the Latter Day Saints assert it to be—a true history of the people who inhabited this continent years ago. —[Denver (Ariz.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

Keeps Flowers for Years.

FLOWERS that never fade—that is Christopher Ross's discovery. In proof of it he shows roses and lilies that he has kept for four years. Their bloom is as bright now and their odor as fragrant as they were when Ross picked them four years ago.

How it is done is his secret. Some day he hopes to perfect the process, and then he will give it to the world. As now accomplished it is a complex one and difficult for the average layman.

Mr. Ross is a naturalist of note. He has long studied insect life and flowers, and his theory is that blooms and plants wilt and die because they are covered with myriads of insects which live and feed upon them and eventually kill them. These insects can scarcely be detected by the finest microscopes, yet they are known to be there. Mr. Ross has been working with the idea that if these parasites can be destroyed without killing the plant or flowers there is no reason why they should not be preserved for all time to come.

"I was in Southern Oregon," said Mr. Ross, telling how he came to make the discovery, "and I found a beautiful white flower that I was anxious to keep as long as possible. I put some of the blossoms in boiling water and laid them out to dry. Examining them later, I found that they had not wilted, as I thought they would. This was the first inkling I had of a plan by which flowers might be preserved indefinitely."

"Then I began experimenting. I placed flowers in various solutions at the boiling point. I tried different temperatures, too, and experimented with many acids in the hope of finding something that would destroy animal life without killing the flowers. Some solutions burned up the flowers; others did not hurt them apparently."

"Encouraged by my success, I at last got certain preparations which have kept flowers fresh for months and even for years. These are proof that flowers can be kept alive indefinitely." —[Detroit Journal.]

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Fir Tree.

DURING the past few days the mysterious building which is being erected for Mrs. John L. Gardner in the Back Bay fens, and which is now beginning to assume definite shape, has furnished a brand new surprise for the curious public.

From almost the center of the imposing mass of brick, stone and iron that is slowly resolving itself into a palace, an art museum, or something else equally interesting, there rises today the top of a fir tree, its branches waving in the breeze and its tip turned toward the east, as the tips of all well-regulated fir trees do.

The sight of this lonely exile from the forest, apparently growing in this unwanted place has, naturally, caused no end of speculation as to how it got there and what its presence signified.

A man who went out to the Back Bay to see about it solved the mystery in very short order. He had in his mind's eye the vision of a tall and stately monarch of the forest, lifting its regal head above the surrounding country like a California redwood or an Oregon pine, but what he did see was merely the top section of a fair-sized tree attached to a long and slender scantling and held in place by guy ropes.

He furthermore discovered that the tree was thus placed in recognition of an ancient Italian custom, dating back to the primitive times when carpenters and masons had only the crudest kind of measuring implements.

It was in those early days the practice to fell a tree, cut it to the length that corresponded to the height desired in the new house, set the tree in the ground and then proceed to build up to it. When the top was reached it was time to put on the roof. As it would always be possible for some evil-disposed person to come around some dark night and cut off four or five feet of the tree, the top was generally allowed to remain on, all the lower branches being removed.

This, then, is the real reason why Mrs. Gardner's Back Bay reproduction of an Italian masterpiece of architectural work is sporting a Christmas tree so far ahead of the proper time.

A well-known local architect, in discussing the tree-house question, said yesterday that he once had the contract for cutting apart a house on the estate of the late Senator Leland Stanford in California and inserting a new section. A big tree stood in the way of the work, and as Senator Stanford was then abroad and had given strict orders that no trees should be cut down without his permission, it was found necessary to build around the tree. When the Senator returned he ordered the tree to be removed. —[Boston Globe.]

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Yes, sir, we have 200 deaf and dumb inmates on the roll of the institution, and fully 100 of them are voters."

"Indeed? This must be a part of the silent vote to which reference is so frequently made in the daily papers."



Musical conditions in this country in volume. The author, after a long American sojourn, is convinced that work in musical composition, is like the water, and only needs the light of the sun. The work exhibits enthusiasm.

[December 9, 1900.]

reviewer.

is betrothed by his guardian. He concludes from the description of the convent, that he wishes himself an American. One of Cooper's novels is picked up in the middle of the scene who asserts "Monieur" at that moment, Achille gives up. He finally won a guess in advance, she gave. The book is a lively picture.

By Herman Knickerbocker & Company, Elbridge Company.

of generally brave characters. He possesses some which is illustrated in time of the flights of thought on the notions of Sterne and his. Long sailor stories in nature. The hero finally drifts to the island of Malaysia, where he is a spirit astray, and surrenders himself to a world of shades. The romance of mental idiosyncrasy. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday & Co., New York, Price \$1.50.

book are associated with. A dreamy young man for his fellow-men. Lady of his dreams that she assures her that the life has its knots and the book is the teaching of what you want, then the here. The author is worthy of approval. By Una L. Silberrad. Doubleday & Co., New York, Price \$1.50.

FICTION.

Chose"—Daudet first made the book has an interest aside from that Daudet says that the story of his boyhood. The book is France, and a poetic charm which is inimitable. The book is through the heart and the manufacture to lead to a picture of another world. In the book are able introductions which would have deterred young people to publish poems on the great city. ("Le Petit Chose") to which. By Alphonse Daudet. Little, Brown & Co., New York, Price \$1.50.

attack on the French Academy in L'Illustration in 1886. The book was produced in great energy. The work of John Le Maître speaks of the book is the electric spark. In "The Immortal" either serving of sight but come "struggle for life" is a picture of "The Immortal".

is added The Strand. Translated by George H. & Company, Price \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

ing countess tells of her and the care with which a dream was to meet a woman, and a hero of the name of Cordova. The maiden finally decided to the marriage ceremony.

Stephen and Marie Louise. One night in St. Cloud, the Countess Potocka's box was next to that of the Emperor and his wife. Talma played Maudslu. The author speaks of the great resemblance of Talma to Napoleon. The reader feels unwillingly away from the naive and charming. The work has a special claim to historical importance. The memoirs date from the third partition of Poland to the incorporation of what was left of that country, with the Russian Empire, when the Czar Alexander I. promised Poland a constitution. This constitution proved to be only a sacred bond which united for all times, the kingdom of Poland to the empire of Russia. Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of Polish nationality, was the grand uncle of the author. After the death of Count Alexander Potoki, the Countess married Col. Wonsowicz. At the age of ninety-one, the Countess died in Paris, where says the translator, her brilliant salon held no insignificant place in the pleasures of the second empire. Thirty years after the Countess' death, the editor of this work—who is a Pole—with the consent of her daughter Nathalie, arranged the memoirs for publication. The work has an added claim to historical importance by reason of its numerous illustrations made from old engravings of paintings of celebrated artists by the masters of the time. The work has been carefully edited. The authorized translation is that of Alfred Strachey. The author's portrait is made from an engraving of a painting of Angelica Kauffman. [Memoirs of the Countess Potocka. Doubleday & Co., New York, Price \$3.50.]

JOURNALS.

The work introduces the Spanish explorers (1540) and the discoveries of J. W. Powell (1869-72). The geological and ecological phases are a part of the record. The author depicts the signs of ancient life found along the Indian trails. Here are the descriptions of old caverns, caverns, and caverns, which involved personal knowledge on the part of the author who would portray them. The work is freely illustrated and is a commendable production.

and Around the Grand Cañon. By George Wharton Little, Brown & Co., Price \$2.00.

POETRY.

Other and Other Verses. The volume of poems for those who like the poet's work here, are many illustrative examples. The book is evident, however, weighed with the propriety to obscure his thought with bad spelling. One of the examples of the poet's power may be found in a single selection like this:

THE MOTHER SAINTED.

And yet she does not stir—
Such silence weighs on her
We hear the drip
Of teardrops as we press
Our kisses answerless
On brow and lip.
Not even the yearning touch
Of lips she loved so much
She made their breath
One with her own, will she
Give answer to and be
Wood back from Death.

And though he kneel and plead
Who was her greatest need,
And on her cheek
Lay the soft baby face
In its old resting-place,
She will not speak.

One of the best poems in the book was inspired by the thought of Frank L. Stanton. [Home Folks. By James Whitcomb Riley. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.]

GEOGRAPHY.

Woman's Outing. The excitements of camp life are portrayed in this book, by the wife of the famous artist, author and painter, Seton Thompson. The descriptions of wild forest life are graphically portrayed. The lady has listened to the mountains, and seen many sides of mountain wandering. The full-page drawings of the book illustrate suggestions for a lady's proper dress and outfit for such outings, and also introduce animal acquaintances. The book is of humor and vivacity, and is illustrated by Seton Thompson, and the author, and their assistants.

Woman Tenderfoot. By Grace Ellerton Seton Thompson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, Price \$1.50.

ART.

and Modern Glimpses. The student who wishes to find more than a work of critical criticism and cares to know artistic and artistic Paris, will wisely add this work to his reference. The author has given thirty-five years to foreign travel, and moreover, has used his travel, not only as a means of culture for himself, but for others. The book is fully illustrated and every chapter will be appreciated by students wishing a scholar's illumination in the wonderful city. [Paris. By Grant Allen. In 2 vols. L. C. Page & Co., New York, Price \$2.00.]

MUSICAL ART.

of American Musicians. Musical conditions in this country are described in the volume. The author, after a long study of the work of American composers, is convinced that some of the work in musical composition, is being done on this side of the water, and only needs the light to win its meed. The work exhibits enthusiasm for the art of

American composers. It has an abundance of portraits, fac simile musical autographs, and compositions. The production is an important addition to the study of current music.

[Contemporary American Composers. By Hubert Hughes. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Price \$1.50.]

NEW MAGAZINES.

John P. Young contributes to the December Forum a studious sketch on "The Economic Basis of the Protective System." Hon. S. J. Barrows, in his article on "Progress in Penology," tells something of the advance made by the International Prison Congress. Various improvements have been accomplished in criminal procedure. Mention is made of John Howard and Beccario in prison reform, also of the good influence of Elizabeth Fry. Thoughts of far-reaching scope are presented by Hon. John Barrett's "America in the Pacific."

The Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine contains a notable sketch on "Puis de Chavannes," by John La Farge, with reproductions in color. One of the last paintings of this artist covers the wall of the Boston Library. Thomas B. Aldrich writes "An Untold Story," which is associated with a memory of Strauss's waits and the Danube River. W. G. Brownell, in a tribute to George Eliot, places her at the head of psychological novelists. "Pichon," is a lively story of a dog by Henry Van Dyke. "The Vice-Consent" is one of Frank R. Stockton's amusing fancies. Ernest Seton-Thompson tells his dangers in making up the illustrations of "Johnny Bear" and his comrades. "Irmengarde," by Gertrude Hall, digresses from rhythmic convention, but exhibits poetic imagination. The frontispiece and the illustrative poem are not unpleasing, but hardly reach the Christmas standard of art expected of Scribner's Magazine.

The World's Work contributes in the December number important illustrated papers on the march of events. "Discoveries in the Arctic Region" made by the Harriman Alaska Expedition furnishes a sketch of the proposed volumes to be issued by Mr. Harriman. The scientists who were of the party will contribute sketches of discoveries made in plant and animal life. The latest possibilities of color, expert lithography, photogravure and pen drawing, and various paintings by artists of the expedition will illustrate this elaborate work. Katharine de Forest writes of "A Triumph of American Sculptors" at the Paris Exposition. The contribution is illustrated with examples of artistic achievement. R. E. Phillips writes a practical paper on "The Betterment of Working Life."

The Editor's Easy Chair and the Editor's Study mark the revival of Harper's Magazine for December. Benjamin Constant writes of "Victor Hugo as an Artist." Among the contributors are the names of Thomas Hardy, T. B. Aldrich, Mary E. Wilkins, Dr. Carl Peters and Edward S. Martin. Ruth McEnery Stuart's poem, "Bethlehem," glows with Christmas light. Henry Fouquier writes of the art of Bernhardt and Coquelin. The color scheme and general mystery of Erik Bögh's "Pilgrimage of Truth" will remain uninvolved to the general reader. The number, bright and attractive withal, is somewhat mythological, as in addition to this contribution three fairy tales are told in this number by Sarah S. Stilwell, in "The Garden of Childhood," in addition the dragon "Fafner" is in the Editor's Drawer.

McClure's Magazine for December contains an instructive contribution by Ray Stannard Baker on "The Bottom of the Sea," which is an authorized account of the researches of Sir John Murray in the science of oceanography. Hamlin Garland writes a graphic story on "The People of the Buffalo." The initial chapter of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" is of this number. The Rev. John Watson continues his scriptural studies. "The Last Days of the Confederate Government" is from the pen of the late Stephen R. Mallory, written when he was a prisoner of war in Fort Lafayette. The sketch is illustrated. The editor asserts that "Kim" is the "latest, longest and most important work of Kipling."

One of the entertaining sketches for the Ladies' Home Journal—Christmas number—is "What May Happen in the Next Hundred Years," by John Elfreth Watkins, Jr. A subject of special interest to Californians is the illustrated sketch by Edward H. Hale, "Two Women's Gifts of Twenty-five Millions." This, the author asserts, is the amount which Mrs. J. L. Stanford and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst have contributed to higher education on the Pacific Coast. The number is especially devoted to the amenities of Christmas.

Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, in the Independent, November 22, writes an instructive sketch on "Education for Library Work." "The Personal Side of the Siege of Peking" is the contribution of Mrs. M. S. Woodward, who with her daughter was visiting the Congress during the siege in Peking. The sketch is illustrated.

Amelia E. Barr's "Souls of Passage" occupies a large space in Lippincott's Magazine for December. Agnes Repplier makes a strong and sensible plea for advertisements as the "pulse of commerce." One of the best of the Christmas poems is that of Ella Gilbert Ives' "The Song of the Angels."

Woman's Home Companion is a number of especial variety. Illustrated Christmas stories. Holiday hints are given on many themes. Directions for home care and comfort are numerous. In addition there is an illustrated biographical sketch of Carmen Sylva. Margaret E. Sangster's exquisite "There Shone a Star" is contributed to the number. Lillian Bell tells of her travels. The Student Life of Pomona College comes with an illustrated cover, representing Pearson's Hall of Science, Holmer's Hall, and Summer Hall. The publication is devoted to college interests and is a creditable weekly publication, edited by T. Charles Gould and Seaborn E. L. Wharton.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Little, Brown & Co. have issued "The Spiritual Significance," by Lillian Whiting, author of the three series of "The World Beautiful." Of Miss Whiting's "World Beautiful" books over sixty-eight thousand volumes have been printed.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have brought out four booklets recently, each containing a short play by W. D. Howells.

These are "Bride Roses," "Room 45," "An Indian Giver" and "The Smoking Car." They are admirably adapted for private theatricals.

A series of short biographies, intended to afford a knowledge of American history by a study of the lives of its leaders, political, religious, industrial, military, scientific and otherwise, is in course of publication by the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and will be known as "The Riverside Biographical Series."

The Atlantic Monthly for 1901 announces a series of descriptive papers dealing with the different sections of the United States—a series that has attracted marked attention—will be continued by Prof. W. D. Lyman's article on "Washington, Our Northwest Corner State," "The Mississippi Valley," by J. K. Hosmer; "Texas," by Prof. D. F. Houston, and other articles.

McClure's Magazine for 1901 announces stirring articles about men of the time by Hon. Andrew D. White, Clara Morris, William Allen White, Ray Stannard Baker and others, and a series of articles by or based on information by some of the leading scientists of the world, such as Prof. Ira Remsen and Sir John Murray.

An eastern exchange says: "Miss Constance Goddard Du Bois, who has made some study of the subject, sees the man in a different light, and in 'A Soul in Brumby' she shows how difficult it is to give value to an Indian's education and how impossible it is for him to make his training useful to his tribe. She takes an Indian of the noblest type, educates him, and then sends him back to his tribe only to find that he can do nothing to elevate it. He is at once the victim of jealousy and suspicion, and he cannot adapt himself to his people, nor they to him. It is a new phase of the Indian problem."

"For the Honor of the School" is the title of the new story of school football and interscholastic sport, which R. H. Barbour is publishing through D. Appleton & Co.

Justin McCarthy, who has just retired from politics, is still able to work steadily at his desk. He is just rounding out a novel of Irish life and character, which was begun in his youthful days. It will appear some time in the winter under the title "Mononia."

Rear-Admiral Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the United States Navy, has just ordered the libraries of naval stations and United States ships to be provided with Augustus C. Buell's "Life of Paul Jones, Founder of the United States Navy." This is an unusual honor to be bestowed on a book by a layman.

Gen. Low Wallace recently received an enthusiastic if somewhat ungrammatical letter from a Greek gentleman of Constantinople, telling him of the interest with which he had just read "Ben-Hur," and requesting permission to translate the work into modern Greek, one of the few civilized languages in which the popular story has not yet appeared. Harper & Bros. are now investigating the applicant's capacity for the work.

The Chaucer memorial window unveiled the other day at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, has in the upper part a portrait of the poet, beneath a group of the Pilgrims as they started from the Tabard Inn on their way to St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury; and below this a portrait of St. Thomas. Poet-Laureate Austin delivered an address on the occasion of the unveiling.

Mr. T. J. Capel has been bequeathed by the late Lord Bute of England an income of \$500 a year for the rest of his life. In Lord Beaconsfield's novel, "Lothair," Mr. Capel is portrayed under the name of Mr. Catesby, Lord Bute himself figuring in the work as Lothair. For several years Mr. Capel has been living in retirement at Arno, Cal.

The fiction in the Woman's Home Companion for the new year will on the whole be the strongest the magazine has yet published. Bret Harte, Robert Barr, Robert Grant, Carmen Sylva and Lillian Bell will all be represented by short stories.

Two new calendars issued by Messrs. A. Weasels Company this year are, "A Calendar of Famous Novelists" and "A Portrait Calendar of American Authors," each of which contains, as the name would indicate, portraits of many of the popular authors, together with facsimile signatures, and appropriate collections from their most known works.

The Century Company announces the publication of "The Century Library of Music," edited by Ignace Jan Paderewski. It is to contain 1500 pages of music selected by Mr. Paderewski, articles on composers by other composers, the writers being Gounod, Moszkowski, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Reger, Massenet, Dvorak, Cui and Sgambati; many illustrations and articles by famous teachers, and the practical editors are to be Fannie Morris Smith and Bernard Boekelman. The work is to be sold on the subscription plan.

A noteworthy addition to Stevenson literature is the first volume of "Stevensoniana," which is shortly to be offered by the Banksie Press, M. F. Mansfield, publisher. "In the Days of Jefferson" is the title of Heskiah Butterworth's new historical story for young readers, which is published by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Influence of Christ in Modern Life" will be the title of the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis's new book which will be published early in December by the Macmillan Company. It will be a study of the new problems of the church in American society.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, New York and Chicago announce for immediate issue the first three volumes of their New Riverside Biographical Series, short, attractively written lives of "Andrew Jackson," by William Garrett Brown; "James B. Eads," by Louis How; and "Benjamin Franklin," by Paul Elmer More.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., the publishers, were awarded a silver medal at Paris this year for their exhibit of commercial books—a fact which emphasizes again the distinction of this firm in the make-up of its books.

A translation of Count Leiningen-Westerburg's book on "German Book-Plates" is to be brought out soon in London. The volume will contain 350 illustrations and will be issued in two forms, one of which is a Japanese vellum edition.

The Guild of Handicraft announce as forthcoming from the Essex Press, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats. The guild in the announcement says: "This book will be the second in the vellum series, in vellum throughout and limited to 125 copies."

Ride California

1. Telegraphers' Strike a Fiasco. Forecast in Senate and House.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Fine house burned at Redlands....Explosion

ing the south gate of the palace, owing to the frequent cases of looting. Ministers are offended by this individual assumption of authority. MISSING TACTICAL CAUGHT

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SCHOOLGIRL FASHIONS.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN DRESSES WITH TASTE AND INDEPENDENCE.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1900.—The young girl of 14 or thereabouts seems to enjoy as wide a choice in fabrics and models for her winter wardrobe as any of her elders of the well-dressed sisterhood. At the furrier's the misses' coats and muffs and collars are as thoughtfully planned as for the most fashionable debutantes, and the one and only strictly juvenile mode that is borrowed from no maturer original is the wide felt or velvet hat.

School-girls cling with commendable tenacity to sheltering wide brims and simple crown garnitures and a broad red, sapphire blue, or golden-brown velvet chapeau, decked with a crown band and big bow of Persian-figured panne or warm-tinted oriental satin, is the wisest possible crown for bright young hair.

For every-day service an ankle-long skirt of tweed or serge, a prettily-figured flannel shirt waist and a smart coat of material that happily contrasts in weave and color, with the skirt seems to be the outfit preferred. The skirts are plain enough, even when a bit of braiding or a kilted effect is introduced, and they are all short enough to tully

and inexpensively to the decoration of coat and skirt. Under the coat is worn a shirt waist of French gray taffeta, set off with narrow bands of Persian embroidery.

The next neighbor to this corduroy costume, at her right, is an ideal gown for a girl just stepping into womanhood. Soft, gray camel's hair, trimmed with baby lamb and foliage-green panne, picked out in black dots is the well-thought-out combination of fabrics and colors. There is a certain degree of maturity in the design of this gown that makes it none the less graceful and girlish, though wholly different in charm from the captivating and youthful shepherd's plaid in the next group.

After all, why are not the shepherd's plaids, such as that worn by the other girl in the group, used oftener for young people, now, especially when they are dyed not alone in small black and white checks, but in softer black and gray, in gray and brown, gray and green, and gray and blue? Next spring undoubtedly these soft-toned and small-figured goods will receive just appreciation at the hands of the purchasing mothers and selecting daughters, but at the moment we see only a few of them realized in house and school costumes. For an overgrown girl, whose physical latitude refuses to keep pace with her physical longitude, this particular design in dress building is ardently recommended.

The double skirt, with bordering and front band of stitched-solid gray broadcloth, and the gracious little waist, with its shoulder-widening collar of gray silk and écru



A CORNFLOWER BLUE CORDUROY, TRIMMED WITH GRAY LAMB.

GRAY CAMEL'S HAIR OUTLINED WITH BABY LAMB AND DECORATED WITH GREEN PANNE.

SHEPHERD'S PLAID COSTUME.

display the cloth-topped shoes or the gaiters that the smart damsels affect. To the fancy of the fourteen-year-old miss, there is a delightful novelty about the buttoned shoes, with their round toes, extension soles and black or tan cloth tops. The patronage of these shoes by these very young ladies is a proof that early in life the American girl knows what she wants to wear, and wears her choice with delightful independence.

In all about a dozen pretty and original cuts of coats are worn by the juvenile half of well-dressed humanity, and some of the girls have even found the empire long coat to be a good thing. In the cut given a very nice blue-braided melton long coat is shown. To break any long, dreary lines the maker of this type of wrap wisely added a bolero effect in front, turning back the revers and collar, with facings of very dark mink, and the muff used with this is of the same rich, brown fur.

In the center of the larger group is a conspicuously attractive and modish calling, church or holiday toilet for a miss of 15. Cornflower-blue corduroy is the material, and with gray lamb it is trimmed. Here we have a dress distinctly rich in its appearance, durable, too, and not costly for parents of moderate means. Stitched bands of cornflower-blue silk and small silver buttons add greatly

lace, are all ably-considered schemes for making art conceal some of the freaks of nature. Then, too, for a spare, flat-chested girl the slightly-pouched front opening, with three straps on a cream-flannel shirt and dull-green silk necktie are sufficient with their suave lines and easy fullness to persuade an observer that the wearer is as prettily developed and rounded as a girl need be.

With such gowns as have been described, white gloves are the adopted hand coverings, when a formal appearance is made at church or matinee or at the football games. Heaviest white dogskin, stitched broadly in black down the back of the hand is the way the momentary preference turns just as every miss has made it in her set the fashion to wear a silver muff chain, with bright-colored beads strung on at intervals, and the chocolate-cream and soda-water allowance is carried in a gray suede purse, with the owner's initials thereon in steel beads.

MARY DEAN.

[Omaha Bee:] To the uninitiated it would appear that chaining the pigskin was the surest way to capture the sheepskin.



AN OVERSKIRT EFFECT FOR AN AWK WARD.

HOLIDAY SOUVENIRS.

SOME INEXPENSIVE TRIFLES THAT ARE COME CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By a Special Contributor.

There are a thousand and one trifles that can be at small expense for Christmas gifts. Dainty finger rings, a few clever ideas are the principal requirements. Days of machine-made trinkets, so many of which are worthless, a hand-made gift is always acceptable.

The endless little trifles for a bedroom, laundry, shoe bags, bureau covers, toilette sets, little small pieces of soiled linen, such as handkerchiefs, collars, that are always getting lost with the largest of all kinds of duster bags and work bags. They all keep a room tidy and will surely be appreciated by one who does not happen to possess them. These may be made of any kind of linen or silk, but the linen seems so much more satisfactory, as they can be washed and kept fresh, while the silk are apt to soil more and are not so easy to clean.

The Mikado baskets and a Japanese doll, each of which may be brought for a few cents, make a useful and attractive gift receiver. Another decorative article to place on the side of the mirror is a big crimson pinecone in the shape of a huge strawberry. The husk is made of green ribbon. Little cases made with compartments labeled with the days of the week are always nice to people who have any engagements to keep track of. A Japanese or Indian-grass basket, rigged with one of various numbers, scissors and a thimble, can be converted into a useful Christmas gift.

There are endless little contrivances for keeping jewelry in, all of which are better than a jewelry



A BLUE BRAIDED MELTON LONG COAT.

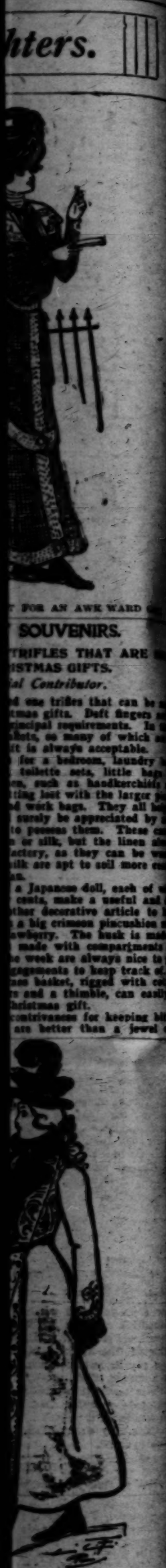
CHRISTMAS IN ROYAL FA.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FORTY-FIVE-DOLLAR TREE—HOLY INNOCENT

By a Special Contributor.

A Christmas tree laden with gifts represents a sum of \$45,000 is not an every-Christmas occurrence for kings, queens and multi-millionaires. Queen Victoria's Christmas tree was decorated. This was the first year of her reign. To that time, Christmas had been a solemnity in almost puritanical fashion. When she ascended the throne, the festivities at court were changed among the news of the day. But the first with his German idea of Christmas cheer and the festive season was kept regardless of the day. Three days after Christmas—Holy Innocent's—were remembered all the children living at the little ones of the neighborhood assemble at Windsor Castle, where a service is given for them, and after which each child is given a gift or useful present. The inauguration of a day service at Windsor dates only from the reign of Queen Victoria. The Queen's health is drunk every day in the palace throughout the world, but on Christmas day has a character all its own; the Queen takes his place at the center of the company sit around as they please. Each end of the table sit the president and vice-president, who is responsible for the order of the regiment; behind the vice-president sits the picture of the Queen. When the cloth is laid, the president and vice-president send the dearest wishes, each man filling his own glass first. The Queen has filled his glass—either with sherry, champagne, or as he prefers—the president rises and says, "Mr. Vice, the Queen, God bless her." As, as well as every one at the table, the Queen, the Queen, God bless her." Out of the national anthem, and each man draws a Christmas at Sandringham is kept in memory as at Osborne. The Princess of Wales presents of goods sent down by the tradesmen at previous purchases may be supplemented. The Queen has all the appearance of a veritable queen. The Prince of Wales is best in his brougham to the shops, and buys the best on the spot. The Princess of Wales in her carriage making purchases here in Bond and Regent streets one is certain to see several princesses doing their own Christmas shopping. The Duchess of York usually walks to the shops, leisurely inspecting the tempting wares. The Princess of Wales sends costly and well-chosen gifts to the Dowager Empress of Russia at Athens, to the Duke of Cumberland's family. On Christmas an avalanche of telegrams arrives at Sandringham, from relations, friends, former dependents, political men, and even total strangers. The German Emperor and Empress personally select their Christmas buying in the palace. There is no more generous giver at this season, and the Empress remembers her husband giving largely to charitable institutions. The gifts are useful rather than ornamental, and are remembered equals that of Queen Victoria. The Christ child is wrapped in swaddling clothes with ribbons. Three days in Germany are spent in making—Christmas eve, Christmas day and the day after.

The young Queen of Holland, although a Protestant, has not outgrown child habits, and on Christmas hangs up her stockings in a very place. The little King of Spain quiets his slippers on Christmas eve, to be filled with sugar plums in the morning. The King of Denmark, he it is noted, in a convenient movement for the good fairy to drop gifts



...design of firm silk, lined with eiderdown, with little pockets for pins and pockets for other articles, make a comfortable and very handy way of keeping trinkets.

One clever woman has a very good idea for Christmas gifts this year. She has not much money to spend, and she has to cover quite a little ground in the role of Santa Claus. She is making lamp shades, waste-paper baskets and picture frames out of large decorative wall-paper designs. First she makes the frames in pasteboard and covers them with the paper. In many cases she has gone to the people to whom she intends the gifts and begged a few yards of their wall paper, in order to have the gift match the room. In some cases she has covered the shapes with burlap, and then cut out the wall paper and applied the design. These are very pretty and can be made by anyone. They have the effect of water-color paintings.

L. B. G.

CHRISTMAS IN ROYAL FAMILIES.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FORTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR TREE—MOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

A Christmas tree laden with gifts representing an outlay of \$45,000 is not an every-Christmas occurrence, even among kings, queens and multi-millionaires. But upon one Christmas Queen Victoria's Christmas tree was thus royally decorated. This was the first year of her marriage. Previous to that time, Christmas had been kept by Her Majesty in almost puritanical fashion. When she came to the throne, the festivities at court were barely mentioned among the news of the day. But the Prince Consort, with his German idea of Christmas changed all that. The festival season was kept regardless of expense.

Five days after Christmas—Holy Innocents' day—the children of the neighborhood assemble at St. George's Palace, Windsor Castle, where a service is held especially for them, and after which each child is given a cake and a useful present. The inauguration of this Innocents' service at Windsor dates only from 1886. Little girls, babies with mothers or nurses and infants in their carriage may meet on this day going up the hill for the service. Afterward the older children are entertained at tea at the Deanery.

Queen's health is drunk every day in the year by her subjects throughout the world, but on Christmas day the Queen has a character all its own; the colonel of the regiment, the president of the council, the president of the company sit around as they please, except at the head of the table at the president and vice-president.

The president, who is responsible for order, are the colonel of the regiment; behind the vice-president is always the Queen. When the cloth is drawn the president and vice-president send the decanters down the table, each man filling his own glass first. When every glass is filled the president rises and gives the toast, "The Queen, God bless her." The "vice" president, as well as every one at the table, and answers, "The Queen, God bless her." Outside the band plays the national anthem, and each man drains his glass.

Christmas at Sandringham is kept in much the same way as at Osborne. The Princess of Wales has consumed of goods sent down by the tradesmen, in order to avoid purchases may be supplemented, and the Queen has all the appearance of a veritable bazaar for the day before. The Prince of Wales usually drives in his brougham to the shops, and buys what pleases him on the spot. The Princess of Wales, too, goes in her carriage making purchases here and there, and the Duke and Regent streets are certain to come alive with the general princesses doing their own Christmas shopping.

The Duchess of York usually walks when visiting shops, leisurely inspecting the tempting windows. The Princess of Wales sends costly and well-chosen gifts to the Amalienberg Palace at Copenhagen, to the royal court at Athens, to the Dowager Empress of Russia, and to the Duke of Cumberland's family. On Christmas morning a avalanche of telegrams arrives at Sandringham—relations, friends, former dependents, public bodies, and even total strangers.

The German Emperor and Empress personally attend to their Christmas buying in the Berlin shops. The Emperor is more generous giver at this season than the Empress, and the Empress remembers her humblest friend, giving largely to charitable institutions. Their gifts are useful rather than ornamental, and the list of names remembered equals that of Queen Victoria—some thousand all told. The Empress gives immediate some trifle she has knitted or embroidered. Every gift a Christmas card is inclosed, and gifts to the Emperor contain besides a small cake baked in the royal kitchen.

One member of the royal family has a tree—all being in the shell salon of the palace at Potsdam. Everything is in readiness, the little Princess Victoria leads the procession to the salon, where one of the Emperor's conductors her to her own particular tree. The Emperor conducts the ladies and gentlemen of the court to the trees arranged for each, and the Empress to the Emperor's tree.

Slippers are features of the German Christmas. St. Nicholas is supposed to have fed his reindeer with them; a sugar image of the Christ child is the gift—every German child, including prince and princess, expects to find among his presents the Christ child. The Christ child is wrapped in swaddling clothes, with ribbons. Three days in Germany are devoted to Christmas—Christmas eve, Christmas day and December 26th.

The young Queen of Holland, although a betrothed princess, has not outgrown child habits, and with each Christmas hangs up her stockings by the tiled fireplace. The little King of Spain quite as carefully hangs his slippers on Christmas eve, to find them filled with sugar plums in the morning. The slippers are filled, as it is noted, in a convenient place, that the good fairy to drop gifts in.

HIGH ART PRESERVES.

HOW MRS. MARTHA CRAIG CARVES MELON AND ORANGE RINDS AND MAKES MONEY.

By a Special Contributor.

"I cleared \$1300 this past summer by making watermelon rind and orange preserves," Mrs. Martha Craig stated proudly.

"Of course, my preserves are not the plain kind of either varieties. It is for the carving that I receive the fancy price. I had made them all my married life and my mother before me, but only for our own use. When my husband died four years ago and left me with our six children to raise and educate I had no profession."

"My mother had always taken great pride in her preserve making, and I called to mind all her old methods and determined to put them into practice. With the quinces, wild crabs and muscadines I was very careful, but when I came to the melon rind and orange I made up my mind that they should not only be beautifully clear and tasty, but should all be as well carved as mine or my mother's best had even been."

"I selected all sorts of fancy designs and went to work with my penknife. The result was all that I could have wished. My work was good and met with the appreciation that it deserved. My friends were delighted, and told of my work on all sides. Their recommendations came too late for me to accept orders for that year, but I had booked a good number when the next spring came, and some of them were from wealthy northern and western families. Most of the orders were for melon rind and orange preserves, and in each case I was asked to give them as good carving as the pieces they had seen in the homes of the two women who had given me my first orders. I did my best, you may be sure, for I saw in such a business an education for my children, besides a support for myself. To get new designs for carving I sent for all the good embroidery designs that I heard of or saw advertised in the papers. Scanned magazines, old and new, for pictures and outlines that I could reproduce on melon rind and oranges. I made some beautiful pieces that year, and the next season received so many orders for those two kinds of preserves that I could not take orders for peaches, figs and the more easily-preserved fruits. All such orders I turned over to a young neighbor of mine, who is making a good living by it. My plan is to select only the best and thickest melon rind—anyone knowing the varieties can easily select them. I cut the flesh away and then peel off the outside skin. After that comes the carving, which I find neither difficult nor tedious. It must always be done on the rind while it is fresh. The rind must not be allowed to wither. After it is carved it should be soaked in cold salt and water for twelve or fifteen hours, then simmered in clear water for say twenty or thirty minutes. After this simmering it is put into the hot syrup and preserved. When finished it is almost perfectly transparent and the carving shows distinctly."

"For orange preserves only wild oranges can be used, and they must be fully grown, but not ripe. They are carved pretty much as the melon rind, but must be soaked in salt and water twice as long, and should be simmered in two or three waters before putting in the syrup. This is for the purpose of extracting some of the bitter taste of the rind, for, as every one who has ever tasted the wild orange knows, it is an exceedingly bitter fruit. When perfectly preserved it should be tender, and yet all the seeds and the dividing skins of the interior should be distinctly visible."

"I receive orders from as far north as Maine, and for the next season have a \$2000 order for a woman in California. As I live in a State where watermelons grow in the greatest abundance and where the wild orange is to be had for only a few cents a bushel, the greatest expense I have is the sugar and the labor. One is easily obtained, but the other, so far as the carving is concerned, is limited to myself, and for that reason it would be impossible for me to take orders for much more than I am now making. But if other women would learn how to carve and would push the preserves into the northern market through the regular channels. I feel sure that they would make a good living by it and get a steady sale."

LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

HELPFUL HINTS.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE IN WOMAN'S REALM OF LIFE AND WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

Novelties in Serving Dishes.

Not every woman can cook, but any woman can scoop, and a woman learned in the resources of scooping can make a success of any dinner or lunch. Serve the oyster cocktails in half-length cucumbers scooped out, the end of the cucumber being tied with green ribbon for a cover. A golden squash scooped out, will hold any vegetable—its own meat fixed up (let the cook do that), or both potato or rice. Big green peppers, scooped and filled with minced fish, the whole baked just enough to brown the top of the fish, are delicious, especially if at the last minute mayonnaise is poured on. Then salad may be served in a scooped-out cabbage, with or without the top for cover. The possibilities of the scooped-out roll, or small French loaf, are endless. All creamed dishes are delicious served in such. Once these tricks are acquired a woman would give up entertaining if she could not scoop.

Inexpensive Christmasing.

The slim purse need not despair, if with a good heart its owner thinks up something special for each person. One contriver has made a collection of little porcelain pots, the sort in which some brands of cheese are sold. She is making a quantity of dainty cold cream, perfuming each potful with the favorite perfume of the one to whom it is to go. With a disc of tinfoil over the cream, and the porcelain top tied down with ribbon (favorite color) she will have a collection of gifts that will get rid of many a name on her Christmas list.

Another girl is tying up little bunches of excelsior in

bright-colored tissue paper, the paper spread prettily above the knot of bright-colored string. String and paper are chosen with a view to the coloring of the room in which these fire-kindlers will be used. Each bunch is as big as a fist. Three or four dozen make a pretty showing beside an open fireplace. If she had more money, she would send them in a basket suitable to stand by the fire. She's trying to get a peach basket from her grocer, and she'll stain it to match the kindlers.

Is it too late to try the scrap-book plan? A book, big or little, the cover made pretty with burlap or wall paper, the inside filled with scraps concerning the subject in which the friend is especially interested. Anyone whom the idea strikes favorably can apply to one of the press-cutting agencies, and get in short order a collection that will fill a scrap-book.

If a bookish friend is bemoaning the falling to pieces of a favorite volume, borrow the book and restore it. Clean up the pages—bread crumbs often will do it where the eraser fails—and patch tears with library paper. Be careful about any recovering, however. As a rule, no owner likes a favorite book in a new dress. Wonders can be done in the restoring line with patience and a good paste.

To the friend who is always losing pencils, a colossal bunch of them, all beautifully sharpened and equipped with rubber, will appeal. Or, perhaps a bunch of penholders will fit the case better. The cheapest will do, all different shapes, and each equipped with a pen all ready to write with—that is, with the enamel burned off.

Or can you get an hour or so with a friend's address book, one all mixed up, and copy the names clearly in alphabetical order in a new book? Oh, but that friend will love you!

A Chance to Make Pin Money.

Miniature painting is not the art it used to be. Almost any photographer will furnish a copy of a photograph on porcelain, giving all detail, yet so light that with the application of the colors there is left no trace of the print. There are teachers who will, in a few lessons, if the pupil has some natural taste, teach the knack of applying the colors, and these same teachers will help a beginner over any piece of work. Lots of women are going in for this branch of work, and some, without assuming the responsibility of professionals, turn many a pretty penny among acquaintances, who speak of the liberal fee paid as "covering expenses." Many folks with a taste for art and color, lack the gift of portraiture. These take to this method of miniature work with ease. A fair impression can be taken from a newspaper cut of a photograph, by wetting the cut, putting it face down on smooth wood, and ironing or rubbing hard the back of the paper till it is quite dry. Such an impression may give just the necessary aid for a good likeness.

The Breakfast Habit.

Many folks, especially women, are finding a cure for distressing ills in abstaining from breakfast. It takes time and care to graduate the change of habit, but many who establish it are enthusiastic over results. Women are so apt to put on flesh as they grow older. The no-breakfast habit puts a stop to that. The theory, which is endorsed by many physicians, is that the food eaten at dinner digests during the period of inaction at night, that during that time the resulting energy is not used but stored, and that it is ready to sustain one till at least 12 or 1 o'clock the next day. Many established in the custom come to realize the difference between hunger that is the honest demand of the system for nourishment, and that hunger which is a mere habit of meal time. They claim that meal-time hunger brings no such relief for food as is the attendant of real hunger. And they claim that they get more nourishment from food eaten with such relish than the habit-hunger enters do. This discrimination regulates food, and the amount consumed is greatly lessened, with gain of health and vigor, and often loss of accumulated flesh.

The Perfect Male Flirt.

Clarisse declares, and she ought to know, that a discreet admirer, one whom it is safe to encourage, may be known by these signs: He never signals, whispers or passes notes in public. He refrains from smoking any special brand of cigar. (This is really important.) He never fails to be exactly formal when he meets one "out," or comes, as any other guest may, to one's day at home. He never assumes the faintest air of proprietorship in public. Never in public displays a knowledge of one's tastes and preferences, hours, habits or whereabouts at this or that time. Never under any circumstances presumes a situation safe unless you begin, and even then is always alert and prepared for interruption. Never writes notes that cannot be shown, never dates things—in fact, except date, is always absolutely formal on paper. Never uses any special club paper, or any paper absolutely distinctive. Never confides in one's maid, tips her money, nor gives her messages. Never takes cabs to the house. This is very important.

He is never careless of any of these rules before waiters. Waiters are always changing their places, and he who serves in the little bohemian place one eats at today with the admirer, may stand behind papa's chair at his club when he lunches up there some lady's day. He pays attention to other women. This is most important. He realizes how necessary it is that you should receive attention from other men. He never glares in public. Never languishes, starts, nor jumps when you appear. Never neglects his food, or the woman beside him (unless it's you) at a dinner. Never jumps when he hears some one coming. That's fatal. Is careful about sofa cushions, and one's hair, lace, flowers, and all that. And never lets his own hair get mussed. There isn't any man so perfect as this, Clarisse admits it, but they can be trained to the essentials.

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The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THE SWALLOWS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THESE WELL-KNOWN BIRDS.

By a Special Contributor.

"Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
The thatch is empty for thee and thy mate."

How many times have you boys and girls sung that simple, melodious old song as you stood and watched these graceful, long-winged birds sweep over the pond or rise and fall in sinuous curves round about the eaves of the old barn, and how many times have you impatiently longed for the day when these travelers should have finished their "castles in the air," and you could climb up and by careful peeping get a glimpse of one or two white eggs spotted with brown? Then the long wait until the young swallows, half-feathered, shivering little things, came out for their first flight. How they gathered on the barn roof to rest until the sloping shingles would be black with them, and how they cried and protested when their elders tried to crowd them off into empty space, where their wings were their only salvation.

In those days, of course, there was no distinction between the different kinds; all were swallows—"only this and nothing more." But today, let us see what we can find out concerning the many varieties of these beautiful and graceful birds. They are found in all lands and are of many different varieties. Some (and these are the most common here) build their bottle-shaped nests out of pellets of mud. These nests they place just under the eaves of barns or other outbuildings, and, after the clay



BARN SWALLOW.

has become dry, they line them with a scanty nest of grass blades and feathers, in which the female lays from four to six small, white eggs, profusely spotted with brown. These are the true cliff swallows, so called from the fact that before people came to build houses they plastered their mud nests on the face of some overhanging cliff. They are said to bring insect vermin to the houses upon which they build, but this has never been proven, and I, personally, doubt its truth.

As you will notice, this species does not have a deeply-forked tail as does the barn swallow, although it has the slight notch in the end of the tail which characterizes all the swallows.

During the fall and early spring, when all the birds are migrating, we sometimes see a brown-coated bird with a long and deeply-forked tail—evidently a swallow, but different from the one we have just noticed—skimming low over the fields and ponds, wheeling this way and that in pursuit of some insect. More rarely still we find a nest, composed of grass, rootlets, mud, etc., placed on some rafter in the barn—for this species never builds a mud nest—much the same kind of a nest that our pewees or black phoebe builds. This is the barn swallow, more common in the Eastern States than here. In this case, too, the nest will generally contain four or five white eggs, spotted and marked much as are those of the cliff swallow.

We have another bird belonging to the swallow family which, while not a true Hirundo (a Latin word which means swallow) might possibly be mistaken for a barn swallow. This is a large blue-black bird with long wings, the deeply-cleft tail and general appearance of a barn swallow. Those of us who have spent our younger days in the Eastern States will at once recognize it as the purple martin, and so it is, a western variety of that well-known bird for which "martin houses" are put up in many yards. They nest in the higher mountain, using deserted woodpecker holes in dead pines and other coniferous trees. Their eggs are white, and four or five in number.

The tree swallow, a beautiful fellow with a shining metallic blue-green back, stays with us in small numbers

throughout the year, nesting in the dead willows of the low lands. A large number go south in the fall, returning again in the spring, but the more hardy members of the flock remain throughout the winter. The eggs of this species are also pure white, and four to six in number, as are those of the most handsome of all our Hirundinidae, the violet-green swallow. It is seen in the valley during the months of the migrations, but nests far back in holes in trees at greater altitudes. As its name implies, its predominant color is a beautiful violet-green, which covers its entire back. Then there are the bank swallows and the rough-winged swallows, both of which nest in holes in cliffs, laying four or five white eggs. Many of the birds which nest in holes lay white eggs, but this does not imply that all eggs which are laid under such conditions are white. We have seen that the eggs of the swallows nesting in holes are white, and we know that the eggs of all the woodpeckers are of an ivory whiteness, yet on the other hand we know that the eggs of the wrens, nuthatches and chickadees are all heavily marked, notwithstanding the fact that they make their nests in the deserted holes of woodpeckers.

H. H. DURN.

BRER RABBIT'S SMARTNESS.

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW BRER RABBIT OUTWITS ALL THE ANIMALS.

By Mrs. B. W. Hunt.

(Ever since the first of Uncle Remus stories were written and the boys and girls of the North and West made friends with Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, who had long been known to every southern boy and girl, there has been a question as to how Brer Rabbit always succeeded in getting the best of the other animals. As every one knows, the real Brer Rabbit is a little, timid fellow, almost afraid of his own shadow, and he may even be suspected of being stupid. And strangely enough in all the stories told in print, even in Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's books, there is no account as to how the Rabbit got his smartness. The following story, however, gives a most ingenious explanation of this and, curiously enough, it was told by an aged negro who lived in the same little town in Central Georgia where the creator of Uncle Remus was born and heard most of the famous Brer Rabbit stories. The author, Mrs. B. W. Hunt, who has set the narrative down just as it was told, was a school-girl friend of the author of the Uncle Remus stories.)

Well, chillun—yeh bin axin' how come Brer Rabbit allers fool de yudder creatures, an' how I gwine ter give yo' de ponder standin' of dis business.

One time, Brer Rabbit gotter studyin' he did, how he want maked big as de yudder animals, an' de mo he study, de mo unassumid he git, tel at las he make up his mine he gwine ter ax "Ole Marster" bout hit.

Dish yer word's "Ole Marster's" planashun, chillun! All dese yer cotton patches, an' cawn fields, an' dem days "Ole Marster" nuster come down yer constant an' sorter santer round lookin' arter his bee hands an' cotton pickers, an' ez I am tellin' yo' Brer Rabbit termin' fer ter see him, an' ax him ter make him bigger dan he wuz. So nex' time he perskivered "Ole Marster," he resumed ter up an' argify wid 'im how all de yudder creatures gwine ter 'pose on 'im, kaze he so little. "Ole Marster" look sorter jubuns an' arter while he 'low hit den' look far, dat's a fac', an' he gwine ter keep hit in his 'membunce 'bout Brer Rabbit bein' smaller dan de res' ob de creatures, but befor' he mak' 'im bigger, he got some tikler business fer 'im ter tend ter! He bin wantin' er elephan's skin full er black birds er long time; an' he 'lowed de rabbit wuz de vey man ter git um, but he mus'n be hop by no buddy, an' he mus' clax on his wud an' honor he got um all by hisself. Brer Rabbit wuz mighty pjeured at dis, an' he stuck his walkin' cane under his arm an' sot his beaver hat on side ob his hade, an' spit out er chew er terbacker, an' wipe his mouf on his sleab, jes like gemmuns dur dese 'days, an' den he spon, he much er bleedged ter "Ole Marster" fer his good 'pinion, an' dat he gwine ter commodate him an' git de birds, sho!

Den he go off by hisself an' lif his coat-tails, an' sot down on er stump he did, ter 'sider 'bout dis business. While he sittin' dar, he see ole Brer Elephin er feedin' in er cawn patch, an' he git down off de stump, an' he perused up ter de ole man an' he say:

"Brer Elephin, yeh is er big man, fer true, an' I ain't er spatin' hit, but me an' some yudder gentermens had er little argymint 'bout yeh turrer day."

"You did," sez Brer Elephin, er turnin' up his nose. "wat you gotter say 'bout me? You little one gallis creature!"

"I say," sez Brer Rabbit, "dat big as you is, you can't tote er fodder stack, an' dey say you kin, an' I say you can't, an' den air we had hit, up an' down, tel at las I 'lowed, I gwine ter ax you 'bout hit."

"Oh, I ain't big nuff, ain't I?" sez Brer Elephin er laughin' tel he showed all his toothes, "I ain't big nuff ter tote er fodder stack! Well, Brer Rabbit, you jes show me dat fodder stack, Men!"

"Dar," say Brer Rabbit er pintin' ter de bigger in de fel, "lemme see yo' lif dat on yo' back."

Wid dat, ole Brer Elephin walk ter de stack, an' natally wrop his ladder trunk roun' hit, an' slung hit on his back easy ez er fodder bed.

"Wat you tink ob dat?" sez ole Brer Elephin.

"Hi," sez Brer Rabbit, "you done hit sho nuff, but I see wid yo' liflin an' strainin' yo' win done gin out, an' I lay you can't smoke yo' pipe!"

"I can't, can't I?" sez Brer Elephin, "jes you look roun' in my behime coat-tail pocket an' git my tinder hawn, an' light dat ole cawn-cob pipe er mine, an' I show you!"

Den Brer Rabbit look in Brer Elephin's coat pocket an' git out'n hit his tinder hawn, an' pipe, but chillun, stidder lightin' Brer Elephin's pipe, Brer Rabbit striked fire he did ter de fodder on Brer Elephin's back, an' den wuz

hit war in light blaze he boller:

"Oh Lordy! You're on fire! Run, Brer Elephin, Run, Brer Elephin run!"

Den ole Brer Elephin he lit out, air, he did, an' truck er streak fer de woods, but Brer Rabbit he say: "Don't run in de wood, Brer Elephin! Run waze er blow an' put you out! Run, Brer Elephin, run!"

Den Brer Elephin runned an' runned in de win' ter de Rabbit tote 'im, tel de fire an' de smoke chokes 'im, an' fell down dabo, an' den Brer Rabbit come up an' say: 'im an' hung his hide in er tree ter dry, an' den he down an' laff an' laff tel he laked ter bus' himself.

"Oh! I is a little one gallis creature, I is!" he say hisself an' den he laff ergin. While he settin' er prosecutin' in his min' how he gwinter git dat ole black birds, hyar come somedun in de air, what wuz an' he look up an' see Capn. Black Bird blowin' er plum on his hade, an' his opperlets on his shouders, all his gang ob bird fellerin' arter 'im. "Good mornin' Capn," say Brer Rabbit, "what is you gwine ter do dese day?"

"I is er takin' dese soldjurs out ter drill," say de Black Bird.

"You is," say Brer Rabbit. "Well, you is a terrible lookin' feller, but Lord! I knowed er Capn. shaw! why air, he drill his soldjurs so ever time he is 'foller me, dey follererd! Yasair! dey wost!"

Den Brer Rabbit he got down often de stump an' his britches off, he did, an' say—"but I mus' be 'long home. Good mawnin' Capn."

"Look a hyar," say Capn. Black Bird, er struttin' ter 'im, wuz hit yo' intencence to say dese yo' wouldn't min' me?"

"Seem' is bellewin' say Brer Rabbit.

"Well, Mr. Cotton-tail, say Capn. Black Bird, "pint de place whar my men wost feller me, an' I you somedun!"

"Dar," say Brer Rabbit, "dar is er ole elephin an' but quick as he git de wuds out of his mouf, Black Bird whistle, and fly inter de hide, an' wuz went de whole gang. Den Brer Rabbit grinnid de I tell you, chillun, an' he jerked up a pssel w' he an' tied dat, akin up quik'ern lightin', and drug de long tel he foun' "Ole Marster" an' den he say:

"Hyar Ole Marster, hyar dish yer elephin's skin an' black birds!"

As "Ole Marster" spon:

"You git um all by yo' self?"

Ag Brer Rabbit say:

"Yasair, on my wud an' honor."

Den "Ole Marster" say:

"Well, if you kin do dat much mischief wid de you got, you big nuff, an' I gwine ter make you a gwil!"

Den Brer Rabbit see "Ole Marster" done sole 'im an' from dat day ter dis, chillun, Brer Rabbit shaw no buddy! He put all his penence in de same in de same hade an' de streak in his legs!

"An' some say," continued the old dorky, looking actively and cautiously around, "some say, dat kaze Marster went back on de rabbit dat time, de soldjurs his from erber sence, an' w'en he gits in er tight place de boy allers hope 'im out! But I ain't tellin' dat fac', chillun. De fus ob dis tale er true, but dat de de debbl, hit must be so, an' den ergin, hit must be. Yeh is all I know fer sartin—all de creatures wuz bigger dan Brer Rabbit. Brer Elephin bigger, Brer bigger, Brer Fox bigger, but Brer Rabbit hya yit, an' eber burn 'im fer fool ain't gwine ter git no anker, yo' hawn!"

COON TALKS.

NO. II.—WHAT THE COON TOLD THE FOX.

By a Special Contributor.

While making his way across the old potato field at midnight, the coon met the fox and called out to him:

"Hallo, you, but you don't look a bit good-natured."

"Say, now, but I'm feeling mad all over," replied the fox.

"What do you think that old farmer has done?"

"Can't say, I'm sure."

"Well, he has set traps all around his hen-house."

"I'm afraid to go within thirty feet of it. What mean man to begrudge a fox a chicken now and then?"

"That's the way with some folks, you know," said the coon, as he put on a wise look. "Perhaps you have heard of my adventure with this same farmer?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, it was lively while it lasted. He got me those big Shanghai chickens of some one, and I sight of them soon after he brought them home. I was in my line as well as yours, you know, and I saw those big hens my mouth just watered. I was early in the evening to take a good look around, what do you think I discovered? As true as I am, that farmer had put those six big hens in the woods and fastened up all the holes! I could have got one of the other chickens as easy as grease, but what saw what a slick, sly man he was, I made up my mind to show that farmer that a coon was hard to beat."

"Good for you!" chuckled the fox.

"I wandered around that woodshed three or four days over," continued the coon, "but not a hole was left enough to get my nose into. I started to gnaw through the door, but found it too solid. I climbed up the window, but the slats across it kept me out. I was getting discouraged and about to give up when I found the chimney. Up to the roof I went, and when I had climbed to the top of the chimney I found I

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got down it. It was a pretty tight

west."

"What a brave coon you are!" ex

for.

"Yes, I got down into the woodsh

very, and on a pole there sat the

one of 'em killed before you could

fast I enjoyed! Although she was

fat, I was still hungry after pickin

I killed and ate another."

"Two big hens! My, but what a

"Yes, it was a great dinner, but

greedy about it that when I tried

chimney, I found myself much too

tried, but it was no use. I was won

der when I heard the farmer movin

noise enough to arouse him, and I

club to put an end to me. I was

but I got close to the door and wait

"Gracious me, but I should have f

the fox, as he drew a long breath.

"But I didn't," said the coon, in c

soon as the door was opened I mad

farmer's feet, and as he kicked at m

fell down, I had to run over him t

swarmed, the dog took after me, and

"First" and "Thieves!" as long as I

steal away from the dog all right, an

safe in a tree-top, I fell to laughin

that farmer out of his boots, and

how his wife kept screaming:

"It's a thief, Samuel—it's a thief!

catch him! Thieves! First! Robbers!

"Of course, they must have fou

an animal of some sort," explained

think it was laid to me. I had

neighborhood, you know."

"Whom do you think they laid it

"Well, I can't say, but I think t

W-o-o, fox, and the farmer had w

catch you. You'd better let the chick

along with me down to the creek

of cubs and clams."

COCONUT FOUNTAIN.

CLIMBING A TREE FOR A DRINK

NECESSARY IN THE TROPICS.

By a Special Contributor.

The Cuban boy knows few of the

coconut fountain, he is without orange

spinks during his year-long sum

ing is the way of drink which ne

west north of Southern Florida, can

visit a coconut "fountain." There

restaurants and cafes in Havana and

Cuba where an important item of t

gills of green coconuts, clad in their

they come from the trees. These

shape very much like a familiar Amer

where these coconuts are the main st

The proprietors of these stands ar

looking young men who smoke et

chat and laugh with all comers. De

virtue of a Cuban coconut fountain

stand and say:

"Coco agua." (Coconut water.)

The proprietor will instantly and w

one of his big green coconuts,

making machete and hack off the en

down to the coconut proper. Then h

the little eyes of the coconut wit

the machete, set before you a

clean, and pour into it the sweet, fr

nasut. Bits of the white meat of

round on top and at first you are

whether you will like "Coco agua."

you have tasted it a few times, you

Cubans that there is no other drink i

refreshing and satisfying in the trop

land as this. A full glass costs the

cents or less.

The water of Cuba is likely to co

nothing of being warm and insipid

ing, but the coco agua is absolute

In crossing the island on a hot, d

a slow train one comes to wait with

the sounds of the little Cuban boys

towns and thinner coats, chirping

"Coco agua, Coco agua." Here, while t

may quaff a refreshing glass, or you

green oranges, guavas and other fru

take home with you for a few cents a

which a woman or an old man bring

well as an American trainboy would

And yet, in spite of the deliciousne

ness of the coconut, a large part

goes to waste because the Cuban i

will not climb the trees and cut dow

they are too old. Still, when one ha

tree without a limb for 50 feet, an

ridges, one acquires a fell

the Cuban in his lack of energy. I

may be had in Cuba for the pickin

the picking is far from easy work.

unique about climbing a tree when

instead of digging a hole in the grou

ness, but having once tasted coco a

admits that the Cuban method has its

HONOR, THE BEST SORT OF

[Success:] D. J. Mackay, once a

man, but now with a debt of \$500,000

and no assets but his honor, starts li

the determination of again becoming a

lucky man lives at Anderson, Ind., at

one of the largest paper mills in the

[December 9, 1906]

Girls.

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

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Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

Run, Bear Elephant, run!

It was a pretty tight squeeze, but down

"What a brave coon you are!" exclaimed the admiring

"I got down into the woodshed through the chimney

and on a pole there sat the six big hens. I had

been told before you could wink, and what a

thing I enjoyed! Although she was big and plump and

fat, I was still hungry after picking her bones, and so

I killed and ate another."

"Two big hens! My, but what a dinner!"

"It was a great dinner, but you see I was so

gladly about it that when I tried to get back up the

chimney, I found myself much too large. I tried and

tried, but it was no use. I was wondering what I should

do when I heard the farmer moving about. I had made

enough to arouse him, and he was coming with a

club to get an end to me. I was frightened, of course,

but I got close to the door and waited."

"Shush! shush! but I should have fainted away!" gasped

the fox, as he drew a long breath.

"But I didn't," said the coon, in considerable pride. "As

soon as the door was opened I made a dash. I hit the

farmer's foot, and as he kicked at me and yelled out and

down, I had to run over him to get out. His wife

thought the dog took after me, and the farmer shouted:

"What a thief! What a thief! As long as I could hear him. I

got away from the dog all right, and as soon as I was

safe in a tree-top, I fell to laughing. I believe I scared

the farmer out of his boots, and I shall never forget

how his wife kept screaming:

"What a thief, Samuel—it's a thief! Catch him, Rover—

that thief! Thieves! First! Robbers! Murder!"

"Of course, they must have found out that it was

an animal of some sort," explained the coon, but I don't

think it was laid to me. I had just come into this

neighborhood, you know."

"When do you think they laid it to?" asked the fox.

"Well, I can't say, but I think they spell his name

right, and the farmer had set all those traps to

catch you. You'd better let the chickens alone and come

down with me down to the creek and make a dinner

of some kind."

COCONUT FOUNTAINS IN CUBA.

DRINKING A TREE FOR A DRINK SOMETIMES NECESSARY IN THE TROPICS.

By a Special Contributor.

A Cuban boy knows few of the joys of the fizzy

beverage, for he is without orange phosphates to soothe

his tongue during his year-long summer, but he has one

way of drink which no American town, at least south of

Southern Florida, can provide. He may call it a

coconut "fountain." There are hundreds of restaurants

and cafés in Havana and in all the towns of Cuba where

an important item of the stock is a huge pile of green

cocoanuts, clad in their rich husks just as they come from

the trees. There are also many little wayside much like a

familiar American lemonade stand where these cocoanuts

are the main stock in trade.

The proprietors of these stands are usually piratical-

looking young men who smoke eternal cigarettes and

eat and laugh with all comers. Do you wish to try the

juice of a Cuban coconut fountain? Step up to the stand

and say:

"Coco agua." (Coconut water.)

The proprietor will instantly and with deft grace pick

up one of his big green cocoanuts, seize a murderous-

looking machete and hack off the end of the husk close

to the coconut proper. Then he will bore out one of the

little eyes of the coconut with the sharp point of the

machete, set before you a tall glass, not too full, and

pour into it the sweet, fresh milk of the coconut. Bits

TIM OLIVER'S WALNUT PICKING.

By a Special Contributor.

TIM'S father had gone to Manila in the beginning of the war, and the Olivers had had but one letter from him since he went away. His letter said he might be gone one year and maybe two, and for them not to worry, but get on the best they could at the ranch. It was at this time that Tim, the eldest of the seven little Olivers, developed from a play-loving, careless boy to his mother's mainstay.

One warm evening the last of September, he stood vigorously hoeing potatoes in the patch below the orchard, when he saw a cloud of dust moving along the road toward the ranch-house. A few moments later a man in a single buggy emerged from the cloud. It was Jake Samson, a man to whom his father owed money.

"Guess I'd better tackle him," said Tim to himself. "Mother got a headache." He met the man at the gate. "Good evening," he called out, indifferently.

"Hello, bub! S'yer ma to home?"

Without waiting for an answer, he sprang from the buggy to open the gate.

"Yes, she's in," said Tim, "but you'll have to excuse her. She isn't feeling well."

"Humph," grunted the man, glancing critically about the place.

"Well, then, you might just tell your ma I've got to have that money Oliver owes me double quick, and if she can't raise it, I'm going to attach this here shebang," bobbing his head toward the house. "Just you tell her that with my compliments, will you, bub? I'll give her till a month from today."

Tim's eyes flashed. "How much is it?" he asked. "Forty dollars."

"All right, I'll tell my mother; but I can tell you, sir, that you are a mean coward to come to her for that debt when father's away."

Jake Samson reached for his buggy whip, and sprang after him, but Tim's legs were nimble, and the old fellow soon gave up and turned back to his buggy and rode away.

Tim took the basket of potatoes and left them on the back steps, then went to the barn; his mind still in a tumult. It was getting dark in the barn, and he looked carefully about in the corners. Then he pulled up a loose board of the floor, and reaching down brought up an old boot. Something jingled inside. He turned the contents out into his hat.

Two or three handfuls of small coins lay in the crown. Tim had a secret, and it was the little store he kept in this old boot. For more than two years he had guarded it and added every spare penny to it, for his heart was set on a pony. He fingered the coins lovingly as he dropped them back into the boot.

"Sixteen dollars and fifty-five cents; that's right, and to think it's all got to go to—to that—that—Jake Samson." A sob sounded through the barn.

He dropped the boot back suddenly, and slammed the board in place. Then he turned and went into the house, whistling a shaky little tune, and crept upstairs to bed in the dark. He had made up his mind, first, that his mother should not know about Jake Samson's visit, and, second, that he would stop school and "hire out" during the walnut harvest, to make up the debt.

It was the last day but one of the walnut picking. Tim had worked with unabated energy, and there were \$41 in the old boot. He was later than usual in getting home, and went at once to the barn to put away his day's earnings. He was surprised to stumble over a pile of squashes covering the loose board. Hurrying to the house he asked his mother how they came there.

"José Pendola came along just after you left this morning and wanted to sell this load. The cow needed feed, and I took them. I didn't have any money to pay him."

"All right, I'll just go and take another at them," and Tim lit a candle and went back. He rolled away the squashes, till he could reach down at last; but the boot was gone!

He set the candle down in the hole and looked in every direction under the barn, but no boot was to be seen.

"I bet José stole it!" he cried, fiercely. "That board did look suspicious. The dust was cleaned off, and it looked loose. I'm going for him in the morning! He's got to give it up." But in his inmost heart he felt that the money was gone past recovery.

José Pendola, a tall slip of a youth with a thin, dark face peering from beneath his straw sombrero, worked on the next ranch, and Tim expected to see him leisurely picking nuts, as he passed the next morning. But no José was to be seen, and Tim went on with a heavier heart than ever. All day he worked with a sort of desperate hopelessness. Toward evening Archie Stone, one of his classmates, came up to his tree.

"I say, Tim; you've worked enough! Come on! I want you to go home with me tonight, and we'll take in the Catholic fair. Going to be in the hall. Ice cream, candy, caccarones, and a whole lot of joy. Come on!"

"Can't afford it," hesitated Tim.

A sudden thought occurred to Jim. All the Spanish for miles around would be at this fair. José with them. He would go and watch him, to see if he spent money lavishly, as he surely would if he had stolen the boot.

"Well, I might go, I suppose," he said finally to Archie. "You're a plum! Come down to my tree soon as you can, and he ran off whistling.

It was after 8 o'clock when the boys arrived at the gayly-lighted village hall. Already the place was crowded, mostly with Spaniards of all ages.

A small space was being cleared for dancing, and the various raffle games were in full operation.

José was there, the gayest of the gay. He was flashily

dressed, and even his small, high-heeled boots were new. Tim's eyes followed him angrily. He saw that he bought recklessly of everything put before him—raffle tickets for the horsehair rista, the gold watch, and even the drawn-lace bedspread, and candy bags, and caccarones eggs peeped from his various pockets. Tim grew almost savage. He was absolutely certain now that it was his own hard-earned savings that he saw being spent like water. All at once he came face to face with José at the door.

"Can I speak to you a minute?" he said hurriedly. "Oh, yes, Tim; come outside. Ay yil! Mucho hot!" and he flourished a silk handkerchief across his shining face.

"You sold my mother some squashes yesterday," said Tim.

"Oh, yes, I sell them to her. Never mind the pay—some other time—" his eyes wandered inside.

"Well, you put them in the barn, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did you take from the barn?"

"I take? I take myself away. What you mean?" His voice grew harsh.

"You lifted a board and took \$41 in an old boot. Now, didn't you?"

"Garamba! you are crazy! I take old boots—money—no!"

"Give it here! I'll have you arrested," shouted Tim. José lifted his arm; but just then the priest, bearing high words, came out.

"What is this, my children?" he said, looking from one to the other.

Tim told his story, excitedly. Father Pico fixed his piercing eyes upon José.

"My son, are you guilty of this thing?" he demanded.

"No, father. I take no money. My money I have. I work for in the nuts," he said firmly. With a sweeping gesture, the priest turned to Tim:

"José is a very good boy. He would not steal your money. I can take his word. When you go home look again for it. Come in now. It is not a time for disputing," and he led the way to the hall.

But Tim was far from satisfied and soon persuaded Archie to go home.

That night, before they went to sleep, Tim had confided to his chum all his troubles. "I bet you'll find that boot somewhere under the barn," said Archie, with conviction, and Tim went to sleep at last, a little comforted.

On the way home the next morning he stopped to rest a moment under a big sycamore, below the house. He sat on a rock gloomily poking the dirt with a stick, when he noticed in the dust an animal's track. He looked closer. It was a coyote's footprint.

"Been around for chicken dinner, again," said Tim. He followed the tracks till they ended at the divided trunk of a scrub oak, and there, the dirt partly pawed over it, lay the old boot. Tim could not believe his eyes. He pulled it gently. Yes! it jingled! With breathless haste he turned the coins out, counting them eagerly. Every one was there.

Two days later Tim had taken up his position in the potato patch to wait for Jake Lawson. This was the day he had set for returning. Before noon, Tim saw him riding up the road. He met him at the gate, the old boot rolled up under his arm.

"You here again?" said the man with a sneer, as he came up.

"I suppose you want your money," rejoined Tim, abruptly.

"Well, I'll do just as well, I guess." He took the boot from under his arm and shook it. "Where'll you have it?" he asked.

Jake Lawson looked at the boot stupidly. Tim poured the money out onto the buggy seat.

"Wal, wal, wal. I never did!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you get it?"

"I worked for it," said Tim proudly, drawing himself up. "Bless my buttons! but you are a rustler," he chuckled. Tim watched him greedily count the money and ride away without another word.

That afternoon Archie Stone came up to the ranch, riding a pretty little dapple gray pony.

"Geel! Arch! Where'd you get the horse?" cried Tim admiringly.

"Papa got her over the mountains."

"My! She's a beauty," said Tim.

"Well, papa said to tell you this: The Los Angeles Times' agent wants a boy to deliver papers about town, and papa told the man you were just the boy and he said you could keep the pony to ride around with the papers."

"I bet anything you told your father I wanted a pony!" exclaimed Tim.

"Yes, I did! I told him all about it, and he said a boy that would work so hard to pay his father's debts he could trust to pay his own, and that you could pay for her when you were able. So you see, Tim, this pony's yours. Better hop on and take me home again."

And the pretty little gray went prancing down the road with two laughing boys on her back.

ISABEL M. AUSTIN.

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

[Success:] A Davenport boy went to New York to solicit a position to travel for a wholesale house. He went five times to one establishment, and every time was told that they did not want to engage him. He tried to prevail on them to allow him to make a trial trip, but to no avail. Finally, he proposed to buy a small stock of goods; this was business, and they were ready to sell. He then went on the road on his own account, and made money; so, when the firm saw that he meant business, they were ready to employ him, and he is now wealthy, being a member of the firm. Not a boy in a hundred would have had his persistence, after a refusal. There is nothing like courage or faith as an aid to success. Another member of that firm had only 14 cents when he reached New York to seek his fortune.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

A Valuable Plant.

REFERENCE has been made in The Times to an interesting and valuable plant known as roselle, which has been raised during the past few years by Capt. Shorting of South Pasadena. Of late this plant has been introduced in several other localities. The horticultural editor of the San Diego Union says:

"The perfection of culture of the roselle or jelly plant has been attained by Mrs. C. W. Siedel of El Cajon. The plant grows vigorously in the warm decomposed granite soil, will bear more blossoms if not watered too much. They make a most excellent jelly, much in color and taste like the cranberry. To make the jelly, the pods either green or dried are put in a kettle well covered with water, boiled for half an hour, then the water strained off and mixed with equal weight of sugar as in making other jelly, and it is so albuminous it seldom fails to 'set.' The plant is very ornamental, of the hibiscus family, with pale yellow blooms, which contrast richly in the scarlet pods they are dressed in. It is a valuable acquisition to our garden plants, and Mrs. Siedel has raised a fine lot of seed."

Loquat Jelly.

IT IS only of late years that the loquat has attracted any attention as a market fruit, partly because of the introduction of a new and superior variety, and partly, particularly the past year, because of its use on a large scale for jelly. In a paper read before the Farmers' Institute at Orange, C. P. Taft said:

"A Los Angeles fruit-preserving firm (Bishop & Co.) who make a specialty of fruit products not grown in other portions of the United States, used several tons of loquats for jelly the past year, and expect each year to use an increased amount. This I have from W. T. Bishop direct. From another source I learn that in order to introduce their goods, this firm put up a large number of small cans of various kinds of jelly, which they sold to the Pullman Company for the use of their patrons in the dining cars. As a result there was an increased demand for that class of jellies, and the loquat stood second in popularity, the first being Logan berry. This firm is the only one I know of which has thus far used the loquat in large quantities, but there will doubtless soon be others, as soon as the fruit is raised in sufficient quantities, who will undertake to supply the growing demand. Indications in that direction were not wanting last season."

Idylwild Sanitarium.

REFERENCE has been made in The Times to the project for the establishment of a first-class sanitarium in the Strawberry Valley, San Jacinto Mountains. Work upon this enterprise has already commenced, and it is said that \$100,000 will be expended by the company before the work is completed. The following details in regard to the enterprise are from an article by Dr. Walter Lindley, in the Southern California Practitioner:

"The company first purchased of Anton Scherman the 120 acres called Strawberry Valley, upon which is located the old hotel; they next purchased of the Native Lumber Company the 160 acres adjoining this tract on the north, called Idylwild. The next purchase was 160 acres of A. Saunders. This tract adjoining Strawberry on the south. They followed this by purchasing of the Native Lumber Company 490 acres adjacent to both Idylwild and Strawberry on the west and then made their final acquisition by purchasing of the Southern Pacific Company 160 acres adjoining Idylwild on the east. This gives the company a mountain tract of 1090 acres.

"The first step will be the erection of a central building containing forty bedrooms, a large parlor, dining-room, reading-room and kitchen, surrounded on three sides with wide verandas. It is so constructed that the parlor, dining-room and reading-room can be thrown into one large concert room for entertaining purposes; besides this building there will be a number of cottages of from three to five rooms each and occupants of these cottages will get their meals from the central building. Each cottage will have bath and toilet, while in the center building there will be numerous private and general baths. All apartments will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity that will be generated in a central power plant.

"There will be a complete water system, with power enough for abundant fire protection. Two great features of cure that will be relied upon in this institution will be good diet and fresh air. The institution will have its own dairy and gardens and the cattle and sheep will be grown in the mountains, the stock being fattened under the supervision of the management of the sanitarium. There will be done here what should be done in every hotel, boarding-house and sleeping car, viz., each room will be thoroughly fumigated whenever there is a change of occupant, whether the previous occupant has been sick or well. Every knife, fork and dish will be boiled immediately after it has been used. There will also be prepared printed instructions for patients as to the best manner of protecting themselves and others, and there will be a systematic course of lectures on diet, hygiene, baths and all matters pertaining to the individual's proper care of

himself. In fact, one great benefit to be derived from this institution will be the education which the guests will receive."

Dr. Lindley sums up the advantages of Idylwild as follows:

Its isolation from the dust, noise and temptations of towns and cities.

Its altitude (5250 feet.)

The atmosphere of the pine forests.

The purity of the atmosphere, due to three causes—(a) altitude; (b) proximity to the Colorado Desert, from whence the nocturnal breeze comes; (c) proximity to the Pacific Ocean, from whence the diurnal breeze comes.

Beauty of scenery and variety of interesting short tours that can be made through surrounding mountains.

The cottage system.

The village system.

The large territory controlled by the sanitarium management that insures thorough enforcement of sanitary rules in all of the contiguous country.

The mildness and equability of the climate—unequaled by any other mountain resort in the world.

Pure spring water piped throughout all of the buildings. Great range of healthful, out-door amusements available 340 days in the year.

Sugar Silos and Stock.

MUCH interest has been taken this year in the silos and stock yards at the Oxnard sugar factory, and the results have so far been very satisfactory. Pulp is fed in troughs along with bean straw, to give it coarseness, and stock fed on it fattens very rapidly. The Oxnard Courier says:

"At the silos there are four excavations, the two larger ones being on an average of 250 feet long, 45 feet wide and 9 feet deep, and the two smaller ones 250 feet long, 35 feet wide and 9 feet deep. The sides are sloping and the pulp is filled in to a level with the surface of the ground. The two smaller ones, the only ones filled this year, contain 224 cars of pulp with an average weight of 25 tons to the car, making the amount of pulp stored approximately 6000 tons.

"On September 14th work was begun on filling in the silos, and it was of much interest to farmers and stockmen, who think of using the pulp for stock feed in the future. A flume extended out from the north side of the factory to a length of 300 feet, and within it a large belt two feet wide conveyed the pulp to a track at the end of the flume, where the cars stood waiting to be filled. When a car was loaded it was run down to the excavations, the sides of the car were taken out in sections, and the pulp unloaded into the trench with forks.

"The pulp weighs sixty pounds to the square foot, and is heavy enough to pack itself when thrown into the silos, and when filled in to the surface presents a very stable appearance. In fact, it looks so solid that on October 16, when a band of steers broke loose from the pens and made a stampede to escape they did not hesitate to rush across the silo, and almost before anyone was aware of it twenty head were floundering in nine feet of soft pulp. The mass was of sufficient volume, however, to keep them from sinking entirely out of sight, and was hot enough to make them fighting mad. A rope was thrown over the head of each one, and he was dragged out by main strength, to run every man through a fence upon gaining the land.

"Near the silos stand the stock yards, which were built under contract by F. O. Engstrom. They consist of sixteen pens, each surrounded by high barbed wire fences, 1950 feet of troughs in which the feeding is done, sheds, hay racks, watering troughs, etc. The feeding troughs stand with the bottoms two feet from the ground, and are about as large as the watering troughs in common use in the county. They are placed in each pen so as to furnish feed for seventy head of stock, and in this way over a thousand head of cattle are fed at one time.

"The manner of feeding is also of interest. Specially prepared cars are run down to the silo and loading begins from one end, and as the feed grows less works toward the opposite end of the excavation. The cars are run out and lead directly into the stock yards, where three tons are unloaded in the troughs of each pen.

"Not only has the pulp been successfully siloed at the factory, but it has also been successfully shipped and siloed at Los Angeles and other outside points at a very low price. Undoubtedly many stock-raisers along the railroad will regularly prepare to feed their cattle in this way. Farmers also haul the pulp away in wagons and feed at home without siloing."

Proposed Woolen Mill.

ACCORDING to the Santa Barbara Independent, it is probable that a large woolen mill will be erected in Santa Barbara within a few months. The Independent says:

"A firm hitherto operating at The Dalles, Or., have under consideration the extension of their business to Southern California and the erection of a large plant somewhere in this section.

"Fred Carter, the president of The Dalles Company, has been in communication with parties in Santa Barbara and lately sent to the Chamber of Commerce in this city a statement of the business of his firm and a balance sheet, giving in detail the conditions of their trade during the past year.

"Upon this showing the Chamber of Commerce has today telegraphed Mr. Carter to come down and look over the ground. Every inducement will be made to get this valuable acquisition to our city. The company will employ 100 or more hands and make a specialty of overcoats, suitings and blankets. The cheap power now in prospect through the United Electric Gas and Power Com-

pany, will enable a woolen plant here to compete with anywhere else.

"In fact the outlook for a profitable business proposition is just now very good along the above-mentioned route."

Flowers and Shells.

THE descriptive catalogue of California flowers, published by Mrs. Theodosia Shepherd of Ventura, of which was recently received, is a handsome pamphlet of seventy pages, with illustrations. Among the flowers catalogued are several novelties which have been produced by Mrs. Shepherd, who has shown in a striking manner that a woman can do in this line in Southern California.

Arrowhead Springs.

THE following, in regard to a reported sale of the Bernardino county resort, is from the San Bernardino Sun:

"The Arrowhead Springs, situated at the foot of the famous arrowhead, are reported to be sold. From a statement that leaves little doubt as to the correctness of the statement, it is learned that the celebrated springs and adjacent property which have been owned by Col. Green, Los Angeles, have been transferred to Col. Green, proprietor of the Hotel Green at Pasadena, and known to him as the manufacturer of Green's August flower, a proprietary medicine that is used the world over.

"It had been known that through Mark Sibley, Esq., of Valencia, the deal has been on for some time, but that the springs to the attention of Col. Green, that gentleman was quick to see the possibilities of a magnificent tourist resort and a famous spa here would attract tourists and health-seekers from all over the world. Operated in connection with the Hotel Green in Pasadena, which is perhaps the best patronized hotel in Southern California, thousands of people would be directed to Arrowhead every year.

"A part of the project for the rehabilitation of the springs will be the long-talked-of electric line from the city, bringing them into close connection with the city, at the same time tapping a thickly-populated section of valuable trade will be more than ever cemented to the city.

"No additional details of the matter are obtained at present, but the fact that Col. Green has given Southern California its finest tourist hotel at Pasadena will be indicative of what he will do at Arrowhead Springs with such facilities as nature has furnished, and he is waiting for the hand of man to utilize."

Silk Culture.

MRS. CARRIE WILLIAMS of San Diego is still working indefatigably on behalf of silk culture in that section, and hopes soon to be able to show something more than talk. The San Diego Tribune says:

"While the delays have been discouraging, Mrs. Williams has never lost hope that some day the national advantages of San Diego as a silk-producing section must eventually be recognized. Evidence that hope is about to be realized is contained in the following statement made today by Mrs. Williams: 'I have been corresponding with a practical silk producer and have to show him the special advantages our climate offers to this business. In his last letter, just received, he says: "You speak of the mulberry growing abundantly in your locality. Is there at present a large number of trees enough to raise 5000 or 6000 pounds of silk?" Again he says: "I have interested four others in the work. They are willing to go to your city and devote their time to the raising of the worms. They are all experienced in raising worms and are thoroughly competent to raise them in large quantities." Here now is the silk business in a practical way brought before the citizens of the county and city. Here is the way opened to begin an industry that will make San Diego the leading city and county of the nation, if not of the world. Six thousand pounds of cocoons represent about 24,000 pounds of cocoons and this weight of cocoons calls for about 360,000 pounds of mulberry leaves.

"In cash this amount of reeled silk represents \$24,000 to \$30,000, turned into dress goods and sold to the counters, it represents 60,000 to 75,000 yards of cloth which would sell at \$1 to \$1.50 per yard, or \$60,000 to \$100,000. This amount of cash and all that it represents this great industry might be added to the wealth of San Diego if only her citizens would wake up and put in mulberry trees and cuttings and develop the wonderful resources that nature has bestowed upon her. If trees and silks are put in now thousands of leaves may be gathered from them next summer."

THE BAD MANNERS OF OUR GIRLS.

[Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion:] Any can girls, admired at home and abroad for their beauty and intelligence, still rest under the reproach of possessing bad manners, and no one who is unbiased can question the justice of the general verdict on this subject. One of those true things said which ought not to be said by American girls, the happiest, healthiest, most independent girls in the world, should be faultless in their manners or nearly faultless. Then why are they so remiss in this important particular?

The good fortune of the American girl doubtless lies to her want of polite manners. Accustomed to have her "own way," devoid of deference and respect for parents, or for any one else, not sensitive to the feelings of others, because she has not been trained to show them, the American girl goes on her way rejoicing, and does not realize the careless selfishness of her attitude until she finds herself, perhaps, with very few admirers and no admirers.

December 9, 1900.]

CARE OF THE VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND PRESERVATION

Compiled for The Times.

Appendicitis.

THERE is much difference of opinion in regard to appendicitis, which poor humanity is afflicted with.

and they, undoubtedly, constitute it is useless to attempt to treat surgery, while others assert that unnecessary, and usually proves fatal.

In a paper read before the San Bernardino county resort, is from the San Bernardino Sun:

The paper was followed by a majority of the physicians present. Dr. Davidson. There were, however, for instance, Dr. Hildreth of Del Norte. "There seems to be only one side of the case in the bowel is not appendicitis. It is a peritonitis. Cases will yield to treatment with Dr. W. H. Sherman of Fresno, upon personal experience and made said:

"A great diversity of opinion exists as to the methods to be pursued, and as to when it shall be deemed a great deal of suggestion. It has been largely neglected. Under this case in twenty-five years. Only one went to pus formation. In treatment has always been favorable.

Translated into plain English, observations appear to be that in the medical profession appendicitis from which opinion a minority disclaim there appears to be no certain case of appendicitis. After the patient they can generally also generally too late.

San Francisco Physicians and the

THE long-drawn-out discussion of the presence or non-presence of the bacillus, which has torn up the medical profession during the past few months, and been made in these columns, again appears in the November issue of the Times. In the course of an article Medical Times says:

"The situation in brief is this: State of California, urged by the interests of San Francisco and all upon whom similar pressure had been undertaken, with the assistance of Health, to suppress every fact in connection of plague in San Francisco longer a municipal or a State question and an international question. It is an outrageous part of our metropolis, in which State and of the nation are wholly divided.

Following is the concluding paragraph: "In conclusion, we have only to say that in this world that cannot be suppressed, that is the truth. Erition may prevail for a time, but it is only a matter of time, but we have endeavored to perform it. It is to say, we shall continue to do it. We there will never be an epidemic of yet now should such occur or should cases increase or extend to the West, indeed, we pity the false prophet who, leading the gathering, and an armed and incensed mob from the wrath to come."

Pasteurized Milk.

A CIRCULAR has been received from New York, urging that the distribution of sterilized milk should be a function of the government. Mr. Straus argues that since it should make every reasonable effort to prevent disease. He quotes from a States Department of Agriculture, in that one-third of the children die before the age of five, and that one of the leading causes is impure milk. The figures which decrease that has followed the distribution of milk in New York are certainly striking from the circular referred to:

"Dr. Shakespeare of Philadelphia, a statesman that nearly, if not quite, all cities in this country are due to the which are known to be preventable. preventable diseases are the diarrhoea of young children, and the prime agent in these is impure milk.

"This state of affairs was brought about after making a thorough examination and taking counsel with physicians who were accepted as authorities in experiment as to what could be done pure milk, and milk fitted for infant the reach of those who needed it, and I found medical testimony absolutely requirement of perfect sterilization (Pa-

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Appendicitis.

THERE is much difference of opinion among physicians as to the treatment of appendicitis, as in most other ills to which poor humanity is subject. Some physicians—

and they, undoubtedly, constitute a majority—claim that it is useless to attempt to treat appendicitis except by surgery, while others assert vehemently that surgery is unnecessary, and usually proves fatal.

In a paper read before the San Joaquin Medical Society in October last, by Dr. J. D. Davidson of Fresno, he declared that appendicitis is a surgical disease pure and simple, as much so, for instance, as senile gangrene of the foot.

The paper was followed by a discussion in which a majority of the physicians present entirely agreed with Dr. Davidson. There were, however, a few dissenters. For instance, Dr. Hildreth of Delano said:

"There seems to be only one side to this question. Every pain in the bowel is not appendicitis. Appendicitis is a summer. It is a peritonitis localized or general. Some cases will yield to treatment without operation."

Dr. W. H. Sherman of Fresno, who based his opinion upon personal experience and many medical authorities, said:

"A great diversity of opinion exists in both countries, as to the methods to be pursued, and if an operation is decided upon, as to when it shall be done. There is in many cases a great deal of suggestion. Medical treatment has been largely neglected. Under this form I have not lost more than twenty-five years. Only one case, a neglected case, went to pus formation. In recurrent cases medical treatment has always been favorable when seen early in the attack. If neglected, however, they will suppurate."

Translated into plain English, the moral of these observations appears to be that in the opinion of a majority of the medical profession appendicitis is a surgical disease, in which opinion a minority dissent, while at the same time there appears to be no certainty of a correct diagnosis in a case of appendicitis. After the doctors have cut open the patient they can generally tell—but, then, it is generally too late.

San Francisco Physicians and the Plague.

THE long-drawn-out discussion in regard to the presence or non-presence of the bubonic plague in San Francisco, which has torn up the medical world of that city during the past few months, and to which reference has been made in these columns, again occupies a number of pages in the November issue of the Occidental Medical Times. In the course of an article on this subject, the Medical Times says:

"The situation in brief is this: The Governor of the State of California, urged by the business and moneyed interests of San Francisco and also by the politicians, upon whom similar pressure had been brought to bear, has undertaken, with the assistance of the State Board of Health, to suppress every fact in connection with the existence of plague in San Francisco. This, then, is no longer a municipal or a State question. It is a national and an international question. It is a crime against civilization. It is an outrageous piece of selfishness on the part of our metropolis, in which the interests of the State and of the nation are wholly disregarded."

Following is the concluding paragraph of the article: "In conclusion, we have only to add that there is one thing in this world that cannot be permanently throttled or suppressed, that is the truth. Error and misrepresentation may prevail for a time, but 'truth is eternal.' Believing that we were right, our duty seemed clear and we have endeavored to perform it. It is, perhaps, needless to say, we shall continue to do it. We sincerely trust that there will never be an epidemic of plague in California. The new should such occur or should the few and scattering cases increase or extend to the interior of the State, indeed, we pity the false prophets of our misguided age, who, leading the gathering storm of a repentant and an aroused and incensed people, will surely come from the wrath to come."

Pasteurized Milk.

CIRCULAR has been received from Nathan Straus of New York, urging that the distribution of pasteurized sterilized milk should be a function of every municipality. Mr. Straus argues that since it is one of the functions of our government to look after the public health, it should make every reasonable effort in the line of prevention of disease. He quotes from a report of the United States Department of Agriculture, in which it is estimated that one-third of the children die before they are a year old, and that one of the leading causes of infant mortality is impure milk. The figures which he presents show the damage that has followed the distribution of sterilized milk in New York are certainly striking. Following is from the circular referred to:

"Dr. Shakespeare of Philadelphia, an eminent authority, states that nearly, if not quite, one-half the deaths in this country are due to that class of diseases which are known to be preventable. Chief among these preventable diseases are the diarrhoeal disturbances of young children, and the prime agent in the production of these is impure milk."

"This state of affairs was brought to my attention in 1894. After making a thorough examination of the subject and taking counsel with physicians at home and some who were accepted as authorities in Europe, I began to experiment as to what could be done to bring absolutely pure milk, and milk fitted for infant consumption, within the reach of those who needed it, particularly the poor. I found medical testimony absolutely unanimous as to the requirement of perfect sterilization (Pasteurization) for all

milk intended for food in cities. I accordingly established a sterilizing laboratory, and began the dispensing of pure milk, both in its natural and sterilized form, from one booth in one of the most thickly populated districts of this city. The system of sterilization adopted was that of Dr. Rowland G. Freeman of New York. This system combines the preservation of the nutritive qualities of the milk and the complete destruction of all noxious germs.

"This work was begun in 1892, when 34,400 bottles were distributed, and each succeeding year enlarged and widened in scope, until the present year, up to date, 596,677 bottles have been dispensed and 812,921 glasses of milk drank on the premises. Its results can be more eloquently told by the statistics of the Health Department than by any words in my vocabulary. The following table gives the population, deaths and death rate of children under 5 years of age, and shows that the death rate per thousand was gradually decreased from 96.5 in 1891 to 62.8 in the year just passed.

Year.	Population.	Deaths.	Death rate per 1000 per annum.
1891	188,703	18,224	96.5
1892	194,214	18,684	96.2
1893	199,886	17,865	89.3
1894	205,723	17,558	85.3
1895	212,983	18,221	85.5
1896	216,728	16,807	77.5
1897	220,641	15,395	69.7
1898	224,736	15,591	69.4
1899	229,029	14,591	62.8

Statistics of the deaths and death rate for the three hottest months of the year, June, July and August, when the peril to child life is greatest, and, consequently, the distribution of sterilized milk the largest, demonstrates more convincingly to what degree the culpable sacrifice of infant life may be arrested.

Year.	Population.	Deaths.	Death rate.
1891	188,703	5945	126.0
1892	194,214	6612	136.1
1893	199,886	5832	117.9
1894	205,723	5788	112.6
1895	212,983	6183	116.1
1896	216,728	5671	104.7
1897	220,641	5401	91.3
1898	224,736	5047	89.8
1899	229,029	4689	81.8
1900	233,537	4562	78.1

The rate of infant mortality is here shown to have continuously decreased since the establishment of the Pasteurized (sterilized) milk booths from 136.1 in 1891, to 78.1 in the present year. These cold figures are fluent and powerful evidence of the beneficence of this work of placing Pasteurized (sterilized) milk within the reach of every poor family in Manhattan, and of its efficacy in routing the forces of disease and death.

The Jews and Meat.

IN THE discussions regarding the proper treatment of tuberculosis, the theory has been set forth that greater care in the preparation of the animal foods consumed would lessen materially the number of cases of consumption. It is maintained that the Jews as a race are free from this disease than any other people, because they are more careful in the killing of animals intended for food, and pay more attention to their preparation of the meat. It is alleged that it is through the blood of butchered animals that a large proportion of the germs of tuberculosis are transferred to the human sufferers. Referring to this subject, the New York Post says:

"Physicians in the Health Department are not inclined to allow this claim. Dr. T. C. Taylor said today: 'It would be impossible to furnish exact statistical information, for the reason that the Health Department does not separate the nationalities in making up the lists of those reported to have died of consumption. Any statement, therefore, would be only one of personal opinion; and speaking thus I do not believe that the Jews who confine themselves to meat prepared by their own butchers are free from the disease than any other classes. I know of no reason why this should be so; meat that is properly inspected, no matter where sold, is not dangerous as regards the spreading of consumption. Proper cooking is the important thing when the healthfulness of the meat is insured.'"

"Dr. Roger S. Tracy said that the provisions of the Jewish rabbinical law, requiring certain methods to be used in killing and preparing, while desirable, do not absolutely prevent the spread of disease germs. 'In the first place,' said Dr. Tracy, 'the requirement that the flesh only of vegetable beasts in sound condition be used is no more than is demanded by the inspectors of the health board. We are as rigid in our inspection of poultry to be used as food as are the Jews. Regarding the point as to the draining of blood from the meat, I don't know what effect that would have; proper cooking is usually regarded as destructive to germs of every sort. It would be difficult to say whether or not the Jews are less subject to tuberculosis.'"

"Dr. Betz, inspector of the offensive trades division, said that if it were not for the Jews no slaughter-houses could be maintained in this city, as the expense of shipping live stock on foot is more than double that of sending in refrigerated meats. He said that where it is possible to slaughter stock in a clean, well-aired place, the Jewish method, which demands that the animals be killed without pain and bled profusely, would be as likely to produce meat free from germs of any sort as is the meat that comes from the scientifically-managed packinghouses in the West. He had never heard that consumption passed the Jews by on this account, however."

Raw Food.

THE New York Tribune recently published the following report of a meeting at which some extreme theories in regard to food were advanced:

"In the absence of Mrs. Trow, who is attending the federation in Albany, politics and parliamentary usage took their flight yesterday afternoon from the Society for Political Study, and in their place raw food and a lively discussion occupied the meeting."

"It was a paper read by Mrs. Rebecca Friedlander that was responsible for this departure. Members were so

eager to be heard in the discussion that Mrs. C. J. Burgoyne, the acting chairman, was frequently obliged to call the meeting to order.

"But what has raw food to do with political study, anyway?" ejaculated one woman, uneasily.

"Everything," emphatically responded another. 'It is a branch of economics.'

When the statement was made that a family could live comfortably on 10 cents a day and luxuriously on 20, another woman said, 'Not with the staff of life at 6 cents a loaf.'

Mrs. Friedlander declared that raw food is especially adapted to flat life, inasmuch as it does away with waste, with fuel, odor, the perplexing cook problem and all danger from adulterated foods.

"Fresh and dried fruits, nuts, some vegetable, all salads and wheat pressed into cakes and dried in the sun are the main items of the raw food bill of fare. A member stated that among her acquaintance is a woman, the wife of a college professor, who limited her diet to raw cabbage and pecan nuts and tried to make her husband do the same. Finally she went further and adopted Greek costumes and discarded foot covering. In consequence her husband had been forced to take her to live in a climate where the warm sands are better adapted to bare feet."

"One woman stated that she could make a dinner of an apple and a handful of peanuts and sleep perfectly after it. Another, an ardent follower, described the average woman who lived in the prevailing manner as bulging eyed, cumbersome and fallow. Some one remonstrated that this was going too far—that things were getting personal."

"It was objected that too much time in already crowded days would be required for chewing if raw foods were adopted, but this met an early defeat."

"Shall we have to give up our toothsome oyster?" inquired a woman sadly.

"Well, if you do it will not be much to lose, as it is really only an animated liver, containing little or no nourishment," was the response.

Mrs. Margaret Ravenhill recalled a remark of Lotta's when the latter was her guest at Sorosis once. When she had begun to eat her delicate fillet Lotta exclaimed: 'How can you eat that murdered cow!'

"Mrs. G. Moore said that she had been in many countries in the East, but neither in Turkey nor Egypt had she seen so great cruelty shown to animals as in the transporting and slaughtering of cattle in this country."

Curing Cancer by Sunshine.

PHILADELPHIA physicians are experimenting with a remarkable application of the modified rays of the sun for the cure of that terrible disease, lupus vulgaris, formerly called "wolf cancer," but now known as consumption of the skin. They assert that the disease may be painlessly cured with absolute certainty, without the use of medicine or the knife. The Philadelphia North American says:

"Dr. Henry W. Stelwagon, dermatologist at Howard Hospital, who has just returned from an extensive trip abroad, during which he visited Copenhagen and studied Prof. Finsen's method, made a highly interesting and instructive demonstration before the students of Jefferson Medical College, several days ago, during which he exhibited a portion of the apparatus and explained the application of the lenses and disks. It is understood that experiments will be undertaken immediately at Howard Hospital, with a view to starting a sun-cure ward in that institution. Dr. Stelwagon stated that Prof. Finsen and his friend, Dr. Godneff, had their attention attracted to the fact that the sun's rays could penetrate beneath the skin. Recognizing the curative qualities of these rays, they set to work to experiment. Dr. Godneff inserted sensitized paper under a dog's skin, and succeeded, after exposing the spot to the sun, in securing a discoloration of the paper. Finsen found that the rays more readily penetrated skin from which the blood had been driven."

"Experiments were then tried upon patients afflicted with tuberculosis of the skin, with astonishing results, so that in 350 cases treated, absolute cures in all were recorded. Dr. Finsen treats his patients in the sunlight in summer; when the sun is obscured, and in the winter, he employs the light of electric arc lamps of fifty to eighty amperes. In order that the bactericidal property of the rays may be obtained, powerful concentration must be secured. In order to avoid burning the skin, the light must be cooled, and this is done by passing the light through a lens composed of a plain glass and a curved one, framed in a brass ring, filled with a bright blue, weak ammoniacal solution of copper sulphate."

"A considerable cooling of the sun's rays is thus obtained, because the water absorbs the ultra-red rays, excluding a considerable portion of the red and yellow light."

"The blue and violet rays are sifted from electric light in much the same manner, only that a long tube is fitted with four lenses of quartz, which act in the same manner with the milder electric rays as the copper sulphate filled lens acts with sunlight. In operation either with sunlight or with electric light, practically the same plan is followed."

"At the Finsen Institute, in Copenhagen, strong tables are grouped about in the open air, over each of which lenses similar to that described are fixed. The patient is placed upon one of these, and his eyes are protected from the fierce rays by smoked glass spectacles. A nurse presides at each table, and she presses upon the spot to be treated a hollow disk of glass, designed to force the blood away from the affected spot. Through this disk constantly passes a stream of cold water, the object being to still further relieve the patient from the sensation of burning. This disk is pressed so firmly upon the spot that all blood is driven away and the needle of blue light penetrates to the seat of the disease and gradually kills the bacillus of tuberculosis."

"The physician in charge passes about the tables, giving instructions and noting the progress of the treatment. Each patient receives one hour of treatment daily. At first the improvement is slow, but after a while the scar-tissue forms, and the change for the better is rapid. Eventually the raw, cancerous appearance disappears, and hardly any perceptible scar remains. The cure is permanent. The sun's blue rays penetrate the sores and literally shrivel up the bacteria. The treatment is applicable to the skin, hard palate, front part of the septum nasi, tongue and the mucous membrane of the cheek."

MRS. MORIARTY'S COW.

HOW AN IRISH WOMAN PRACTICED DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

By a Special Contributor.

IN 18—, when the long-continued dry weather had sent the price of hay up to the startling figure of \$30 per ton, Mrs. Moriarty was sitting one morning at the breakfast table, and, all unmindful of the unwashed dishes, was busily figuring away with a stub of a lead pencil and a bit of soiled paper.

"Pat," says she at length, "hay's that high now I think ye better be after selling the cow."

"Sellin' the cow is it?" exclaimed Mr. Moriarty wrathfully, looking up from his morning paper, "an' what for we do that, now?"

"Tom Maguire was here, yisterday," continued Mrs. Moriarty, "an' ses he, 'that's a foin cow ye have in yer barn, Mrs. Moriarty, an' if ye care to sell her, ses he, 'I'll give ye \$50 in cash fer her.' Now at fourteen quarts for a dollar ye could git 700 quarts for the price of the cow," said Mrs. Moriarty, referring to her paper, "milk enough for two years, barrin' thirty days, an' not a cent spint out for feed at all, at all. An' sich an appatit as the baste has. Seven dollars' worth of hay the month, \$1.68 'twould be in two years. Indade, it's a foin bit of money to save. We could buy another cow and have money to spare."

Pat scratched his head reflectively. The figures seemed indisputable, but he felt there was something wrong somewhere.

"An' what will ye be after doin' fer spindin' money whin there's no milk money comin' in, Biddy, my girl?"

"Now hear the loike of that! What would I be doin' with spindin' money in these hard times?"

And as Pat was easy-going and Mrs. Moriarty insistent, it ended in Tom Maguire leading away the cow and Mrs. Moriarty opening a bank account.

No sooner had the fresh, new bank book entered her plump red hand than Mrs. Moriarty was fired with an ambition. For long the tumble-down shanty where they lived, and which Pat never got time to repair, had been a thorn in Mrs. Moriarty's self-esteem, and now she determined to have a new house.

Not one cent of the precious fifty went to pay for the family milk. Pat, always shiftless in money matters, failed to notice the extra outgo, and if he missed some of his favorite dishes, he accepted it uncomplainingly as one of the evils incident to hard times.

Just as uncomplainingly he yielded to Mrs. Moriarty's demand each pay day for "the price of a bale of hay to put aside 'ginst the time we buy a cow."

Two years passed, Mrs. Moriarty's bank account steadily growing, while poor Pat looked at his shabby clothes, thought of the meager fare served on his family table, and wondered why some of those good times the newspapers told of didn't come his way. Still he faithfully dropped his "tin cints" in the plate on Sunday and bought tickets of everyone who appealed to him in the name of charity, and felt that he was laying up a "wee bit" for the next world, as his friend McLain would have said.

One evening, on his return, he found Mrs. Moriarty flushed with excitement.

"How would ye loike to go to Nome, Pat, me boy?"

"To Nome is it, an' what would I be going to Nome fer?"

"Shure, ye'd be after making yer fortune, me boy."

"Bedad, an' I'm not so shure I'd be good at picking up gold out of the snow," returned Pat, grimly, for he thought well of his bodily comfort, did Pat.

"It's not picking up gold I'd be after asking ye to do," said Mrs. Moriarty scornfully. "There's a party of gentlemen going, lawyer and sich, an' they want a dacint, honest man to go along, to cook an' wash an' do the dirty work in the camp fer them. 'An' Pat's the man fer the job,' ses I, whin I heard it."

"An' what will ye be doing, Biddy?" asked Mr. Moriarty reproachfully.

"Oh, I'll manage to live on the bit of the wages ye'll be sendin' me, each month," said Bridget slyly, "and mayhap I'll make up a rag of clothes fer meself an' fix up the house a bit while yer away."

No sooner had the White Wings left the harbor than Mrs. Moriarty hired out as cook in a neighboring boarding-house, and workmen commenced tearing down the shanty on — street.

The neighbors shook their heads and said:

"The shiftless could reprobate, niver a foiner, dacint body throd the air than Bridget Moriarty, an' row she's to go out to service, the poor crathur!"

But some of the more worldly held themselves aloof and failed to recognize Mrs. Moriarty when they met at mass, at which she chuckled coftly to herself and waited.

In a few months the new, four-room cottage was completed and fitted up inside with new furniture and a bright carpet, bought with Mrs. Moriarty's earnings. And great was the surprise of the neighbors when they awoke one morning to find Bridget Moriarty in talled in her new home.

"Is it back ye are?" asked Mrs. O'Leary, resting her arms on the dividing fence.

"Shure," said Mrs. Moriarty, pausing in her work of planting geranium clips in the freshly-dug bed.

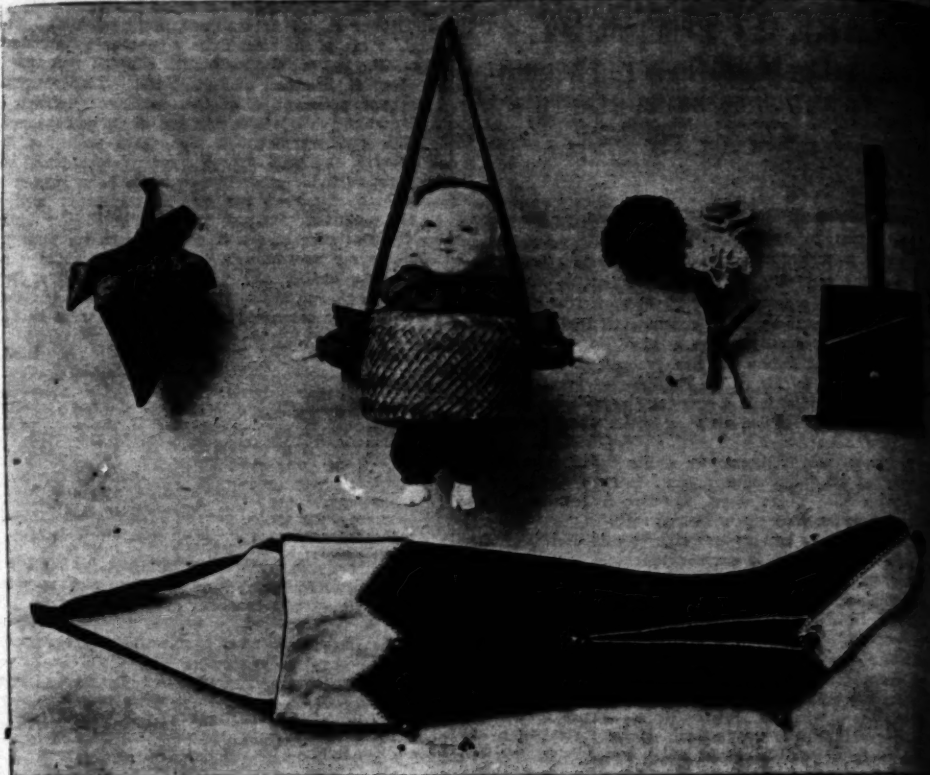
"That's a foin place ye have now," continued Mrs. O'Leary, appreciatively, wishing to erase the memory of former neglectfulness on her part.

"It is that," and a broad smile spread over Mrs. Moriarty's face as she advanced to the fence, willing to respond to Mrs. O'Leary's advances. For, after all, was she not a little worldly herself?

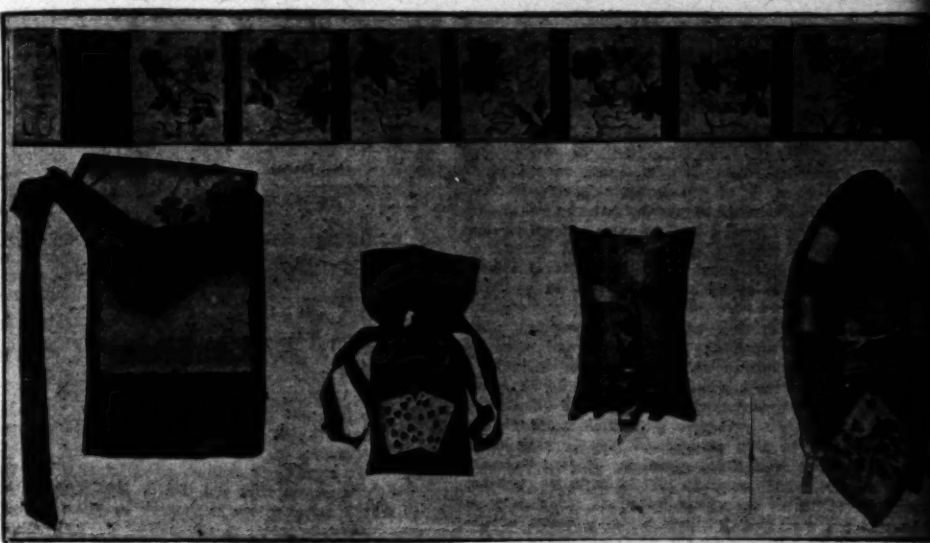
Mr. Moriarty returned from Nome not much richer than when he went.

"It's a foin place to make money," he said, "but the devil of a place to kape it."

Mrs. Moriarty insisted that his little board should go for a new suit for himself, and, dressed in their best of a Sunday afternoon, they would sit on the porch and watch



THESE ARE INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY GIFTS THAT CAN BE READILY MADE AT HOME AND ARE PRETTY AND USEFUL. THEY INCLUDE A SCARLET SILK EMERY, A JAPANESE STRING BAG, A CARNATION PENWIPER, A GOLF SCORE CASE AND A HOSE BAG.



AMONG THE CHARMING LITTLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT ANY ONE CAN CONTRIVE OUT OF ODDS AND ENDS, IS AN ENGAGEMENT STRIP, A SEAMLESS ROLL, A CARD BAG, A SNOWSHOE, A RING CASE AND ASSORTED PIN CUSHION.

the passers-by. Often they would see a passing acquaintance nudge her husband and hear her say:

"See that, now, that's what a man gets by goin' to Nome."

Then Pat would look at Bridget and wink and she would chuckle softly.

There had been, however, a stormy scene in the little cottage when Mr. Moriarty first learned that the new house had been built on the installment plan and that there was still a payment, although a small one, to be made monthly. For he had a poor man's hatred of anything in the form of a lien or mortgage on his home.

"Oh, bad scan wid ye, where will the money be coming from, these times?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"Whisht, whisht, man," answered Bridget, cheerfully, "fer twenty years ye've not failed of a bit of money fer hay whin 'twas needed, an' can't ye just kape on feeding the cow?"

FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY IN AMERICA.

In December, 1621, the Pilgrims held what was doubtless the first Thanksgiving festival. Winslow thus wrote about it at the time to a friend in England:

"You must understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here we have built seven dwelling-houses, and four for the use of the plantation, and have made preparation for eleven others. We set, the last spring, some twenty acres of corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and peas. Our corn did prove well, God be praised, and our barley indifferently good, but our peas not worth harvesting. Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together that we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl, with a little help besides, as served the whole company almost a week, at which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians arriving among us, and among the rest their great King, Massasoit, with ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and be-

stowed upon our governor and upon the captain and others."

It was nine years before there was another Thanksgiving, and then it came on February 22. In the year of the next year there was another, and the year there were two, but in the next fifty years it was held about once in every two years. It did not come in November, but according to the time when colonists thought they had most cause to be thankful for something. Sometimes it was for the fall harvest and sometimes it was for rain.

TWO PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

[Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.] have heard of so many plans for novel Christmas entertainments; people seem to have grown tired of the conventional tree, even if it is lighted by electric lights. Laura always has a family tree, and this year it is all white. She will have the room draped in white cloth, and wreaths of holly and pine hung over the base of the tree will be hidden by cotton-wool like snow, and on the tree will be only white ornaments and white candles, crystal and glass; glittering white sel will be showered all over.

The idea that Alice Clark has evolved is more still. Her Christmas entertainment is going to be Japanese in character. For the tree she will have one of the pine trees that grow on exposed places near the sea. The room will have a background of Japanese screens, light will come from Japanese lanterns, and all ornaments on the tree will be of Japanese make. The presents will be wrapped in Japanese napkins. Alice will wear kimono, and have her hair dressed high, in Japanese style, and her little brother, as a wee Jap, will be her attendant and distribute the gifts.

[Success:] Wabbling or vacillation always indicates weakness of character, inefficiency. Men with nerves, grit, do not wobble. They are not afraid to be a king in the face. Though they may not own a crown they at least own themselves, and are not afraid to erect.

Cartoon
Editorial
The Merry-Go-Round. By Robt.
American Wheat in China.
The Chinese Army. By Ose.
Incidents of War. By Col. A.
A Prayer of Faith. By Hart.
Strange Pilgrimages. By H. C.
Good Short Stories. (Compiled
Cashier Bonacum. By Philip.
Stories of the Firing Line—An
California's New Wonderland.
Photography at Home. By Hel.

HER PROSPEROUS

A POOR LITTLE MUSIC TEACHER ROAD TO WEALTH.

[New York Sun:] Crying in a hotel town because she did not have money to her home does not seem like the starting point whence a young girl who is so rapidly making a fortune. She had been teaching music in an obscure precarious living possible by the invalid wife of a merchant living in the South with the Farmer went because it seemed a good opportunity to improve her of the friend with whom she was to be in her and would in all likelihood be to establish herself advantageously in the South. So eight years ago, at San Antonio the invalid died, and he had the money with which his wife brought back to her home, quite forgotten for her companion. So Miss L. her hotel bill, sat down in the parlor and wondered what she was going to do. She brought comfort to women in was never one that owed as much as she was observed by a Texan, who went to go out to the Broad Ax ranch to become governess to his three daughters and the mother of the friend and instructor. At the end of the house wanted to pay her the value of her services. The governess would have offered her and refused to factor came to her at the end of asked if he could make an investment him he might. A bargain offered to man had been used for his daughters' school acquired for her 700 head of cattle and for the first time the idea of going on a large scale if the opportunity offered. It did come after awhile, and then that fortune which has made Miss P. woman in the cattle-raising business over known. From the time she began a herd of 700 she began cattle raising, and gradually with every detail of it. She had the factor, and succeeded so well during the war she was able to brand 500 calves and had. They are marked to this day. Some of her friends once told her that she was from the fact that she had a mark. She thought that a boy in an appropriate acknowledgment of her new known as the Dear Key of Mexico and Texas, who have no influence of the emblem in. Her old had been looking after her birds for her compelled to rely on her own judgment at a critical time in her affairs, what was known as the "bottle" time cattle had been of so little value to a head, birds had been allowed to be branded. At the time the ranchers were eager to sell, but confidence in the permanency of the time Farmer borrowed money when bought, because she believed that go high for some time. They did, and she that she had to seek pasture land just before the decline in prices in Mexico, meeting prosperity with capital. She was able to buy the birds, who were in distress after and also kept together his famous of the business comes today under her to her native Ohio for the two years assistants in the business, of which she. Even the practical phases of her eye, for she rides well, and after up and superintends the branding and

THE CHRISTMAS

[Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.] If you were to set about to improve a turkey you would probably

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HER PROSPEROUS HERDS.

A LITTLE MUSIC TEACHER'S PLEASANT ROAD TO WEALTH.

[New York Sun.] Crying in a hotel parlor in a Texas town because she did not have money enough to get back home, some does not seem like the most encouraging starting point whence a young girl might seek wealth. But it shows its advantages in the case of Madeline Farmer, who is rapidly making a fortune for herself in the Southwest that she is already spoken of as Miss Million. She has been teaching music in an Ohio town and earning a precarious living possible by this means, when she was the wife of a merchant living in the same place. Her husband went to the South with her as companion. She went because it seemed to offer her a long opportunity to improve her condition, and because she was with whom she was to travel was interested in her. She would in all likelihood see that she was able to establish herself advantageously in whatever place she went to settle. So eight years ago she started South. Her husband, Antonio the invalid died, and her husband, while he was the money with which his wife's body was to be sent back to her home, quite forgot to make any provision for her companion. So Miss Farmer, after paying a large bill, sat down in the parlor to have a good cry and wonder what she was going to do next. This process brought comfort to women in the past, but there came one that owed as much to it as Miss Farmer. She was observed by a Texan, who engaged her on the spot to go out to the Broad Ax ranch on the Rio Grande to become governess to his three daughters. She found the three daughters and the mother, and became their friend and instructor. At the end of six months the head of the house wanted to pay her the \$600 at which he valued her services. The governess was astonished at the amount he offered her and refused to take it. Her benefactor came to her at the end of several months and asked if he could make an investment for her. She told him he might. A bargain offered to the rich old cattleman had been used for his daughters' governess, and the man acquired for her 700 head of cattle and put into her hand for the first time the idea of going into cattle raising on a large scale if the opportunity ever presented itself. It did come after awhile, and then began the growth of her fortune which has made Miss Farmer the wealthiest woman in the cattle-raising business that the West has ever known. From the time she knew herself to be the owner of a herd of 700 she began to study the subject of cattle raising, and gradually made herself familiar with every detail of it. She had the advice of her benefactor, and succeeded so well during the first year that she was able to brand 600 calves and add 400 cows to her herd. They are marked to this day with a key, because one of her friends once told her that her success had come from the fact that she had an unseen key to all this. She thought that a key as her brand would be an appropriate acknowledgment of that fact, and her name is now known as the Door Key herds to the people of Mexico and Texas, who have no idea of what the significance of the emblem is. Her adviser died, after he had been looking after her herds for four years, and left her to depend on her own judgment. His death came at a critical time in her affairs, as it happened during what was known as the "cattle boom." For a long time cattle had been of so little value that cows sold for a few cents, herds had been allowed to wander away and were not branded. At the first advance in prices the ranchmen were eager to sell, but because they had no knowledge in the permanency of the improved conditions. Miss Farmer borrowed money wherever she could and kept her herds. They did, and her herds became so large that she had to seek pasturage in Mexico. She had just before the decline in prices came and reinvested her money, meeting prosperity with every turn of her wheel. She was able to buy their old home for her mother, who was in distress after their father's death, and she kept together his famous herds. Every detail of the business comes today under her own eye. She sent her native Ohio for the two young men who are her assistants in the business, of which she is the real director. She has the practical phase of the work come under her eye, for she rides well, and often attends the round-up and superintends the branding and division of the herds.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

[The Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion:] If you were to set about to improve upon your method of roasting a turkey you would probably do it in this wise:

You would put the turkey on the rack of your fish-kettle, or on an improvised rack in a tiny wash-boiler bought for the purpose, and you would fill the vessel up to a little above the rack with boiling water, and steam that bird for two full hours. Then you would rub it all over with the best of butter, dredge it with seasoned flour, and put it in the oven to bake for an hour or more, according to its size, basting every ten minutes—or at least every fifteen—with the water over which the steaming was done, which, of course, you would keep hot for the purpose. You know too much to begin the basting until the flour has begun to brown, or to have too much basting in the pan at once, which prevents the possibility of good gravy-making, or to fail to turn the bird judiciously so that every part is equally and evenly browned; in short, to be satisfied with anything less than a "picture" turkey, ready to fall to pieces with original tenderness and rich with acquired juiciness and flavor from perfect cooking.

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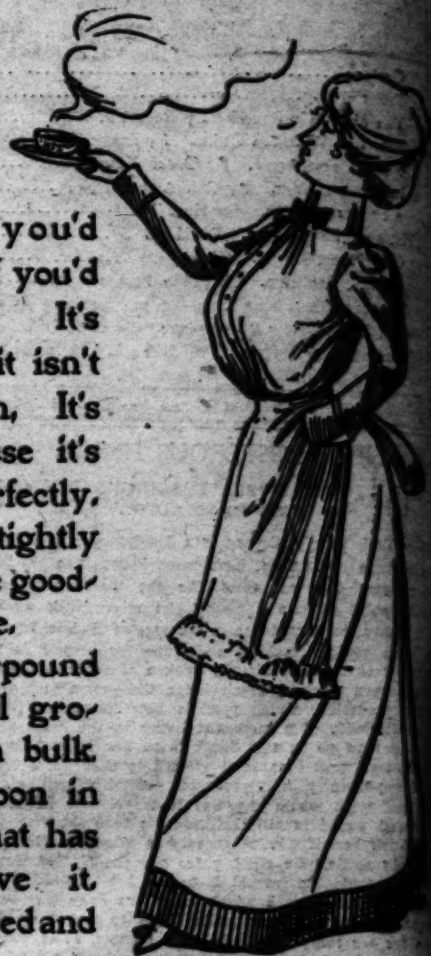
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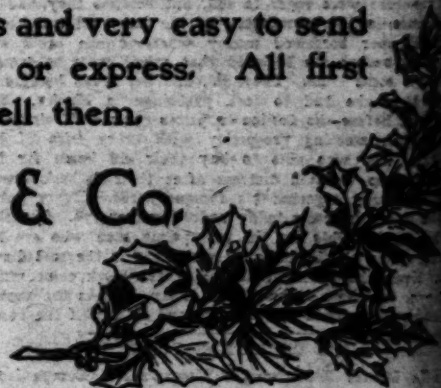
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